



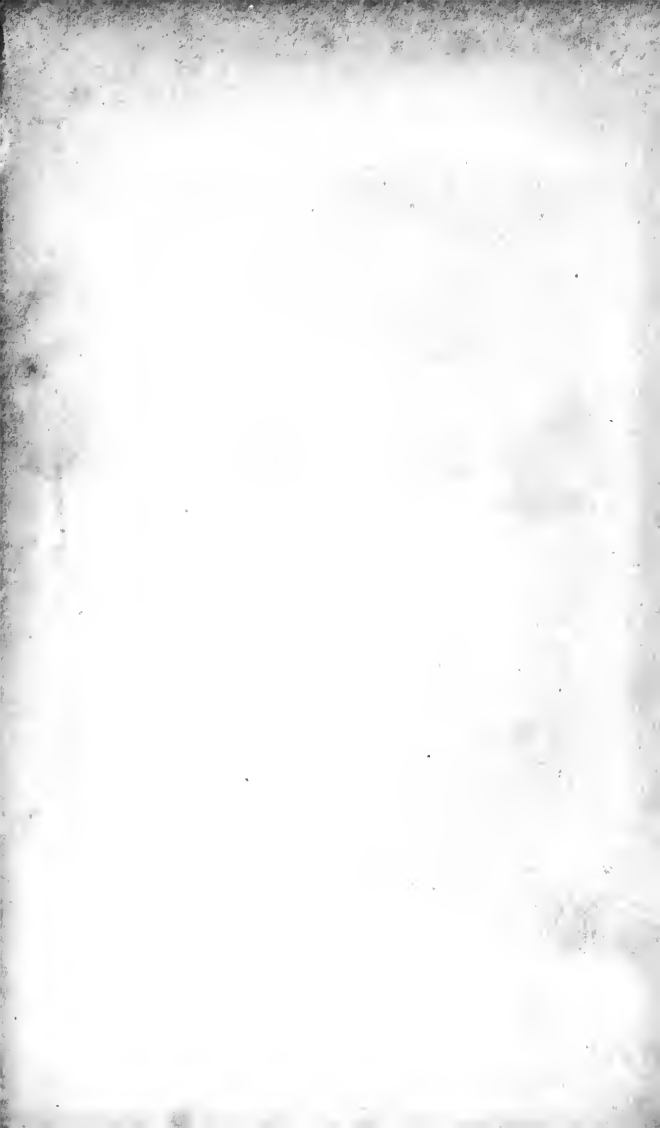
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AN

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JULIA, OR THE BIRTH DAYS.

BY G. EMERSON, ESQ.

(Founded on Fact.)

It is papa's birth-day, and I will give him *such* a nosegay—said the little Julia, as she paused at the end of the terrace walk of the garden,—and I *will* kiss him *so*—and O, I'll tell him how I love him—I know he will admire the flowers I have gathered, and place them in a vase in the drawing room; and now I know what I'll do,—I'll make a wreath, such as my mamma wears in her head dress,—I'll put it round his forehead—he'll then be fine indeed—and I'll laugh and dance round him, and tell him he looks like the painting in the Gallery that he calls the Jolly God; sha'ntwe be happy, and won't he be pleased. Away went Julia, bounding with joy in the thoughts of her pleasure, and executed her plan.

In a few minutes she was embracing her fond parent, and in her innocent manner, had expressed her feelings of delight, and placed her wreath around his brow, laughing in the lightness of her heart, at his appearance, when her mamma entered

the room most splendidly attired, and the carriage was ordered.

"Oh! mamma, how handsome you look; where are you going?"

"The queen, my dear, holds a drawing room to celebrate *her* birth-day, and I am going there to pay my respects to her majesty."

"How fine, how elegant every thing must appear there! Do, mamma, take me."

"I cannot do that;—but coax your papa—(said the pleased mother in an under tone)—he probably will let your governess take you with your brother and sisters in the carriage, to see the illuminations in the evening."

And the fond mother, giving a fervent kiss to her Julia, departed.

The caresses and blandishments of Julia soon gained the desired consent: and repairing to her governess, they made the requisite preparations. In the evening, before getting into the carriage, Julia, in a transport of joy, bounded into the drawing room, sprang on her delighted parent's knee, and imprinted on his cheek a most fervent kiss. Alas! it was the last.

The anticipation of their pleasure had elevated the spirits to the highest degree, and in some measure lessened their prudence. The carriage rolled gently on, amidst the blaze of lights which they so much admired; and Julia pressed against the coach door in order to view them better—suddenly

the door flew open—a faint scream is heard—the footman looks around—the carriage stops,—and Julia is taken a corpse from under its wheels.

Need the sad tale be pursued, or the misery of the agonised parents, brothers, and sisters, described. My readers feel them more powerful than I can write them. *They buried their eldest daughter on her birth-day.*

PRAISE OF POETRY.

FROM THE ARABIC.

POETRY comprehends whatever is purest in language, and most sublime in idea. It alone attains the highest degree of eloquence, and imparts the utmost embellishment to narrative and discourse. Poetry, above every other species of language, is retained in the memory with ease: and by it the peculiar genius of man is best revealed.

Yea, were Poetry a jewel, it would be of the purest water; were it a plant, it would breathe the odouriferous perfume of the basil; were it transformed into stars, their brilliancy would be unequalled; or into limpid streams, their currents would never cease to flow. In fine, Poetry is softer than the liquid pearls that glitter in the bosom of the rose, when abundant showers have watered the parterres. It is tenderer than the tears of the despairing lover, and sweeter than the grape lightly tempered by the dew of heaven.

THE CURATE AND HIS BRIDE.

IN a remote and narrow vale in the West, that runs down into the sea, stands a very minute church and tower. The latter is so concealed from the view of the passenger by the sloping banks, that he finds his feet almost about to plant themselves on the pinnacles ere he has gained a sight of the body of the turret. And when he has descended to the walls beneath, he perceives his head to be nearly on a level with the roof of the church, and stoops low in order to gaze through its narrow windows. All grey and lonely the edifice stands; not the stone that marks the graves of Ossian's heroes, on the hill of mists, is more mournful and solitary than the aspect of this venerable house of prayer. And the man who desires to seek a far and religious retirement, need not go to the solitudes of the Thebais, or the monastic retreats of Italy: he will find here all that his soul can wish for—the absence of all disturbing human sounds; the voice or foot of man is hardly heard around, there being only two lowly and neat cottages, seated on two green knolls, and tenanted by peaceful people; and these stand at some distance from the church. The low gate that opens into the little garden before the door, the few

cows and scattered sheep that graze beside, and the patches of cultivated ground on the neighbouring slopes, prove that the dwellers do not eat the bread of idleness. In this glen, and in one of these cottages, dwelt the curate of the church: he was not the owner of the dwelling, or the flock; happy indeed would he have felt had this been the case: he was only a lodger with the petty and industrious farmer: and was not a native of the place, but a stranger from a distant scene. His former rank in life could not have been considerable, nor his prospects flattering, else he would hardly have journeyed the distance of two hundred miles, to enjoy this remote cure of fifty pounds a year. If acquirements and knowledge can give happiness, independent of wealth, he ought to have been happy, for his mind was well stored with a competent classical knowledge; and the other studies, that the poor man seeks at the University with more ardour than the rich, because they are his only portion, had not been neglected by the curate. The long-disputed, and perhaps still undecided question, that wisdom fills the soul with more delight than fleeting riches can do, was never more fairly put to the test. Had he been a man stricken in years, the former^{er} had probably obtained the victory, and on his tomb in the solitary valley the departed pastor might have had inscribed, as has been done before, that he slept full of years and experience. But the curate was a young man, only

in his twenty-third year; and the passions as well as the ambitions of youth will sometimes utter their voice in the obscure and silent glen, as well as in the streets of cities. Had the grassy sides of the valley been the theatre and the confines of his imagination, his fifty pounds a year had been positive affluence. How could he possibly expend more, was a question he often asked himself during the first twelve months. The sloping beach close by, at whose foot the sea, in general, slept calmly, afforded him at any time a meal of excellent fish, and this he loved to catch with his own hand; the cottagers kept a dairy, whence came his daily supply of delicious milk and cream; there was always an abundance of excellent salt pork, of their own feeding, ranged temptingly on the rafters of the kitchen; always on Sundays, and sometimes during the week, a fat fowl was killed by way of accompaniment. This luxury, the cottagers would not so often have allowed, but for the sake of their lodger, whose frame and habits were the reverse of robust and strong. The annual sum which he paid for these comforts made no fatal invasion on his stipend: his chamber was exquisitely neat and clean, perfumed in the season with thyme and rosemary: it was small, but so healthfully situated, for one window looked out on the rich and smiling banks, and the other far to seaward. And here it was sweet to sit and read, and then pause amidst his reading, and pensively gaze on the hushed or troubled deep—and what object is so

THE CURATE AND HIS BRIDE.

boundlessly and beautifully inspiring? Or, he might sit at the window that looked inland, over the stream that rattled through its stony channel, making that ceaseless low disturbance that the fancy loves. There were other enjoyments of a more elevated character, to the attainment of which this deep retirement was highly favourable. Earth offered few fascinations to tempt the curate from the lowly yet delightful feelings and duties of his charge: to stand beside the bed of sickness and death, and pour consolation there; to visit the remotest dwellings of his parish, on the wild hill side, or on the sea-beat coast, and to deal sincerely and faithfully with the scattered people, among whose thin population might be found every shade of vice and virtue—these were his daily cares—his daily pleasures. A career such as this was certain to bring peace and comfort to the mind; and the solitary man felt this deeply and dearly; and often, in his chamber, the tear streamed from his eye, and a look of exquisite pleasure lightened his features, when he thought how Providence blest him, and how secure and happy was his condition.

By his care and prudence he found, at the close of the year, that he had sufficient money remaining to purchase a valuable addition to his scanty stock of books, as well as a new suit of black, which he much wanted. It was on a fine morning when he first put it on, and walked up the narrow glen to his grey church: he had returned the evening before

from the market town at ten miles distance, where he had gone to purchase some favourite volumes: and still he found a surplus of his last year's income. He had never before known such conscious and glowing independence; abundance seemed to open on his future years, and he smiled as he saw his parishioners, waiting around the porch, fix their looks with surprise on his altered and gentlemanly appearance. A few days after he received an invitation to dine with a rich farmer in the adjoining parish. He was somewhat surprised at this, as the inviter lived on bad terms with his own minister, and had studiously avoided shewing him the least hospitality. He went, however: the house stood in a valley, at about three miles distant from his own, and was a substantial and excellent dwelling, for the whole of the domain on which it stood belonged to the farmer.

The visiter was struck with the appearance of wealth in every apartment; it was the first dwelling of the kind he had entered since his arrival: and he was greatly pleased, as well as flattered, with the pointedly kind and friendly reception of the family. A numerous party was invited, among whom were a few of his parishioners, but the greater number were strangers: and when he sat at the profusely covered table, surrounded by well dressed guests, he could not help thinking of the contrast his own humble peasant's board presented, at which he sat with the family every day. The glass circulated

briskly, the conversation became gay and free, and he was surprised at himself; for his voice rose as clear, and was listened to as attentively, as that of the richest farmer present: for his spirits were elevated, and his imagination roused. Even the daughters of some of the guests, who certainly did not want their share of pride, gave kind and approving glances. The young and obscure pastor had an eloquent eye, and a voice of a silver tone—things that go far with the female heart. It was late ere the party separated: and the curate traced his way home with a slow step, for the night was beautiful, and his mind and fancy were strung to the highest excitement.

It was a fatal hour for his peace when he went to that dwelling: had he known the dark and troubled hue it would cast over his prospects, hitherto so calm and clear, he had forsworn the company of the world for ever. The path that led along the shore, and it was a splendid and sublime path, to the vale of the wealthy farmer, soon became familiar to his foot; and the entertainment of that day was only the prelude to many a friendly visit and hearty welcome. The farmer had two daughters, to whom he had given an expensive education, and had omitted, in fact, no means of rendering them suitable matches for any man in the western country, whether opulent farmer, or long-descended squire with a curtailed rental. He spoke, at times, over a glass, of the fortune he intended to give them on his decease, as

well as their portion on the wedding day. And did the lowly curate of Saint Kylas aspire to one of these richly dowried damsels? He scarcely dared own it to himself, or why his foot wandered so often to the dwelling: in justice be it said, that ere he thought at all of the money, the frank and kind manners and spirit of the girl had created a warm attachment to her. And the feeling was so new and exciting—it broke so beautifully on the monotony of his life in the glen—that he loved to indulge it. The father, in the meantime, thought little more of the curate; but was pleased when he saw him enter his house, for he liked his character and conversation, and felt that complacency towards him also, with which men of affluence and luxury often regard those who have equal and superior talents to themselves, but are compelled to take their stand on the side of the gulf of poverty, and look wistfully and vainly beyond. This sentiment was near akin to pity, perhaps; but there was real friendliness also in the farmer's feelings towards his new acquaintance. Of the two daughters the elder was the object of his regard; it was doubtful if she liked the man as well as she did the companion; for she was a blooming, tall, and bright-eyed girl, and he was a meek, retired, though very interesting personage; his dark locks curled short and finely around his brow and temples; his mouth and nose were good; the former had a peculiarly sweet expression; and his whole bearing and manners, in spite of his

poverty and scanty field of observation, were those of a gentleman. So that she had to choose between the young and opulent farmers of the adjoining parishes, with rough, free, and hearty manners, and the gentle curate of Saint Kylas. And she was long in choosing, and kept him in suspense, if the word may be allowed, for he never dared to talk of love, or to ask for her hand and person, but his silent, impassioned, yet ardent look, at times said more than words could do.

But an event happened, soon after, that placed all the parties in different relations to each other. The farmer kept a boat in the cove below his dwelling, in which, during the fine evenings of summer he was fond of rowing out to sea for a few miles, and spending part of the night in fishing. On one of these evenings in July, there being no wind, and the sea perfectly calm, he invited the curate, who had dined that day at his house, to accompany him in the boat, with his eldest daughter. They rowed from the shore to a fishing-ground at about two miles distant; and after throwing their lines without much success, and the moon shining brilliantly, they pushed out about a mile deeper. And here they had excellent sport, pulling up at every cast almost some of the fine fish of the coast. While they were thus occupied, the night waned almost unperceived; and it was very late ere they thought of returning. At last the small anchor was reluctantly hauled on board, and they road leisurely in-shore: not a single

bark save their own could be seen, and the soft and slow splash of their oars, was the only sound that broke on the calm of the night; save that at intervals their own cheerful voices rose. On a sudden the oar of the farmer struck against some heavy substance; and an exclamation of surprise was uttered, for no rock, either hidden, or just rising above the surface, existed in that quarter. They ceased rowing, and looking earnestly over the side of the boat, saw clearly a human body floating sullenly on the wave. The curate, not without shrinking, caught hold of the garments, as the boat now struck the form, and drew it, all near and distinctly, within their view. It was a fearful sight, and the girl shrieked, and covered her face with her hands: not so the father, whose eye grew on the corpse; he bent farther and lower over the side of the boat, and laid as strong a grasp on the matted and faded garments as if they were those of a drowning man, whose life he was saving. The pastor gazed on his companion and then on the dead, in astonishment, and recoiled instinctively: for the features were black and swollen: and—what is perhaps the most thrilling to behold—they were eyeless: and the mouth was open and lipless, and the water gurgled through it distinctly. “We must secure this body,” said the low but earnest voice of the father: “For God’s sake do not take it on board,” said the daughter. “It must be done,” was the stern and brief reply; “It must have Christian burial;” and with the great

exertions of the two men, and after having more than once slipped from their hold, it was at last lifted on board. The hand of the farmer was grasped on that of the corpse : and to the quick eye of the curate, the brilliant light of the moon falling on the living and the dead, revealed the cause of the farmer's eagerness to redeem their prey from the waves. The cold and swollen hand was covered with jewels ; and this was not all : for around the breast, closely fastened by a sash, the hand of the captor soon drew forth a very small silken bag, that, on being opened, offered several rare and precious stones to the sight. It was never known who the drowned man was, or to what vessel that had been lost, probably in a storm, or struck against a sunken rock, he had belonged ; but in the unhappy disclosure that afterwards took place, it was discovered that he was a Spaniard, and had come from South America. A man of superior condition he had evidently been by his dress. Had the party of discoverers been poor fishermen, or smugglers, there had been some palliation for spoiling the body : but it was strange as well as shameful, that a wealthy man, of fair character, should thus, in the dead of night, seek to rifle the kingdom of the grave. The boat lay motionless on the sea : the oars hung idly over the side : and not a word was spoken, for no one dared to speak, while the farther slowly wrung from the clammy fingers their glittering ornaments, with a deliberation and coolness that ought only to

have belonged to a practised villain: and then, depositing the rings in the small bag that contained the other stones, he placed it carefully in his bosom. The feelings of his child were spared the horror of this sight, for, unable to bear the aspect of the dead, she turned her look fixedly on the wave; once only, on averting it for an instant, she caught a glimpse of the heartless work; her father, with a fixed and pale aspect, bending o'er the fearful and eyeless dead, and transferring its possessions to his own bosom: she uttered a stifled scream, but was saved the more miserable feeling of despising her parent, for she thought he was only rescuing these valuable things, in order to save them for the right owner. But the curate had known human nature better, even in his confined sphere: and when the farmer raised his head, and fixed his eye full upon him, without uttering a word—he read in that glance more of the dark and mysterious history of the human heart, than the death-bed scenes of repentance, guilt and fear, of his scanty parish had ever given him. In silence they took their oars, and now pulled more rapidly towards the land: and there they summoned two or three fishermen to convey the burthen they had rescued to a neighbouring cottage: this being done, they parted for the night. The feelings of the youthful pastor, when he entered again his peaceful dwelling and chamber, were of a strange and mingled character: he would have sought repose, but it fled from him:

and harrassed, and wearied, he rose with the early dawn, and opening the window that looked out on the glen, he sat beside it, inhaling the fresh and pure air. He had loved, hitherto, on rising from his bed, to open the southern window that looked out on the deep: but this morning he withdrew from the spot, and turned his glance, with a sickening feeling, from the calm, blue, surface of the sea: his love for that scene was at this moment changed into loathing. An hour had scarcely elapsed, and the tenants were but just risen, when a low knock was heard at the door below: and quickly after the farmer entered the apartment. His night too, had been sleepless, it was evident, for his features were disturbed and haggard, and his eye quick and restless. He closed the door fast, and sat down beside his companion, and took his hand, and spoke in a broken and hurried tone. The latter listened painfully and sadly, for why should this man's words be deprecating and beseeching: no crime had yet been committed; it was still in his power to restore the rich property to the magistrates, and, when the body should be surveyed, to allow the spoil to be produced also. But the rich man, who might call the whole valley his own, whose barns and storehouses were full, had had a fearful conflict with himself: all night he strove with the demon of rapine, and had at last yielded wholly. The sight of the rare and precious stones, that he had laid on his table, and gazed on again and

again—was resistless: it was for his daughters' sake, he said to himself. What a brilliant dowry should he now be enabled to give them? how beautifully would the smallest portion of this glittering array become their tall fine forms, and fair skin.

And now he spoke of his daughter: and the look of horror passed slowly from the aspect of the listener: a burning flush came there, and he trembled—for he felt the power of the words—the father was offering him his child! And when the words ceased, he made no answer, but felt his hand grasped with a hard, kind, and prolonged pressure, of a desperate, yet confiding man. The latter rose at last, bade him good morning, and returned to his own home. The minister felt that he had rather grapple with the fiercest temporal ills, than with his own reflections: “is there any burden so heavy to bear as a guilty and fearful secret,” was a question he often put to himself. And then he thought of all that the father had said: of the proposal so dear and delightful, that he had never hoped to hear from those lips: gratitude for a moment filled his heart at this generosity: the richly dowried, admired girl of the valley, was to be his bride; the poor, portionless curate, with a pittance barely sufficient for his existence, might now live in enjoyment and plenty, and be master of a dwelling as comfortable and luxurious as that of the owner of the territory.

For some time these flattering visions shrouded the darker part of the picture: he would not appear

that day at the frugal board of the cottagers; and when evening came, he took himself sternly to task, for his criminal silence, and resolved to walk over to the valley, and address himself to the better and more generous feelings of his friend. He found him walking alone in his garden, apparently lost in thought: and then he spoke to him in a low tone, but firmly and boldly, of the dark treachery he purposed, and urged him to make redress, ere the coroner's inquest was held on the body, or even on the very day. Ere he ended, he expressed his deep sense of the generous offer made him, of the hand of the woman he loved.

The farmer heard him, without the slightest interruption, and then replied calmly, after a pause, "You are a minister, Mr. Thomason, and feel as one who dares not look on sin with approval, or let it be done without a warning word. But never talk to me thus again: think you it is a light thing for a man whose name is held in respect and honour—to do what sinks him beneath his menial servant, if known. "But it cannot, it shall not be known," he said, clenching his hand hard, "Fanny and yourself alone saw it." "But God saw it—amidst the stillness of the night, his eye was upon you!" said his companion. The hand of the other was instantly raised, and a sudden blow struck the speaker to the earth: it was done less in anger, however, than in the agony of feeling: for the words thrilled to the heart of the guilty man. He

raised his guest cautiously and kindly, and a sudden revulsion of feeling coming over him, he burst into tears, and implored his forgiveness. The young man, as the effects of the blow passed away, looked earnestly in his assailant's face, and took his hand solemnly in his own, "Ask not forgiveness of me : I know that frank and generous nature is changed ; and the demon of avarice rules it at will. But I will not betray you : let the earth keep its secret—but if it cover not this deed, let shame come on my own head, but I will not betray my friend—the father of the woman I love." He would not wait to hear the heart-felt reply, or to enter the dwelling, but bent his way again to the glen. The next day the coroner's inquest was held, and a verdict of "found drowned" being returned, the body was buried in the church-yard. The weather had changed since the preceding day, and drizzling showers descended without ceasing, on the small and impatient group that stood in the lonely church-yard, witnessing the interment. The curate's voice trembled, as he read the service ; there was one beside him on whom he dared not look, who trembled still more : His face was pale, and the eye restless, that faced the driving blast and rain, rather than the open grave ; and as the earth fell with a dull and heavy sound every moment on the half-buried coffin, the spoiler drew back instinctively, and reclined against a tomb that stood near. Each hollow rush that covered for ever the

dead, struck on his startled spirit: and he thought of the wretched stranger, of his distant Spanish home, of his family that vainly sought him, whose rightful inheritance his own hand had taken away. "If he had died afar," he asked himself, "and some ruthless hand had despoiled his daughters thus—could he rest quiet in the grave?" These thoughts, that swept wildly through his fancy, were aided by the sad and lonely scene, over which the sky gathered dark and threatening: and as the curate read, with a faint voice, the solemn words, "the wages of sin is death," he clasped his hands wildly, and uttered a low and piercing moan. The few who stood around looked earnestly at the man: it was not a sound of sorrow or sympathy, but the wail of a wounded mind: and ere their surprise had subsided, the grave was closed, and they departed, each, along the wild glen, to his own home.

The glen was no longer the same to the curate; and his walks through its narrow domains lost their charm: in place of tranquillity and a peaceful conscience, came a glowing and resistless excitement: the love of the eldest daughter. It seemed as if the late event had broken down the barriers of restraint, doubt, and inequality of lot: they alone were privy to the dark secret, and they could not avoid often conversing on it, and mingling their tears and apprehensions together: and a warm attachment soon became mutual. The day

was appointed for their marriage : a dwelling was sought, and handsomely furnished by the father : it had a garden and a glebe of land, on which grazed several cows for the dairy, and a horse for his own use. . And now his glowing visions were soon to be fulfilled ; and the poor pastor of Saint Kylas, with fifty pounds a year, was to become the master of a fair house and estate, the husband of the finest and best dowried girl in the west. The day came at last, and the bridal party was joyous and happy : in all the assembly the bridegroom alone was pale and thoughtful, amidst the congratulations of friends, and the smiles and embraces of his wife, and the blissful certainty that the woman he loved was his own for ever. Whatever the parent felt, no eye could discern the slightest change in his countenance : if any terrors were in the heart, it seemed that the treasure of the dead was a rich atonement : to his widowed chamber he often went, and drew them forth, and gazed on them long and intensely. In his dealings and intercourse with his neighbours, as well as with the nearest market town, he supported the same high character for honesty, fairness, and respectability : it had been a solitary temptation, and had wrecked in a moment the gathered blessings and golden opinion of years. And he loved often to go and see his favourite child and her husband : their dwelling was not far ; and Fanny placed the armed chair for her father, and the curate pressed his hand warmly and in silence ;

and then they sat down and conversed freely. He saw they were happy : and the husband felt proud of his lot, of his fair glebe and cattle, and the comforts of his dwelling ; but he gloried most when the tall and commanding form of his wife moved around him,—when her dark eye and soft word anticipated his wishes ? Was not this cup far sweeter than he had ever thirsted to drink on earth ? And could he hate the father while he loved the child ? He did not hate him ; yet there were moments when the feelings were different, even when a few companions sat round his hearth, and he raised to his lips the full glass of rich wine, that gleamed fiercely in the glare of the fire, a sudden qualm came over him, and his lip quivered—for he thought of the hushed and still night, when the boat lay beside the floating form, and the light of the moon fell on the forbidden and glittering spoil.

The doom of the living, however, was at hand, and the fate of the shipwrecked man might be envied by him, who had taken what the waves had spared. It happened in an evil hour, that the farmer, one evening, in the neighbouring market town, to which he went every week, fell into a warm dispute with another landholder about their mutual property. One boast led to another, for excess of liquor had made both unguarded ; and the farmer, who seldom indulged in drink, from the conviction that it overcame him, uttered words which no human ear should have heard, for it was

a boast of the value of what the sea had cast up. His rival paused, and fixed his eye full on the changing countenance of the other, who felt his fatal error, and then exchanged significant glances with the rest of the company—for a confused and slight rumour had gone abroad at the time of the event, but had died away again. The company quickly after broke up. The curate was seated that night in his chamber, when he heard the rapid tread of horses' feet coming down the glen; it was an unusual sound there; and quickly after the farmer entered: his look was wild, and there was exquisite misery graven on his features. "O that my tongue had been in the fire that is never quenched," he said, "ere these words were spoken." To the wild and earnest entreaties of the minister he answered not, but continued to talk in loud, mournful, and broken tones; and the other ceased to interrupt him, for he saw that the agony of his spirit was exceeding great. The burden that he must bear was in truth a fearful one: and he was crushed beneath it like an infant: for he was a proud man, and with the passing away of that night, would pass away like a dream also, the wealth, the dignity, the high respectability of his character, far and wide—and he would be an outlawed man, and his fair and loved daughters—what would they be?—objects for the finger of scorn to be pointed at!—It was never known what passed between them; but the cottagers said, afterwards, it was a fearful night,

that the wail of agony and despair rose louder at times than the roar of the sea beneath : and that then there was heard the soft still voice of the minister, as of an angel pleading for the rescue of a lost spirit—it should seem that at last it prevailed : for the sounds sunk into low, deep moans, and voices of pity and mercy—and, ere the morning broke, the farmer again rode wildly from the door.

The next day passed calmly in the valley, but on the second evening the feet of enemies came on the soil, and with them were the officers of justice. The rich man was taxed with crime : his words at the inn were quoted against him : he denied it firmly : but the house was searched, and the plunder was at last discovered. There could be no doubt whence it came, or to whom it had belonged. Ere he was conveyed away to be examined at the town, his friends and relatives gathered round him in wonder and indignation at the charge : the rumour ran like wild fire, and his numerous tenants and dependants came also, for he was a popular landlord, and the clamour and grief were loud and general. The trial never came : for by the active and secret exertions of his friends, he made his escape from prison, and went into a foreign country. On his family the blow fell ruthlessly : it may be doubted if the anguish of the daughters, for the ruin of an indulgent father, was more bitter and rending than that of the curate of Saint Kylas. Had the spectre of the drowned stood before him, and lifted his accusing hand, it could not have been more fearful than the

tempest of scorn and malice, before which his gentle spirit shrank and trembled. Not only his religion, but his honesty were called in question. The world said that he had shared the plunder of the dead : he could not deny that he had been privy to it, that he had seen it done : but when he spoke of the horror and hatred of the sin, which he had really felt—and that he would as soon have dyed his hand in blood, as touched the spoil of the lost—people were slow of believing him. “A wolf in sheep’s clothing, a midnight spoiler on the wave,” were the terms that were heaped on his head ; it was said the daughter was the price of secrecy, and part of the diamonds were on her bosom on the wedding day. He could have borne the loss of worldly wealth, that now melted fast away : for all the possessions of the farmer were seized by the government : because he had plundered what were the rightful dues of the latter, namely, the unclaimed property of the dead or wrecked, cast up by the wave.

The sweet and luxurious home, and garden, and glebe of land of the pastor were part of these possessions ; and it was a morning of sorrow, and humbling, and tears, even to agony, when he quitted, with his beloved wife, their home, and bent their steps towards the glen of Saint Kylas, to dwell in the same lowly cottage that he had tenanted in his days of peace and obscurity. It was all they could afford : the poor fifty pounds a year was now their only dependence, and when they sat beside the hearth on the first evening of their arrival, and

thought of the change, the subdued and stricken man leaned his head on the bosom of his sacrificed wife, and wept bitterly. And now came the triumph and the strength of woman! From that moment she concealed her own feelings, hushed her own complaints, and strove only to comfort and sustain the drooping spirit of her husband. It is an easy task for a young, endeared, and attractive woman to do this, in a silent glen, in a desolate isle, any where, in fact, on the wide surface of the earth. And the youthful and contemned pastor soon felt and owned this; he was invited no more to the tables of the rich and luxurious; his dwelling was seldom entered by the step of flatterers or friends; in his church on the sabbath he saw that his congregation did not increase; that there was sometimes a sneer on the lips of those who had revered him before; and that, when the service was over, the few who were wealthier, instead of stopping to give a kindly greeting, hurried hastily away. But then, when he sat in the small shaded chamber that looked out on the glen, his wife was by his side; some useful work for the household in her hand, or she listened while he read: and then they arose and went forth, and walked amidst the rocks and verdant banks, or on the beach beyond. One evening, engaged in conversation, they had wandered far, and he sat on the bank, while she stood beside him: suddenly he felt her tears fall fast on the hand that was clasped in her's—and, looking up, he could not mistake the look of sorrow and up-

braiding on her fine features: it was the very spot where the corpse of the drowned had been landed on that fatal night; "my father was your ruin," she murmured. He rose and kissed those tears away, and said, that ruin with her was sweet; and that had he betrayed his friend, and the woman he so dearly loved—what would now be his state? And they turned hastily away.

A change—and a stern one—he well knew, had come over his path. In that same chamber of the cottage he had sat a year before, a lonely but an innocent man, in possession of honour and dignity of character, and with a heart at rest:—now all these blessings were torn ruthlessly away, and he was left only to that piety and sincerity of spirit, that had been clouded for a moment, but had never forsaken him. The trial to which he had been exposed, was such as few could bear: it was a fiery ordeal, out of which he came, not wholly unstained—but he had never forsaken the "God of his fathers," had never bowed down to the idols of gold and silver. With a sunken cheek and animated eye, he looked calmly at the desertion of the world, and said with a smile, that was turned on his faithful and beautiful companion, that though earth had no other help but her—he was happy!—and that his feet should henceforth be confined to his own valley: then the peace of conscience and the inspiring hope would come again, and the voice of treachery, sternness, and cruelty be heard no more.

THE PAINTER'S DAUGHTER.

It has been boldly, if not philosophically, asserted by an old English writer, that "to the man who truly dares, few things are impossible." Whether this be mere theory or founded on experience, the influence of so encouraging a maxim was never more remarkably exemplified, than in the adventures of the hero—for he *was* a hero in heart and spirit—of the following narrative:

Among the modern miracles of Italy so well vouched for, and so numerous, those connected with the Fine Arts are not perhaps generally known; few possibly having heard, though there is nothing miraculous in a painter's making love, that love once made a painter. At the close of one of those splendid summer evenings which we breathe only under a southern sky, two young persons, engaged in earnest discourse, were bending their steps towards Naples, along those beautiful shady paths in the gardens of the Villa Reale, extending nearly a mile on the margin of the magnificent bay. They were returning from an excursion to the delightful environs of Baia, whither the lady's father had accompanied them, to study the picturesque scenery round the gardens and grotto of Posilippo. Colan-

tonio del Fiore was a painter of some repute, and he now lingered amid these spots to witness the effect of a brilliant sun-set on the distant waters, forgetting that he had admonished his daughter and the youth who had attended them, to proceed on their way home. The latter, named Antonio Solario, was the son of a poor mechanic, from his wandering habits called *Il Zingaro*, or the gipsey. He had been favourably noticed by Colantonio for his ingenuity at his father's lowly occupation,—that of a blacksmith. The artist had engaged him for some time in his house, in framing various little articles of domestic ornament or use. He saw and loved the fair Bianca, and spite of his humble station, secretly resolved some day to obtain her hand. Gentle and intelligent, with a pleasing address, and a noble and aspiring spirit, he felt that fortune had done him some wrong, for what had these “high thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy,” to do with birth and station, lowly and obscure as his? They served but to make his feelings more bitter by the contrast, while every day's experience imprest him more deeply with the persuasion, that by giving free scope to his energies, he might emancipate himself from the trammels of his obscurity. This secret conviction gave him a certain air of frankness and resolution, so that, as was observed by Sylla of Julius Cæsar, he seemed to carry fortune in his looks. This by no means prejudiced his cause in the eyes of her he loved. Yet, in the presence of Bianca, his

tongue had hitherto refused to give utterance to his wishes, however often he had schooled it to the task : but that evening he had secretly vowed should free him from the tortures of suspense. An expression of deep sadness rested on his features as he walked by the maiden's side ; he was long silent, and when he fancied he was prepared to speak, the fear of her anger flashed across his mind, and he only sighed.

The gentle Bianca, fixing her eyes on him for a moment, half reproachfully inquired what had occurred to disturb him. "I never yet," replied Solario, "disguised the truth with any one ; and I will not now, at whatever risk ;—it is because I fear you that I am sad."

"Fear me ! surely you are jesting, Antonio. Why should you be afraid of me ; you may fear to offend my father ;—yet why should you ?—for it is said, we hate those we fear."

"Oh no—hate, Bianca ! it is all distracted love."

"What, are you in love, Antonio, and never told my father or me !" exclaimed Bianca, while a flush of anger and surprise suffused her cheeks. Is it thus you have returned his kindness ?"

"It is—it is ! heap on me your utter scorn. I have dared, and I must and will dare—or die. Yes, you may sooner deprive me of life, than of my love."

"And who is she whom you love so well,"—inquired Bianca eagerly ; "I fear, Antonio, you—

you—perhaps only jest; or I should have seen—and known her name.”

“It is Bianca del Fiore!—she who sports with the agonies her irresistible charms and perfections have produced. I have said it: I love you to madness with a passion stronger than hope—or death. For hope I have none; and I fear not to die—if it were only for your sake. I have said it; and now wither me with the scorn of those radiant eyes—crush my aspiring spirit in the dust: cast me off for ever; yet I will still love, and glory in having told you how much, how truly I love you!”—As she listened to these words, a thousand contending emotions flushed the cheeks and shook the bosom of the fair Bianca, which she vainly sought to conceal under the veil of assumed displeasure and surprise. She started; blushed “rosy red,” and a secret joy beamed through the air of reserve and coldness with which she turned away, to subdue the agitation and tremors of her soul. But Antonio fixed his large dark eyes with an appealing and half reproachful expression upon hers;—they met, and told the secret of their souls at a single glance. For some moments both stood rivetted with a feeling of mingled awe and rapture to the spot; for they both feared and felt that they loved;—that there was peril in their passion;—and that it was no longer hidden from each other. No language could do justice to the feelings of Antonio, as he won from Bianca’s

lips the assurance that he had not overrated his own ambition and deserts. But in the same breath she besought him with tears, to seek her father, and disclose all that had passed.

"Not a moment shall be lost," replied Solario; "and there is one other, my noble benefactress, to whom I owe so much, for she it was who introduced me into your father's house. Yes! the princess Maddalena will never desert me."

"Desert you! Antonio; you who preserved her life at the peril of your own! But go, and tell my father,—all, all."

Little dreamed the solitary artist, as he saw Antonio approach, what was the nature of the intelligence he had to hear. Colantonio had acquired a considerable reputation, and was become the head of a school; he had moreover formed a pretty high opinion of himself and his art; and it had never entered into his head that Solario could venture to aspire even to the office of grinding his colours, or, at most perhaps, of laying on the back ground of his pictures. Yet the being now stood before him, destined to surpass not only what the self-complacent Colantonio had ever produced; but to emulate the living truth and sweetness of Raphael and Titian. He at once calmly informed the artist that he had come to request the hand of his daughter. The surprise and perplexity of the Neapolitan master would have formed a fine study for natural expression; but in the next moment the idea seemed so

truly ludicrous and absurd, that instead of falling into a passion, he only laughed and replied:—"Well my good Antonio, when you become as great a painter as I wish my son-in-law to be, you shall marry my daughter."—At these words, uttered in a jesting tone, an expression of indignation for a moment clouded Solario's brow; the next—he mastered the rising feeling; and intreated him to hear what he had to say. "But have I not made a vow, that none except a great painter shall wed Bianca? Yes!—and I swear to observe it." A variety of emotions filled the heart of Antonio; but after a brief struggle, he exclaimed, "I accept the conditions, and have only to request you will repeat them in the presence of your daughter and the princess Maddalena,"—to which Colantonio, still smiling, assented.

When they all met, the artist repeated his promise, as well as the vow he had taken, which, not even the daughter of his sovereign dared persuade him to retract. Turning, therefore, to the youthful Solario, "my poor Antonio," said she, "I am truly grieved at this, both for your's and Bianca's sake. What can we do;—what do you ask?" "Simply," replied Antonio, "that you witness our agreement, and obtain for me the space of ten years to accomplish the conditions Colantonio del Fiore requires." "That shall be given," replied the princess; "but what says the fair Bianca?" "I have already obtained her consent," replied Antonio. "What! for ten years?" inquired the Princess.

"It is true," returned the painter's daughter,—"I do consent to all;"—and the conditions were then regularly drawn out and witnessed by the Princess, who took her leave of the young lovers almost in tears.

Colantonio, however, now insisted on Solario's quitting his house, and acquiring a knowledge of his art elsewhere; for he believed that when absent, he would be forgotten, and Bianca's affections, in time, transferred to some other object;—indeed, he treated the whole affair as a mere *extravaganza* peculiar to youth. Bitter was the parting scene between the poor lovers; and Antonio frankly declared, that she would never see or hear of him more, unless he should return in triumph to claim her as his bride.

The world was now all before him, and sadly the young exile bent his steps from the home of her he loved. Days and months at length became years,—yet no tidings of Antonio: he had failed surely in the undertaking; and the heart of Bianca grew faint and sick. It was now the third year of his departure; and as time wore on, her doubts and fears became more confirmed. Her father never alluded to the subject,—but her evident uneasiness, her solitary rambles, and the faded roses in her cheeks, bore ample witness that deep and bitter memories were at work.

The bright young season of existence had flown—that season "of splendour in the grass, and beauty in the flower," when every object is arrayed in the

hues of hope and fancy, and the heart and the imagination promisc—only to betray. How cruel, she thought, not once to have written to inform her at least of his safety—his truth. For other suitors were now aspiring to her love; and one of these was favoured by her father, who declared he would one day infallibly become a great painter; and urged his daughter to bestow on him her hand. The sad and faithful Bianca bore these trials without a complaint; but steadily refused to accept other vows. She bowed her head in sorrow, and Colantonio began to fear he had gone too far; he trembled for her life. He saw her decline day by day; the neglect, the ingratitude—perhaps the scorn of one on whom she had staked all in life—disappointed love and sorrow were drying up the fountains of her heart and being.

What, meanwhile, were the strange and chequered fortunes which had followed the footsteps of the banished Antonio? He left Naples with the determination to succeed, or perish in the trial. It was only by becoming an excellent artist that he could fulfil the conditions imposed upon him. Yet why so long silent, when the object of all his hopes was pining in grief,—dying by his neglect? Alas! success alone could give him a title to write to her he loved; yet little dreamed he of the sufferings he had inflicted, and which might for ever deprive him of the chance of seeing her more. As little, too, did he imagine that this pure, high-minded, and enthu-

siastic girl held her faith unshaken, in spite of parental authority, and offers of splendid alliance. He had first travelled to Rome, where he met with no master willing to afford him encouragement. He next proceeded to Bologna, for he had seen some of the beautiful productions, and had heard of the fame of Lippo Dalmazi, so celebrated for his heads of the Madonna as to have won the appellation of *Lippo dalle Madonne*.

In passing through the streets he had before traversed with his father, in quest of Lippo's residence, what strange thoughts crowded on his mind;—what doubts, what fears, alternately swayed his breast! The young moral martyr yet held boldly on in his career; as he entered Lippo's house, he feared another trial was at hand, and he resolved to control his high spirit—to take no notice of the contemptuous looks and words which had so often sent him, torn with ill-suppressed passion, from many an artist's school. Between three and four years had elapsed, and little had yet been effected; while constant anxiety had preyed on his health as well as his mind. What joy then on first beholding the face of Lippo Dalmazi to find it auguring good; and on explaining his views, to see, instead of smile or jest, the warm tear of genuine sympathy start into his eyes! Antonio too wept; for since leaving his Bianca he had seldom met any similar manifestation of kindly feeling. Lippo, on seeing him more calm, sought to convince him of the insuperable difficulties

he had to contend with; and that the sooner he abandoned his project, the happier it would be for both, as absence would shortly restore his peace of mind.

The tears and entreaties of Antonio, however, at length prevailed, and Lippo consented to receive him into his school. At first the smiles and sarcasms of the students annoyed him; but his enthusiasm and devotion were unequalled. He denied himself every indulgence beyond what was afforded him by reading and conversation upon art. Soon his services became valuable to his master, who lost no occasion of unfolding and directing his powers. Applause gave wings to the aspiring genius of his pupil; and the joy of this good master was little less than his own, when, on beholding a Madonna and Child, he declared that he could teach Antonio nothing more; and that he must visit Rome and Venice if he wished further to perfect himself in the art. It was now, for the first time, the young artist felt himself justified in writing, with tidings of success, to the fair Bianca,—tidings which arrived only just as she stood upon the brink of an early grave. We need not pause to depict the tumults of rapture and grateful emotion which shook her bosom: we shall follow the steps of Antonio, who, after taking an affecting leave of his good master, repaired to Ferrara, where he enlarged his knowledge and skill by examining the works of Bricci and Galasso. At Venice he accomplished all he yet

wanted in strength and brilliancy of colouring; and at Rome he studied those models of beautiful expression and design which he afterwards so nearly approached as to rank next to Raphael, and become the head of a school.

After having visited the chief seats of art and learning in Italy, crowned with honours and splendid commissions from different cities, Antonio Solario prepared to return to Naples. He left noble specimens of his powers at different courts; and Pope Martin V. had employed him at Rome to assist in decorating the Vatican. Upon reaching Naples, he instantly repaired to the court, and without announcing his name, applied to an officer to present one of his finest works to the princess, his former patroness, and now Queen of Naples. It was a Madonna, with a group of cherubs crowning an infant Jesus. The queen was struck with it, and sent for the artist. Such was the change which time and incessant toil had wrought in the youthful Antonio, that he was no longer recognised. She inquired the name of the painter. "It is by one Antonio Solario," replied the artist, "the son of a poor smith." "That is impossible," exclaimed the queen; "he is dead, or has long since left the country." "No, no;—am I forgotten?—do you not remember that I worked at the palace ten years ago; and was refused the hand of Colantonio del Fiore's daughter?" and he threw himself at the queen's feet.

"Can you indeed be Solario!—and this **YOUR** work?"—and the queen instantly sent a messenger to summon Colantonio to the palace. On his arrival, she concealed Antonio behind a screen, so that he might hear what passed; and then inquired of the old painter what he thought of the picture before him. He expressed his utmost admiration; advising her majesty to secure it at any price. "It is already mine, if you consent to bestow your daughter upon the painter; or do you still reserve her for the wandering gipsy, the son of the poor smith?" "No! He who produced that picture, and no other, shall be my son-in-law." "He is here, then, and will thank you himself;" and the next moment Antonio stood in the presence of Bianca's father, and claimed the performance of his promise. What was the astonishment of Colantonio!—he could scarcely credit his senses; nor would he, perhaps, have credited them, had not the queen reassured him. He embraced Solario; and again fixing his eyes on the Madonna, exclaimed, "He has, indeed, fulfilled the hard conditions imposed upon him!" "And he comes loaded with wealth and patronage," added the queen; "his fame is gone abroad, and we here also appoint him painter to the Neapolitan Court. Will these tidings be disagreeable to your daughter?" "Joy—joy," exclaimed Del Fiore; "I shall see her happy once more!" "Hasten, then," rejoined the queen; "let her come arrayed as a wealthy bride; I must witness their

meeting. I will myself bestow her hand on Antonio Solario,—the noblest, the most constant of lovers.”

The queen kept her word; she witnessed their meeting,—the most singular and affecting of any ever recorded in the annals of Love. To render the event more memorable, the queen celebrated their nuptials with a splendid festival at the palace; and the adventurous history of the Lover-artist being made known, throngs of noble and wealthy visitors crowded to Naples, eager to behold him, and obtain his productions.

In the autumn of the year 1412, according to the old Neapolitan chronicle, Colantonio del Fiore, with Antonio and Bianca, again visited the gardens of Posilippo. Passing along the shady walks on the margin of the bay, Antonio suddenly stopped, and turning to his wife, “Bianca,” he said, “do you not remember this spot? it is now ten years since we were here;—and it was here,” addressing her father, “that I had first the temerity to tell your daughter that I loved her! Surely you can remember it, Bianca?”—observing her silent. “It would be strange if she did not,” said her father; “for after you left us, my son, I think she did nothing but haunt this retreat, where I have often found her absorbed in passionate grief.”

A TRAVELLER'S ADVENTURE.

It was on a surly October day, that, after having taken a peep at the ancient regal palace of Scone, I found myself, by three in the afternoon, with my feet on the fender, within the Salutation Inn at Perth. I had secured my seat to Edinburgh in the Spread Eagle; so I had nought to do, but look to my solitary dinner, for which preparations were making. A volume of Washington Irving's Tales of a Traveller lay on a side-table; and I endeavoured to fill up the interim vacuity, over the pages of that accomplished and admirable writer.

Indeed, so much was I interested, that, however impatient before, I felt annoyed when the horn blew; and half reluctantly took my seat in the coach, into which two travellers had already stepped. They appeared, from several circumstances, to be husband and wife.

The lord and master of the twain was a gentleman of some fifty-five years, or, "By'r lady," as Falstaff says, "inclining to three-score." He had cosied himself into a corner, which he left not unoccupied, being a personage of imposing dimensions. A low-crowned, broad-brimmed chapeau was slouched over his eyes; and a Spanish cloak of blue frieze, ample of fold, with a red collar, of the poodle-dog style of

beauty, clasped tightly about his neck, left not much of his countenance visible; save a pair of little black eyes, that glanced like a rat's, and two promontories, which might be guessed as the tips of his nose and chin. Immense bunches of lankey hair overhung his ears; and, altogether, his air was that of a substantial Lowland grazier.

The wife—for so the “my dears” that floated between them pointed her out to be,—was externally the reverse of all this. She was shrivelled and scraggy, one of Pharoah's lean kine; with a treble-toned voice, which omened her capability of scolding. Ever and anon, she made a silent appeal to her snuff-box,—but, without this, her devotion to the “noxious weed” of Sir Walter Raleigh might have been shrewdly imagined, from a certain expression of the nose and mouth, peculiar to all votaries of the herd.

The halcyon days of courtship having no doubt long ago passed over between them, they found little to say to each other,—and nothing to me. As we passed over Kinnoul Hill, twilight was setting in; and the day died away beyond the summits of the western Grampians. The eyes of the grazier, who sat like a Polar bear in the corner, began to gather straws; and, at a rough rut on the road, I could perceive the head of Madame nodding *a la mandarin*.

The evening was cloudy and without frost; and I had occasionally a glimpse of the evening star, over

the flying rack. The banks and forests by the way-side looked sombre and gloomy ; and, resting my chin on the umbrella between my knees, imagination transported me to the mountain solitudes of the Appenines and the Abruzzi ; amongst which I had formerly travelled ; and wither an excellent picture, which I had recently seen, carried my recollections.

One scene, however, was uppermost in my mind. Never shall I forget the events of that evening. The Estafette had left Distria at three, and we expected to reach Rocca Priori by nightfall ; the daylight being yet tolerably long, and eked out by a early moonrise.

Here were we three strangers, associated accidentally—companions in travel for the last two days—and bound together only by one tie of unity, that of reaching our rendezvous in company.

Methinks I see him yet :—opposite to me, with his back towards the horses—a pair of sorry nags, in sorrier harness—squatted a lusty Capuchin friar ; whose conversational powers had been gradually wearing themselves out in anecdotes of monastic life, so full of pathos and simple beauty, as would have almost weaned an alderman, to seclude himself from all the world congregated at a civic feast, and have made him abhor the bare mention of calapash and calapee : and, by my side, sate an elegantly formed female, through whose close veil I could yet snatch traces of a beauty, which downcast eyes and a mournful silence could not obscure. A

richly furred cloak was thrown across her shoulders, to protect her from the damps of evening, and from the cold, which, after sunset, frequently becomes almost piercing in these elevated regions. It was evident that her fate had been a melancholy one, and that probably the darkness of it was not yet over. She travelled under the escort of the holy father; and, not unlikely, her destiny was the convent.

At a small way-side inn we changed horses, and proceeded without dismounting from the vehicle. Our road now became more steep and rugged; and crack, crack, went the whip of the driver. As we slowly wound along the ascent, we had time to survey the magnificent and ever varying scenery around us. The wild fowl sprang from the thickets; and, as the bright sunshine shot from the west, the alternations of light and shade became extremely picturesque, in the rugged outlines of the wooded crags, and the slumbrous twilight of the vallies, into which a hundred streamlets fell sparkling. The poor animals soon became jaded; and many a "*Cospetto!*" and "*Corpo del Bacco!*" was uttered by the irritated brandisher of the thong.

Evening was setting in apace, and the Capuchin fidgetted about as if he was uneasy. Looking across to me, he ejaculated with something of anxiety,—“I fear we shall get belated here. We are yet seven miles from our destination, and these very passes around us have, not long ago, been

the scenes of robbery and murder. The village of Rocca Priori should have been reached by this time:—that ever we shall reach it, I now much doubt."

"*Per l'amor di Dio!* say not so;" exclaimed the beautiful Signora, starting in alarm, "Let me not fall alive into the hands of these ruffian banditti! Methought I was about to enter a peaceful sanctuary;—and distress is still my companion. Had we not better dismount, and return?"

"Be not alarmed, Imilda," said the Capuchin, in a soothing tone. "The dangers of these roads may have been overdrawn; and although my profession forbids the use of arms, I doubt not our fellow traveller does not journey unprotected."

"I confess," returned I, groping in the side pocket of the carriage, for the woollen case containing my pistols,—“that I am not perhaps so well prepared as I might have been,—since so much danger is to be apprehended; for I was not at all aware of this route being infested in the manner you mention.” Round and round went my hand in the bottom of the pocket; the case was not there—nor, to my mortification, to be found within the vehicle.

"This is most extraordinary," I exclaimed. "It is not possible that, in my hurry, I have left the case on the inn table! No—no; it cannot be. I have a distinct recollection of having put it into the pocket here; just after you, Sir, had got in—and before I returned for my cloak, which one of the

servants was drying for me. I am as well assured that I placed it in this pocket, as I am of my own existence."

"Indeed," said the Capuchin, "why, it is not a little extraordinary, and somewhat unaccountable; but really, what we firmly intended to do occasionally wears, in memory's eye, the aspect of something we have done; so much so, that it is difficult in such cases to discern between the intention and the fact. Very probably the dangers of the Abruzzi may have been drawn to me by an over-charged pencil. Surely man's nature cannot be in any state so degraded, that he would refuse mercy to a helpless maiden, or to an unoffending son of the Church! And your being in such company may be a sufficient protection for you."

My heart could not but soften at this speech of the reverend man, which betokened so much simplicity and ignorance of the ways of a wicked world. "Would, holy father," returned I, "that the heart of man were as you imagine it!"

"Have you, then, no other means of defence about you?" asked the Capuchin earnestly.

It now occurred to me,—for I had forgotten it till this time,—that I had a blade in my walking-cane. "This cane is a sword-stick," I said, "and may, in extremity, serve us in stead of a better weapon."

"Unsheathe it!" cried the Capuchin loudly, for we were just driving past a mountain torrent, which

rendered his accents nearly inaudible,—“unsheathe it, and let me see what sort of a thing it is.”

I did so ; and as I pulled it half out, I chanced to look in his face, on which sat a sardonic grin. “It is slender,” he said ; “and would require to be of good temper.”

The sneering laugh of the Capuchin somewhat perplexed me.

“Alas !” he continued, “that is a mere lath of a thing ;—and is but a sorry protection for three, against a horde of brigands.”

As he thus spoke, the fair Signora sank back into the corner of the carriage ; and fetched a deep sigh. So powerfully was she affected, that I was in fears of her swooning altogether away.

“Would to heaven !” exclaimed the holy father, “that we were through these wild passes unquestioned. We are but as clay in the hands of the potter ! Would we were safely landed within the gates of San Francesco ; and it might rain apple-blossoms in January, ere they got me out again, to wander on any of their confounded missions.”

“Alas !” said the fair Signora, sobbing, “I seem destined to bring sorrow on all who even commiserate my situation. Would that I had died, rather than have involved thee, holy father, in my wretched fate !”

We had by this time gained the summit of an eminence, from which we perceived, that the wild dim mountain scenery completely girdled us around.

Nature here reigned in her stern and savage magnificence. The scope of the eye took in no vestige of man, or of his molehill works. Over abrupt and tremendous precipices hung venerable trees, that seemed almost mysteriously to have found footing. An occasional wild goat stood picturesquely on some bare ledge, between the eye and the horizon; and, through clefts and fissures, rivulets, whose waters sparkled in the mellow rays of the setting sun, tumbled flashing into the dim and rayless vallies. Over all, the eagle screamed and soared, dashing the last crimson beams of daylight from his majestic pinions.

Descending the winding road, we came to an angle, which showed to us a fresh expanse of Alpine scenery;—and there, between two parted hills, the light from the west broke in upon a platform of sod, where human figures were distinctly seen moving about.

My first instinct was to scrutinize them through my glass: there they were—freebooters to a certainty. They were clad in jacket and trowsers of gaudy colours; had the usual broad-brimmed conical-crowned hats; and their sasher stuck full of pistols and poniards. Several were reclining on the grass—a proof that we were not yet perceived; and others were seated round a fire, which burned in a recess of the mountain. “Do you see that?” said I to the monk, handing him over my telescope.

“By San Gennaro! it is all over with us,” he

exclaimed, with a wonderful degree of coolness. "There are not braver or more desperate men in Christendom; and we had better at once surrender at discretion. Each is an over-match for a lusty *gen-d'armes*; so, I opine, we have no chance of routing a host of them with your sword-stick. The die is thrown: let us turn our pockets inside out, and cry mercy."

So saying, the Capuchin scratched his shaven crown, and smiled, or rather laughed. "And as for you, my fair Imilda," he added, "I would advise you to make up your mind to it. There are worse situations in the world than that of becoming a bandits' bride. Make a virtue of necessity, and Mother Church will absolve you, for I see no other way for it, my little rose-bud."

A sudden thought now flashed across my mind; and, as apparently we were not yet perceived by the banditti, I determined at once to put my suspicions to the test. "I shall call to the driver to halt," I said, "and let us dismount, ere it be too late."

While in the act of rising for this purpose, I turned to the Signora, who, terror-struck, remained almost insensible,—saying, "Will you accompany me, or proceed forward? You may depend upon whatever protection I can give, and on the honour of a gentleman, I swear not to leave you, while I have breath; if you prefer proceeding, of course I cannot help it. Stop! *veturino*; I say, hollo!—stop!"

"Go on!" shouted the Capuchin, at the top of his voice, clapping his hand upon my mouth, and thrusting me down with his brawny arm; while in a twinkling, one of my own pistols was cocked at my head. "Diavolo!" he cried, "be quiet, if you don't want your brains blown out."

"Pinion him," shouted the Signora.

"Pinion the fellow!"—and I felt myself seized by the elbows, with any thing but feminine softness, by the beautiful unknown—who, doffing a veil and mask, showed a majestic aquiline nose, overlooking a forest of mustachios. While he also groped for a pistol in his girdle, and the bandit shone revealed, I dashed in desperation the arm of the quondam Capuchin aside. Off went the cocked pistol: and, whether he was shot or not, such a yell arose, that, in the utmost trepidation,—I awoke.

"Hold him—hold him, for the sake of goodness!" shouted the grazier—"he is furious—wild—non-compos—as mad as a march hare!"

"He has broken all the coach-windows!" cried the lady.

"He has broken my head!" responded her mate.

"Will nobody succour us?" "Murder!—murder!" was the chorus of man and wife.

When Jehu, with his coat of nineteen capes, opened the door to inquire the meaning of all this strange disturbance, it was some time before I was sufficiently recovered from my sleep and terror, to

explain that a striking picture, which I had lately seen, had forcibly wrought on my imagination in a dream. At last I succeeded in persuading all parties that I was safe travelling company to the next stage: and ever since that night I have been frequently haunted with terrible visions of this *Pass of the Abruzzi*.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST FAREWELL.

HE has sighed his farewell, he has shed the last tear
On the land where his infancy flourished;
He has gazed for the last time, on all that was dear,
On all that his fond hopes had nourished:
Yet he did not regret the lost pleasures of youth—
The hopes that so early were blighted;
For well he remembered, that founded on truth,
Had been all that his fancy delighted.

He has gone; but ah! not to that feverish clime
Where the Sun's scorching rays shall molest him,
Where, oft as he listened, the loud pealing chime
With remembrance of home had depressed him.
No more shall his breast by the night-breeze be fanned,
Nor with transports of extacy burn,
For he has hastened away to that far distant land
From whence he can never return.

Ne'er again shall he roam a sad pilgrim on earth,
Nor undauntedly brave the rude billow,
But calmly he rests in the land of his birth,
O'ershaded by cypress and willow.
How oft has he falteringly whispered farewell,
When the tempests of fate bade us sever;
But 'tis past—he has gone; 'twas the last parting knell,
And now, he has sighed it for ever.

THE FIRST INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE SPANIARDS AND PERUVIANS.

THE track of the Spaniards in South America was invariably marked with blood; towards the innocent and confiding people of the newly-discovered country, they were as merciless as they were rapacious—but history records no event so utterly indefensible as the conduct of Pizarro, and his few brutal followers, during the first invasion of Peru. Its atrocity is aggravated by the fact, that their ostensible motive was conversion, and that they professed to march under the banner of the gospel of peace.

In the year 1531, Pizarro, accompanied by a force scarcely numbering two hundred armed men, landed at Peru, and soon afterwards directed his course into the interior of the kingdom. In the immediate vicinity of the same village of Caxamalca, the Inca, Atahualpa, lay encamped at the head of an immense army.

According to the usual artifice of his countrymen, the Spanish soldier assumed the character of a friendly ambassador; and, after a few negotiations, succeeded in so far practising on the credulity of the monarch, as to induce him, first to provide

accommodation for the strangers, then to offer them rich presents, and finally to visit them in their quarters, and to grant them a formal audience in the presence of his people. The merciless Spaniard, at once decided as to the course he was to pursue—coolly made arrangements for the event that was to follow—and calmly awaited the arrival of his victims.

The scene that occurred upon the plains of Caxamalca, is so powerfully described by the historian, and in language so inimitably clear, beautiful and expressive, that we should do injustice equally to our readers and ourselves, did we introduce any other accompaniment to the print, that we may be justly proud to place among the illustrations of this volume.

“Early in the morning the Peruvian camp was all in motion. But as Atahualpa was solicitous to appear with the greatest splendour and magnificence in his first interview with the strangers, the preparations for this were so tedious, that the day was far advanced before he began his march. Even then, lest the order of the procession should be deranged, he moved so slowly, that the Spaniards became impatient, and apprehended that some suspicion of their intention might be the cause of this delay. In order to remove this, Pizarro dispatched one of his officers with fresh assurances of his friendly disposition. At length the Inca approached. First of all appeared four hundred men, in a uniform

dress, as harbingers to clear the way before him. He himself, sitting on a throne or couch, adorned with plumes of various colours, and almost covered with plates of gold and silver enriched with precious stones, was carried on the shoulders of his principal attendants. Behind him came some chief officers of his court, carried in the same manner. Several bands of singers and dancers accompanied this cavalcade, and the whole plain was covered with troops, amounting to more than thirty thousand men.

As the Inca drew near the Spanish quarters, Father Vincent Valverde, chaplain to the expedition, advanced with a crucifix in one hand, and a breviary in the other, and in a long discourse explained to him the doctrine of the creation, the fall of Adam, the incarnation, the sufferings and resurrection of Jesus Christ, the appointment of St. Peter as God's vicegerent on earth, the transmission of his apostolic power, by succession, to the popes, the donation made to the king of Castile by Pope Alexander of all the regions of the New World. In consequence of all this, he required Atahualpa to embrace the Christian faith, to acknowledge the supreme jurisdiction of the pope, and to submit to the king of Castile as his lawful sovereign; promising, if he complied instantly with this requisition, that the Castilian monarch would protect his dominions, and permit him to continue in the exercise of his royal authority; but if he should impiously refuse to obey this

summons, he denounced war against him in his master's name, and threatened him with the most dreadful effects of his vengeance.

This strange harangue, unfolding deep mysteries, and alluding to unknown facts, of which no power of eloquence could have conveyed, at once, a distinct idea to an American, was so lamely translated by an unskilful interpreter, little acquainted with the idiom of the Spanish tongue, and incapable of expressing himself with propriety in the language of the Inca, that its general tenor was altogether incomprehensible to Atahualpa. Some parts in it, of more obvious meaning, filled him with astonishment and indignation. His reply, however, was temperate. He began with observing, that he was lord of the dominions over which he reigned, by hereditary succession; and added, that he could not conceive how a foreign priest should pretend to dispose of territories which did not belong to him; that if such a preposterous grant had been made, he, who was the rightful possessor, refused to confirm it; that he had no inclination to renounce the religious institutions established by his ancestors; nor would he forsake the service of the sun, the immortal divinity whom he and his people revered, in order to worship the God of the Spaniards, who was subject to death; that with respect to other matters contained in his discourse, as he had never heard of them before, and did not now understand their meaning, he desired to know where the priest had

learned things so extraordinary. "In this book," answered Valverde, reaching out to him his breviary. The Inca opened it eagerly, and turning over the leaves, lifted it to his ear: "This," says he, "is silent; it tells me nothing:" and threw it with disdain to the ground. The enraged monk, running towards his countrymen, cried out, "To arms, Christians, to arms; the word of God is insulted; avenge this profanation on those impious dogs." Pizarro who, during this long conference, had with difficulty restrained his soldiers, eager to seize the rich spoils of which they had now so near a view, immediately gave the signal of assault. At once the martial music struck up, the cannon and muskets began to fire, the horse sallied out fiercely to the charge, the infantry rushed on, sword in hand. The Peruvians astonished at the suddenness of an attack which they did not expect, and dismayed with the destructive effect of the fire-arms, and the irresistible impression of the cavalry, fled with universal consternation on every side, without attempting either to annoy the enemy, or to defend themselves. Pizarro, at the head of his chosen band, advanced directly towards the Inca, and though his nobles crowded around him with officious zeal, and fell in numbers at his feet, while they vied one with another in sacrificing their own lives, that they might cover the sacred person of their sovereign, the Spaniards soon penetrated to the royal seat; and Pizarro, seizing the Inca by the arm, dragged him to the ground,

and carried him as a prisoner to his quarters. The fate of the monarch increased the precipitate flight of his followers. The Spaniards pursued them towards every quarter, and with deliberate and unrelenting barbarity continued to slaughter wretched fugitives, who never once offered to resist. The carnage did not cease until the close of day. Above four thousand Peruvians were killed. Not a single Spaniard fell, nor was one wounded but Pizarro himself, whose hand was slightly hurt by one of his own soldiers, while struggling eagerly to lay hold on the Inca."

THE SCRIPTURES VALUED.

IN the library of the late Dr. Williams, at Redcross Street, there is a curious manuscript, containing the whole book of Psalms, and all the New Testament, except the revelations, in fifteen volumes, folio. The whole is written in characters, full an inch long, with a white composition on a black paper, manufactured on purpose. This perfectly *unique* copy was written in 1795, at the cost of a Mr. Harris, a tradesman of London, whose sight having decayed with age, so as to prevent his reading the Scriptures, though printed in the largest type, he incurred the expense of this transcription, that he might enjoy those sources of comfort which are "more to be desired than gold—yea, than much fine gold."

TO THE RIVER DOVE.

OH ! would to heaven I were as thee,
 Beautiful River, fair and free !
 Say, crystal waves, say, where have ye been,
 Whither ye wander, what have ye seen ?
 —From the first dim smile of the morning ray
 To the last soft sigh of the parting day,
 Through the solemn hours of the silent night,
 Thou goest along in thy rapid flight,
 Murmuring, musical, fearless, and free,
 Beautiful River, would I were thee !
 —In the womb of Earth
 Thou hadst thy birth,
 In the deep dark gulphs where light comes never,
 And some cold black cave
 Nursed thine infant wave,
 In realms that have shut out the sun-beam for ever.
 But upward thence didst thou win thy way,
 Seeking in silence the place of day.
 Was it a Spirit who found thee there,
 And pointed thy path to our upper air ?
 Was it some Seraph that wafted thee
 From the fathomless profundity ?
 Some Naiad sure with her wood-voice clear,
 From thy dark cold cradle hath called thee here !
 Stainless as the morning beam
 Rose to light thy crystal stream,

Emblem meet of purity,
Bright, as brightest diamonds be ;
From thy mossy hidden fountain,
From some heavenward rising mountain,
Or from some more modest vale,
Down amidst the daisies pale,
Voiceless all, as ever is
The intensity of bliss,
Upwards welling didst thou come,
From thine unseen, lonely home.

Then, on—on—on ! Like a bird that long
Hath sung his melancholy song
In a prison cage, when Liberty
Hath bidden him again be free ;
He shakes his plumes, and he spreads his wing,
He never is wearied of wandering
Through the bower and the grove that were once his love,
Through the ivied haunts in his sunny vale ;
And, all day long, doth he breathe a song
Telling his amorous tale :
Thus, like the bird but late set free,
River, thou goest with song and glee,
Through the copse-walk cool and the forest shade,
Through the green-clad vales and the silent glade ;
Amidst rough rocks in ruin piled,
Thou wanderest on like an innocent child,
With dance and song, in thy sportive play,
Over the meadows, away, and away !
The first faint blush of the morning beam
Comes glancing down on thy spotless stream,
And noon, in thy glassy fountain glowing,
Shews where the waves of light are flowing ;

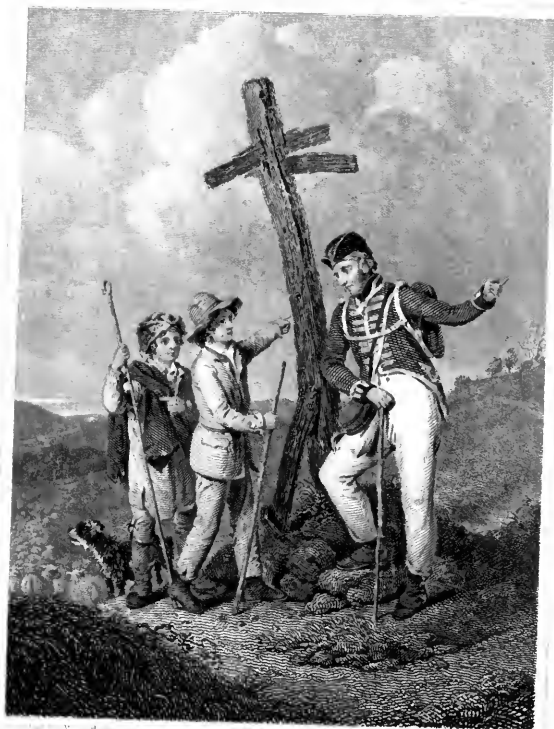
The parting Summer's latest sigh
Breathes over thee as it passeth by,
And the wing of her zephyrs, while fanning thee,
Scarce ruffles thy pure tranquillity !

Where thou comest wandering—lo !
With verdant life the valleys glow ;
The bursting bud, the grass-blade green,
The infant floweret's face is seen ;
And, o'er the bosom of the Earth,
Nature's varied robes come forth.
So, throughout the smiling lands,
With thy viewless Spirit-hands,
Thou, the fruit, the flower, the tree,
Scatterest benignantly.
Many a modest beauty dwelleth
Where thy leaping current wellet ;
As thou murmurest along,
 Wide the echoes wild reply
To the music of thy song,
 Making pleasant melody :
And so thou flowest fair and free—
River ! would I were as thee !

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BY THE REV. DR. STYLES.

THE descending sun had gilded the surrounding hills, and the beauties of an autumnal evening had shed their richest tints on the landscape, when Raymond Willmot, wearied with his tedious journey, rested for the second time on the loose stones which lay piled together at the foot of an ancient direction post, which, in characters now almost illegible, had long pointed the passing traveller to the village of A——; on the other side the name was entirely obliterated. The internal emotions of the weary soldier were but little in unison with the scene—his physical powers indeed, exhausted by long fatigue, anxiously desired the season of repose; but disappointment and vexation brooded on his heart. He had arrived at that period in human suffering, when “hope delayed, maketh the heart sick,” and maugre all appearances to the contrary, he was unwilling to give up this dernier resort of wretchedness, and acknowledge to *himself*, that his search was fruitless. The spot on which he rested, was the precinct of his native village, whither he had, on this ill-fated day, bent his course in search of some relics of “auld lang syne,” after an absence of more than —— years.



THE SOLDIER. REVEN

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Time, however, had made strange alterations, and he could recognise scarcely a vestige of the scenes with which he was so familiar in the days of his youth. The old direction post, beneath which he now rested, was almost the only object familiar to him, and the enquiries he had made had quenched the last ray of hope;—cupidity, with its desolating hand, had changed the face of the rural scene; cottages, which, in his remembrance, had adorned the skirts of an extensive common, were no longer visible; the common itself had been enclosed, and the griping hand of oppression had driven away the former tenants of the soil; the farmers who had occupied small farms, and the poor labouring people who had inhabited the cottages in the days of his youth, had all been compelled to relinquish their possessions—and the explanation of this sad reverse was furnished in the death of the late generous Lord of the Manor, who had for some years been succeeded by his son, a profligate and licentious youth, who had sacrificed the comfort of all his tenants, at the shrine of his own self aggrandizement. The result was, that they had one by one departed, and gone, no one knew whither. The relations of Raymond having shared in the general wreck, were also missing, and no tidings of their destination remained to gladden the heart of the weary traveller. Having taken a melancholy survey of the spot he once knew and loved, he turned his back on the place of his nativity—agonised with a thousand

sombre reflections on the vicissitudes of human life ; exhausted with the fatigue he had undergone, and sick at heart, he sunk down on the pile of stones, at the foot of the direction post already mentioned, and reflected, in the bitterness of grief and weariness, on the sad dissolution of his once "sweet home."

Raymond Willmot was the only son of an English farmer, who had for some years previous to his birth occupied a small estate in the County of ———. He received the rudiments of a common education at a parochial school, in the vicinity of the village of Alston, about four or five miles from his paternal residence. His proficiency indicated no dearth of talent, although, what is perhaps a general feature in boys of a superior capacity, indolence and procrastination repeatedly called for censure and correction: his mental powers were fully adequate to the demands made upon them, but yet he was seldom prepared at the call of duty, or ready in time to take his place in the class to which he belonged. Trivial objects of amusement and personal gratification engaged the energies which ought to have been devoted more entirely to the improvement of his mind—the result was, an almost daily repetition of punishment and reproof; a restless and volatile mind was a formidable impediment to steady perseverance: all his attainments, therefore, were the result of compulsion rather than choice; learning was a task rendered irksome, not from inability, but indisposition to perform it, and he hailed with

delight the period which should emancipate him from the government of the pedagogue, and commit his occupations and destiny more immediately to his own management. This event occurred just as he had completed his eighteenth year, and an experienced judge of human nature might at this period have detected that outline of character, and those seeds of evil, which, in their matured combinations, would become productive of extensive and serious injury to his character and prospects.

The few years subsequent to his leaving school were divided between the pursuits of agriculture and those rural amusements which are common to the inhabitants of a country village,—amongst which, shooting and coursing were the most prominent. To say nothing of the deteriorating influence of field sports on the sensibilities of the heart, the associations to which they necessarily led were pregnant with danger to the habits and morals of Raymond. He was naturally of a social disposition and an open and generous mind, and being withal of a witty and vivacious temper, he was the life of the circle in which he moved; added to this, he could sing a good song, and was by no means an inferior performer on the violin: his evenings were consequently spent away from home, and the calls of dissipation infringed more and more on the claims of the farm, and the duties of his situation. He was allowed to pursue this course without reproof, and almost without remark, by the blind partiality and weak

indulgence of a father, who was, as to mental and religious endowments, by no means qualified to regulate his conduct, and his amiable mother had sunk into the grave long ere Raymond was old enough to appreciate her worth, or mourn her loss. How often do we find the most serious errors of life referrible to the want of parental instruction and restraint, at that very period when the heart is most susceptible, and when those impressions are produced which become indelible in after life: how many children, thus neglected, or foolishly indulged, have brought their parents' grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

In the family of Raymond, lived his orphan cousin Rose Macdonald, who had been domesticated at his father's house from the death of her own parents: she was a lovely and interesting girl, who had by the most indefatigable industry and devoted attention, well repaid the kindness shown her in the hour of destitution; and it was no small delight to her affectionate uncle, to see this only child of his beloved sister gradually resigned to her heavy loss, and cheerfully attending to the domestic affairs of his little farm. To live beneath the same roof with his pensive cousin, and not look upon her with more than partiality, was impossible to a youth like Raymond. He loved her with all the vehemence natural to his character, and, versatile as he was in other respects, her influence over him gradually increased till it attained the ascendancy; and for a time

every evil passion seemed destined to yield to its controul,—he lived but in her presence, and the daily occupations of the farm were shared between them; they worked together in the garden and the hay-field, and often, at the close of day, wandered across the meadows to visit the church-yard, and hold sweet converse over the secluded spot where her parents slept. Thus it often occurs, in the arrangements of a wise providence, that even where the regulating influence of religion is unknown, restraints are thrown athwart the evil passions of our nature, and men are kept back from the paths of open vice, by some association of interest or feeling, which has for a time all the force of a moral principle. Such, for a season, and only for a season, was the result of that ascendancy which Rose Maedonald held over the actions of Raymond; and all who knew them, predicted the happiest change in his character and habits, from a union with this gentle and amiable girl. They were, at length, married, she having attained her twentieth, and Raymond his two and twentieth year, to the unspeakable joy of his father, who hoped that his son's happiness was secured for life; but, alas! how incorrect are the calculations of short sighted mortals,—how soon and how suddenly are the fondest hopes blighted, and the fairest edifices of human fancy demolished!—"he builds too low, who builds beneath the skies." Yet is there not mercy mingled in the bitterest cup? and does not our very ignorance of futurity take off

the keen edge of our severest trials? Could we always foresee the sorrows and separations that await us, the sad vicissitudes of this most changeful world would fall, with double weight, and embitter the real pleasures with which they are intermingled, in the very moment of enjoyment.

Within twelve months Rose became a mother, and Raymond received the pledge of mutual affection with all the feelings of delight, which are inspired by the interesting relations of husband and father. Not long after this event, a circumstance occurred, which, in its consequences, was productive of extensive evil. The small farms in the village of — were held under the Lord of the Manor; and during his life time the rents were moderate, and his conduct towards his tenants in all respects kind and considerate;—the poor people, too, owned him as a benefactor, the Manor House was a point of attraction to the unoccupied, the necessitous, and the sick,—and from its hospitable doors none were permitted to depart without relief. The old Lord dwelt amongst his tenants, as a father amongst his family; he was identified with their happiness, a counsellor in all their difficulties, and a tried friend, on whom all could rely: he was the patriarch of the village, and “when the ear heard him, then it blessed him.” But soon after the period above alluded to, he slept with his fathers, and came to the grave in a good old age, as a shock of corn cometh in its season. The knell which told the

villagers that the "poor man's friend" was gone, as it sounded mournfully from the distant church, seemed like the presage of approaching desolation; and soon was the sad prediction realized.

How unstable are the purposes of man, when under the government of impulse rather than principle! Not long after the birth of his child, the attentions and domestic habits of Raymond began visibly to decline; his former restless and roving spirit seemed to resume its influence—he was seldom at home till a late hour, and remonstrance produced irritation; he refused to give reasons for his absence, or explain the character of his associations; to his wife he was cold and indifferent, and the caresses of his child were irksome. Such conduct pierced like a dagger to the heart of Rose, whose love was naught diminished by all the unkindness of her husband. She concealed the agonies of her mind, and strove, by all the tender assiduities of affection, to reclaim the wanderer from the ruinous course which he had entered; she anticipated all his wants, studied to adapt her conduct to the temper of his mind,—if in melancholy mood, she tried, by playfulness and gaiety, to disperse the cloud, and bent in silence, like the gentle willow, beneath the sudden and violent gusts of passion, in which, when excited, he now too frequently indulged,—but not a word of reflection or upbraiding ever fell from her lips. She watched over him like an angel,—but it was a ministering, not an accusing spirit; and when

she had exerted all her little arts of love in vain, he would rise, and, without a word or look of kindness, abruptly leave her. She watched his receding footsteps, till a curve in the path concealed him from her view; and then, clasping her infant to her bosom, she would sit down and weep bitterly. Amongst the companions with whom Raymond had now for some time associated, were several who had imbibed infidel and licentious principles. At their convivial meetings, the writings of Paine, and others of that school, were the topic of conversation and eulogy; these, together with books of a more licentious character, had entirely undermined their principles, and rendered them callous to all moral feeling. In the mind of Raymond the poison had wrought effectually, and being devoid of religious instruction, and the subject of strong passions, he possessed no antidote to stem the tide,—he was borne rapidly down the stream, and having lost all self-command, was now like a fragile bark driven and tossed by whatever passion for the time held the ascendancy. Day after day, and week after week, was passed among infidel associates,—in profane and impious conversation, or amid scenes of unhalloved gratification. On one of these occasions a recruiting party arriving at the public house where Raymond and some of his companions were, they seized the opportunity, and secured their prize. In their present situation this was an easy task, and as their complement of men was now made up, two

days after Raymond was on his way to join the regiment. During his journey there was but little leisure for thought, had he been disposed to think of those he had left behind; but this was not the case,—his restless spirit was always anticipating pleasure in new scenes, and his degraded mind had long been weary of the sameness and quiet of domestic life, and steeled against every feeling of cumpunction which such conduct ought to have excited. That his child would be an orphan—his wife a widow—and his aged father heart-broken, and without a support in his old age—were considerations that weighed not for a moment against personal gratification, on a mind which infidelity and licentiousness had claimed for their own. Such are the invariable results of the cold and cheerless system which dissolves at once the ties of moral and social obligation, and sheds its wintry frost on all the flowers and fruits of civilized and domestic life.

In about three weeks from this time, the regiment in which Raymond had enlisted, was on the way to its destination, having embarked at Portsmouth for the Continent of Europe, where we shall now leave him, to return to his disconsolate family.

Old Willmot continued to manage his little farm, and with its produce was just able to provide for himself, and those whom providence had consigned to his care—the wife and son of the profligate Raymond. Rose was much attached to her uncle, and, amidst her own deep distress, contributed not a

little to sooth the sorrows of the old man in his declining years. Time had but just began to heal the wound which Raymond's conduct had inflicted, when the death of the old Lord of the Manor spread dismay throughout the village. Of his son who succeeded to the possession of his property, report spake very unfavourably ; and it was hinted, that he intended forthwith to raise the rental of all the farms very considerably ; which, if true, it was supposed would compel most of the tenants to relinquish their estates, as at present their produce was barely equal to the expences. In the case of old Willmot, this would be unavoidable ; and the bare possibility was a source of deep distress to his mind at his advanced age, and especially when he thought of poor Rose and her infant son, who were now wholly dependant on him for their support. During the first year after the departure of Raymond, he strained every nerve to keep things together, and make the most of the produce ; and Providence blessed the old man's labour with success ;—at its termination he had paid his rent, sold his crops to advantage, and his live stock was thriving and doing well.

This state of comparative comfort remained unbroken for a considerable time ; but Rose Macdonald, who previously to the change in her husband's conduct, and his cruel desertion, had been remarkable for the uniform cheerfulness and gaiety of her temper, was, at times, decidedly and deeply dejected. she could not look on her child without a painf

memento of her loss, for that child was the image of his father; but the obligations of gratitude, and the sincere affection which she felt for her aged uncle, would not permit her to indulge the selfishness and apathy of melancholy. She redoubled her assiduities and attentions to mitigate the severity of his trials, that he might not feel too deeply the ingratitude and desertion of his son; and there is always in the activity of benevolence and affection, a latent power to disperse the deep shades of despondency; and even, in some cases, it has been known to supply an antidote to the horrors of despair. The heart of Rose would probably have been broken, but for the demands made upon her energy by the infirmities of her uncle, and the helplessness of her child: she indulged the secret hope, which she scarcely confessed to herself, that some tidings of Raymond would arrive, and that, at least, she should hear whether he was yet in the land of the living; but they came not, and his destination and fate were equally involved in distressing uncertainty.

* * * * *

The manor house had been almost deserted since the death of its former occupant; it was no longer the hospitable resort of the poor, its halls echoed to few steps save those of the old housekeeper, who was an almost solitary inhabitant, except during the shooting season, when Reginald Percy, the present lord, came from town for a few weeks to

enjoy his favourite amusement, and receive his annual payments. On one of these occasions, as he returned from the day's sport, he passed along the green lane which led to the farm of Raymond Willmôt, just at the instant that the lovely Rose had quitted the wicket gate, and was proceeding on the path to the adjoining town, whither some trifling errand directed her course. He passed and bowed; she returned his salutation, with a respectful courtesy, and with some slight remark on the salubrity of the weather: he quickened his horse's pace, and was soon out of sight; not, however, before he had taken sufficient notice of those attractive charms, which were heightened by the glow of healthful exercise, to awaken feelings of licentious passion in a bosom which was a stranger to purity of thought—so unlike was the freshness which bloomed on the cheeks of the rustic lass, to the pale and sickly beauties of a London atmosphere. On his return home the charms of Rose Macdonald threw him into a reverie, and he resolved at all events to make her an easy prey: he flattered himself that her vanity would be gratified by any attentions which he might condescend to offer,—but he knew her not, and had yet to learn with what dignity she could repel insult, and with what sovereign contempt she would hold even the superior rank of a seducer. Rose was strong in virtuous principles; and to a note which she received a few days after this interview, although couched in obscure terms, she

returned no reply, but preserved a dignified silence, and confined her future rambles to the precincts of her uncle's farm; and from this retirement nothing could induce her to emerge, but the call of sorrow or the duties of benevolence. One evening as she returned from a visit of compassion to a poor cottager, at a little distance from the farm, she was unexpectedly overtaken by the dusky shadows of twilight: she heard footsteps behind her,—her heart palpitated—she quickened pace, but the speed of her pursuer, and the increasing darkness, baffled her efforts. A voice, which awakened the most terrifying emotions, pronounced her name; and, in an instant, the arm of a stranger encircled her waist. She struggled and screamed,—“Unhand me, sir! or dread my uncle's vengeance,—I am not without a protector.” “Fear nothing, my amiable girl,” replied Reginald; for it was himself: “allow me to become your escort.” “The protection of heaven is enough for me,” she replied; “I fear not the darkness, but”—he pressed her closely, and attempted to snatch a kiss. “Villain, begone,” she exclaimed; and, with a desperate effort, released herself from his grasp, ran like lightning forward, and the darkness enabled her to elude pursuit, and arrive without further molestation within the boundaries of her uncle's territory.

* * * * *

The first scene of active service in which Raymond entered, was in the battle of Corunna, his regiment

being united with others, as a reinforcement to aid the English troops under the command of Sir John Moore, which were at this time considerably reduced from hunger and fatigue. In this, and many subsequent engagements, thousands fell on his right and left hand, but he remained uninjured, except by slight and trifling wounds. He was witness to the terrible scenes of devastation and wretchedness with which the page of history groans : his eye became familiar with smoking ruins, mangled carcases, and all the dreadful havoc of war : often had he listened to the groans of the dying, and the heart-rending cries of the wounded, who were abandoned to their fate ; while the piteous moans of thousands of horses, whose flesh was cut off while yet they were living, to satisfy the cravings of hunger, were heard in all directions : all the companions of his voyage from the English shores had perished by his side, and the regiment to which he belonged was reduced, by the chances of war, to a mere handful of men : he had often braved death in the hottest part of the engagement, and under the heaviest fires of cannon from the batteries of besieged towns, but it seemed as if death shunned him, or that he possessed the fabled shield of invulnerability. Familiarity with danger, suffering, and death, wrought no change in his purposes ; and their horrors, so far from exciting sensibility, appeared only to harden his heart : to save plunder was with him a more important object than to preserve the life

of his comrades. By his invincible courage, he repeatedly obtained the applause of his superior officers, and he was draughted from one regiment to another, till the battle of Waterloo saw him fall wounded by a sabre; and, almost at the same moment, a spent ball struck him on the knee, and he fell disabled and bleeding to the earth. His senses, however, did not forsake him; and by degrees he was able to crawl with considerable difficulty a little out of the road; here he lay for several hours, and was at last found by the enemy, and conveyed away, with other prisoners, to a neighbouring town, where the sick and wounded were in hospitals. Now, for almost the first time, the thoughts of home and kindred, of wife and child, arose in his mind; and the fear that he might never again visit the land of his nativity pressed heavily: how gladly would he have pillowed his aching head on the bosom of poor Rose, and quenched his burning thirst with a draught of cooling water presented by her hand; but he was surrounded by strangers, and even these were enemies. It was in this desolate and forlorn condition, when, reduced from loss of blood, and parched with the irritative fever which his wounds had set up, that he thought deeply and anxiously of former days,—all his companions in sin had perished by the sword, and he alone was left. They now knew the truth or falsehood of their cheerless creed: and what, if they were deceived!—the supposition was dreadful: yet he, who had been

foremost in iniquity, and the most daring champion of infidel principles, yet lived, a wounded, and perhaps a dying man, in a foreign soil, at the mercy of hostile foes. For what was he destined?—a faint and undefined hope that better days might come, glimmered within, and cheered for a moment the sinking mind of poor Raymond. He remained with the other prisoners about seventeen weeks, and they were then all removed to Verdun. The change of air had a beneficial effect on his health, and under the skilful treatment of the French surgeon his wounds were soon healed, and his health became convalescent: he remained here for a considerable period, till an exchange of prisoners taking place, he was once more landed on his native soil, after an absence of eight years.

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The character of Reginald Percy was no less remarkable for oppression than licentiousness; a failure in the execution of his purpose was with him but a spur to renewed exertion,—and the indignant resistance of Rose Macdonald, on the occasion before mentioned, served only to inflame his unhallowed passion, and originate fresh efforts to secure his victim. Of all the forms which depravity assumes, that of a seducer is the most revolting; and when the object of unlawful desire sustains the endearing relations of wife and mother, language must fail to pourtray the adulterous villain in all the enormity of his character: the fashionable courtesy

of a world "which loves its own," may try to shade off the blackness of guilt by a new nomenclature; but let it be known, that in the book of God, (the true standard of moral delinquency), intrigues, and affairs of honour, exhibit their perpetrators as the "fornicators and adulterers, whom God will judge."

That eye which once had looked upon the "widowed wife" with lawless passion, and whose fire even the soft pleading and the innocent smile of infancy could not quench, knew not its wonted slumbers; unsatiable desire "murdered sleep," and invention was put on the rack to devise an expeditious plan of successful villainy.

Amongst the creatures of Reginald Percy, was one fitted in all respects to accomplish his purposes; this wretch he condescended to make the confidant of his passion, and the agent of his will: a plan was contrived between them, which would effectually secure the object in view; it was this:—a fictitious tale of woe was to be presented to Rose, which should require her immediate presence at a distant cottage; a messenger in breathless haste would leave no time for suspicion or reflection, and due care would be taken to intercept her progress, and convey her beyond the reach of interposition or rescue. The following day was the period fixed, and a secluded road, along which she must pass, the spot allotted for the capture: a chaise was to be in waiting, out of sight, into which she was to be forced, and the post boy bribed to drive with all possible speed to

the metropolis. Another part of this diabolical project was, to arrest old Willmot; and in case of invincible obstinacy on the part of Rose, to make her acquiescence the price of his liberation.

On the morning of this inauspicious day, Rose appeared unusually dejected, and a depression of spirits, for which she could not account, seemed to steal over her; her little boy was gone to the village school, and her uncle to the occupations of his farm; she had taken her work into the garden, hoping that the fresh air, and the beauties of the landscape, would disperse the gloom which hung over her, when the arrival of a person, in great haste, was announced:—he desired to speak with her, told a piteous tale of a poor woman almost in the agonies of death, who wished to see her, and urged her to lose no time. Having delivered his message, and described the situation of the cottage, the man departed, and Rose prepared, with all possible expedition, to discharge the painful duty required of her,—waiting only to take with her a cordial, which she thought the dying woman might require. What, alas! were her feelings, when, as she rapidly passed along the green lane leading to the cottage, two men suddenly springing out of the hedge seized her, and placing their hands on her lips to prevent her screams, conveyed her to a turn in the lane, where was the post chaise, into which they forced her. By this time she had fainted, and when she began to recover, all the horror of her situation

rushed upon her mind,—for by her side was placed the infamous Reginald Percy, and the chaise was proceeding with great rapidity along a road totally unknown to her. All her cries and struggles were vain, and she had given herself up for lost, when a horseman approached,—it was the Rev. ———, curate of the neighbouring town of t———. Rose caught a glimpse of the well-known countenance—her screams arrested his progress—he recognised her—she appealed to his protection—and a few minutes restored her to liberty—to the great mortification of her seducer, who reluctantly surrendered what he dared not withhold, and departed, muttering vengeance on poor Rose, and her uncle, who he now informed her was a prisoner in the county jail, and should remain there for life.

But to this extent malignity itself had been unable to oppress its unoffending victim, and Rose was spared this additional shock to her feelings; when she arrived at home, under the protection of her benevolent deliverer, her uncle was waiting, in all the torture of suspense, again to embrace his beloved and suffering child;—a friend had interfered to shield his aged form from the sufferings of a prison by paying the debt which remorseless villainy had converted into the means of unjust oppression. But other difficulties supervened,—the influence of his rich and disappointed persecutor was exerted against him—the rent of his farm was raised at the ensuing quarter, and the lapse of a few months com-

..pelled him to seek another and a humbler shelter for himself and her whose exalted virtue was her only fault in the sight of him who had never before had to contend with inflexible principle, enthroned amidst the alluring charms of female beauty.

Some months had elapsed since the departure of old Willmot and his niece, when Raymond arrived at his native village; and on his return from the fruitless search, rested his weary limbs at the foot of the direction post before alluded to. While meditating on the course he should adopt, two boys approached, who appeared to be tending a flock of sheep,—a shepherd's dog was with them, and ever and anon collected those which were disposed to lag behind their companions. Raymond enquired the distance to a neighbouring town, when the elder of the two lads pointed to the left; "That," said he, "is the nearest road to L——, I am going part of the way, and will conduct you as far as my uncle's cottage, which is just beyond the trees you see in the distance;" and, bidding his companion good evening, he proceeded with Raymond along the path he had mentioned. They fell into conversation respecting soldiers and battles, and Raymond interested in his young companion, amused him with various tales of what he had seen whilst in a foreign land: he was just about to make some enquiries respecting the people who lived in these parts, when they arrived at the cottage; perceiving that the soldier was weary, the youth asked him to walk in and rest a little while,

ere he pursued his journey to L——; adding, "I am sure my mother will give you something to eat and drink, and then you will be better able to go on your road." Thus invited, Raymond entered the garden of the cottage, while his young companion ran in to tell his mother there was a soldier who would be glad of a little refreshment, and to rest for a short time in their humble dwelling.—"To be sure, my dear," replied his mother, "let him walk in, and such as we have he shall be welcome to share." He entered, and laid down his knapsack,—his youthful host placed him a chair, and on a table covered with a clean cloth, placed some bread and cheese, with a jug of home brewed ale. Raymond soon felt the benefit of this hospitality, and having chatted for a time, arose to proceed on his journey. "Shall I not have the pleasure of thanking your good mother," said he, "before I go." At this instant she came down stairs, and entering the little room where they were sitting, Raymond rose—"Many thanks, madam," said he, "for your kind hospitality to a stranger; may you never know his sorrows,"—Ere he could finish the sentence, a scream from the female alarmed him,—she fainted and fell—water was instantly brought—and, as she recovered by degrees, her eyes were rivetted on the soldier; at last she exclaimed, "It is! it is!—I cannot be mistaken!" Raymond awoke, as from a trance; "What, Rose, my dearest Rose, is it, can it be possible?"—he raised her in his arms, and in a moment they were locked in each others

embrace. We draw a veil over the transports of that moment;—Raymond embraced alternately his wife and son,—“to see you, and see you well, once more—oh, I am blest—this is happiness indeed;—my father too—dare I ask—the old man, is he yet alive?”—“He lives,” replied Rose, “and is above stairs, but very ill—he must be prepared for this interview, or I fear it will be too much in his weak state,—let us wait a little, and by and by, I will break it to him;—now he will die in peace.”

The sorrows which had intervened on either side, since the period of their separation, were soon recapitulated, and the eye of Raymond flashed with indignant fire, when he heard of the danger to which the virtue and happiness of his wife had been exposed; nor could he express half the gratitude he felt to the worthy clergyman who had so opportunely rescued her from the arms of her seducer.

The double shock which old Willmot had sustained had greatly enfeebled his aged frame, and he was now evidently approaching the confines of immortality. It will be necessary to give a slight sketch of his recent habits, in order to shed a light on the sequel of his narrative. Although he had arisen to the possession of some property, old Raymond was illiterate. For the last few years religious truth appeared to dawn upon his mind; he was impressed with the value of the Scriptures, which Rose read to him constantly. This book was the companion of his leisure hours, and furnished him sweet

consolation during his late severe trials ; the preaching of ———, the curate of a neighbouring church, was made very useful to him ; and the effect, both on his intellectual and moral powers, was almost miraculous,—he was a wonder to himself, and would often express, with tears, his gratitude to God for thus “visiting him in mercy,” to use his own expression, “at the eleventh hour.” Many were the prayers he offered for his “poor lost boy,” as he called Raymond ; and earnestly did he beg once more to see him before he closed his eyes for ever on all earthly connections. During his illness, the defenceless state of Rose and her child weighed heavily at his heart ; often did he commit them to the father of the fatherless, and when he thus prayed, the calm of holy confidence pervaded his soul, and he could resign them without a murmur.

The interview between Raymond and his son was deeply affecting ; the faithful and kind remonstrance of the old man moved the latter even to tears ; he thought of his long course of iniquity—of the fate of his companions—the deep afflictions he had suffered, and the invisible, but protecting hand, which had preserved him to this hour—conversation induced reflection, and reflection led to prayer ;—yes, Raymond the profligate—abandoned—heartless Raymond, bent the knee in supplication, by the bed of his dying parent, and was “strengthened with strength in his soul.” Every thing combined to

deepen the salutary impression, and it is hoped that his repentance was sincere and lasting.

Old Willmot was gradually sinking ; at his request, the clergyman whose instructions had first shed light upon his aged spirit, was sent for ;—it was the same who had so providentially preserved the honour of his neice in the hour of peril. He came ; but on his arrival, he found the family absorbed in tears,—“ It is all over—he is gone—gone for ever,” was the exclamation that met his ear as he entered the chamber of death. He stood for a few minutes a silent spectator of the distressing scene : at length he said, “ ‘ the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ;’ let us pray for strength to say, ‘ thy will be done.’ ” They knelt around the bed, and as, with solemn utterance, he implored the requisite blessing and commended the survivors to divine protection, a deep groan issued from the supposed corpse ; the suppliants started with terror, when it was discovered, that life had not entirely fled. Some wine was given to the dying parent—he revived sufficiently to ask, “ Is it he—is it my best friend ? ” and held out his trembling hand, which Mr. ——— received, and grasped, saying, “ Yes, I am come to see how a Christian can die,—is all well and happy ? ” “ Yes,” replied the dying saint,—“ all is well—let me thank you, and I shall die in peace. My children, my dear children, may your father’s God be yours’—for ever—make Mr. ——— your friend—oh

sir, never forsake my poor children, for my sake." "I will not," was the reply.—"Then welcome death—come Lord Jesus!" whispered the dying saint, and the power of utterance ceased.

A short time after this, as they gazed in silence on the placid countenance, which was gradually covered with the cold dew of death,—“If,” said Mr. ——— “your mind is firmly fixed on the blessed Jesus, raise your hand as a token.” The dying patriarch slowly raised the withered arm, with all the energy he could command, till it was almost perpendicular: for a moment the eye was illumined—a change, rapid as lightning, overspread the countenance—the arm fell upon the pillow—and the happy spirit was emancipated from the tabernacle of mortality.

SONNET.

THEY picture death a tyrant gaunt and grim,
And for his random aim, temper a dart
Of bite so mortal, that the fiery smart
Consumes and turns to dust the stoutest limb.
Thus dire to meet, yet shrink they not from him,
Who walk by faith in singleness of heart;
The simply wise who choose the watchful part,
Nor let their eyelids close or lamps grow dim.
Nor always dark and terrible his mien,
As those, who by the couch the night-watch keep,
Have known, spectators of the blessed scene,
When friends, who stand around, joy more than weep,
As with hushed step, and smile of love serene,
In the sweet guise he comes of gentle sleep.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF IRISH LIFE.

AFTER a long absence in foreign countries I returned to Ireland, and visited my native town, having no motive to lead me there, but a wish to review the scenes of my youth, and revive, by the actual sight of long-remembered objects, the fading traces of early recollections. Among the places which fond associations had most endeared to me was a long valley, called Kilbarry. It was a rich, extensive bottom; in winter covered with water, and in summer partly with a verdant sward, enamelled with flowers; and, at all seasons of the year, presented powerful attractions to our boyish pursuits. It was the place where we skated, hunted otters, fished, swam, boated, and shot wild fowl; it was, therefore, recommended to me by all the happiest enjoyments of early life—the racy and unmixed delights of school-boy recreations; and it was one of the first places I visited.

It was a lovely summer's evening; the ground, from which the waters had retired in spring, was now a flowery meadow of the most exuberant vegetation, through which a pure and limped current wound its way, like a little Nile returning to its bed, after having imparted richness and fertility to the

adjacent plain. The dewy grass emitted a fresh and fragrant odour; harebells, cardamines, menyanthes, king-cups, and a thousand other flowers, of varied and vivid hues, bent their sweet heads on every side; and above all, the glechoma trailed its graceful tendrils, studded with emerald blossoms, within which the anthers marked a distinct cross, which the pious peasant had frequently pointed out to me, when a boy, as the sacred emblem of our faith. This mysterious little plant was every where climbing up the sides of the banks, and whenever a cow's foot bruised it, as she grazed along, it emitted an aroma of the most grateful odour, which was diffused through the ambient air: it had always indescribable charms for me; I thought it grew no where with so much beauty and luxuriance as in this spot, and the sight and smell were now singularly grateful to me.

The cuckoo had ceased its evening note. We were taught a tradition which we firmly believed, that it became silent in this place as soon as the corn shot, for then the barley awn stuck in its throat and spoiled its song; but the rail had now taken its place, and its cheerful sound seemed to issue from every tuft of grass. The bittern, which had long tenanted the centre of the marsh, was booming his plaintive cry, which, I well remember, had formerly something of a solemn and awful import, and when we remained late at our evening amusements, drove us home from the spot, with a certain superstitious

alarm. The little molly-white-breast was perched on the standing bochraun and yarrow, and displayed her snowy bosom, and trilled her simple and lengthened song, while she waved backward and forward, as the evening breezes moved her flowing seat. The king-fisher hovered over the flowery bank with its emerald green and golden hues, like a beautiful meteor; and seemed, as the halcyon in days of yore, to impart calmness and tranquillity to the surface of the stream, over which it brooded. The young wild ducks continually sprung rustling from the sedgy banks, and left behind them a long and dimpling wake, while they shot across the waters. Roach, and dace, and trout, were springing every where from the stream, and the ponds beside it; and occasionally the head of an otter, with its round, bull-dog visage, was seen glaring from reeds, or splashing in the waters, as it plunged out of sight and danger.

As I walked leisurely along these well remembered scenes, where every sight and sound awakened some sweet association of memory, and seemed to whisper to me that no country I had ever visited was so green, so fragrant, or so interesting as Ireland, I came to a small bridge which crossed the stream, and, in the dim twilight, perceived a man sitting on the low battlements.

"Baal o yeerith," said I, in the not-forgotten style of Irish salutation.

"Oh, dhiasmurrias phadrig!" replied the man, in

that tone of gentle courtesy with which the peasants always answer such an address, infusing into it an expression of affectionate and kindly sensibility peculiar to themselves. The sound of the man's voice struck me as one with which I had been familiar.

"I think I have heard you speak before, friend," said I: "pray, what may be your name?"

"Troth, Sir, it's very likely," answered he: "sure a'n't I Pierce Butler, the narrow-web weaver of Ballytruckle; and a'n't I living here, me and mine, nine and thirty, ay, say forty years come next Lady-day?"

I now fully recognised my earliest and oldest acquaintance. Pierce Butler was a persevering weaver, and a more persevering fisherman, and contrived to combine two sedentary employments, so as to be sitting for eleven months in the year. When he rose from his loom, where he generally sat all day, he removed to the stream, not far from his house, where he generally sat all night. We called him our game-keeper, for we always deposited our rods, and guns, and all manner of sporting-tackle, at his house, as lying in our way to Kilbarry, that they might be ready on the spot, when we could catch a hasty and furtive hour of amusement from our graver tasks; and we always found these stolen moments of enjoyment more sweet, like the bread eaten in secret.

Pierce had conceived a particular affection for me,

for no other reason than because I was fond of his own favourite sport. He had a rod which he considered not very good but very lucky, and it was always devoted to my service.

"He shall have it," said he; "for it will catch fish of itself, without troubling him at all, at all;" and certainly I was more indebted to the qualities with which it was endued, than to my own skill, for any fish I ever caught with it."

When I now made myself known to him, he was quite delighted. "Oh, Sir, sure it's you that have seen a power of the world, any how, since you used to be fishing in Kilbarry ponds. I am glad you have not forgot the ould place, nor the ould people, nor, what's better, the ould language. See how well you could remember Baal o yeerith!"

"Yes," said I; "but I am sorry to say I forget what it means."

"Will you be pleased to sit down on the wall, and I'll tell you."

So I sat down beside my old friend on the dilapidated battlements, and began a long and interesting conversation with him on the legendary lore of Ireland.

"You must know, Sir," said he, "that when the blessed Patrick came to Ireland, he found here a heathen people entirely; they had no knowledge of God or his saints, but worshipped all sorts of things, and principally a God called Baal, who, as Father Tom, a mighty larned man—God be good to his

; soul!—used to tell me, meant the same as fire; and they used to throw their children into it—the Lord presarve us!—to plase him. You remember Mr. Dan Cormick's place, not far from Tramore—sure he rents a farm called Beltony, which means Baal tinné, the fire of Baal, and it was one of the places were they sacrificed to him; and don't they say that the bale fires on midsummer's eve, which the boys and girls now dance round, and run through when they get low, was in the ould times for the same thing? Well, Sir, the blessed Patrick, when he came, put an end to this; but could not do so all at once, but by degrees. Some were his men, and some were Baal's men; so, to know which was which, he invented this kind of saluting. When one person met another he did not know, he said, Baal o yeerith—are you Baal's man?—and if he was not, he taught him to say, Dhias murrias phadrig—God, and the Virgin Mary, and St. Patrick; meaning, by the same three holy persons, that he was a Christian. In time, Sir, you see they all became Christians; but St. Patrick's saying still continues when two persons meet, and glad I am that you did not forget it."

Pierce was sitting with his great coat thrown over his shoulders, and the empty sleeves hanging uselessly down, as I remembered had been the custom of the Irish peasantry. Supposing, like Thady in Castlerakcrent, it was so worn because it was the most *handy* way, and a matter of convenience, I said

“Why do you not save the cloth, and get your coats made without sleeves which you never use?”

“Would not that be wrong, Sir, after the miracle? May-be you never heard why we wear sleeves, and don’t use them?”

“Never : it was the universal practice when I was a boy, but I never knew why.”

“Then I’ll tell you, Sir. When St. Patrick undertook to convert Ireland, he set out from France for the purpose ; but the devil, who knew what he was about to do, followed him immediately, but could not overtake him, bekayse he made such haste on a good errand. So he catches up a great rock and throws it after him, but it missed him, and fell into the Forth. He then took up another, which missed him also, and it fell into the Clyde. He was now mad angry ; and seizing a third, bigger than the rest, he threw it with all his force, and was so near hitting him that the water, when it fell into the sea, splashed all over the saint. Well, the blessed St. Patrick landed in Ireland, both cold and wet ; and the first house he went to, he asked leave to dry himself. Ireland was not civilized then as it is now, and the people did not mind the stranger ; and never as much as said, will you eat with us, though the potatoes were smoking on the table. Well, Sir, while he stood shivering at the door, the sun shone out very bright ; and what does he do, but takes off his wet coat, and throws it across a sunbeam to dry it. Now it was just before shining in the eyes of

the Vanathé; and when she looked up to see what darkened the light, there she beheld the coat in the air, betwixt her and the sun, with the sleeves hanging down at each side, and nothing supporting it. She then knew, to be sure, that he was a holy man who could do such a thing; and she, and all her family, were converted. So, you see, from that time, a man in this country never puts on his coat like an Englisher, but wears it with the sleeves hanging down, just as St. Patrick threw it across the sun-beam."

It was now dark, and a light was seen to flash from the other side of the valley. This spontaneous combustion of some inflammable gas is very common in the marshes of Ireland, and has given rise to frequent stories of Jack o' the lantern and Will o' the wisp. "There goes Jack," said I, "take care, Pierce, he does not lead you astray to-night."

"Oh, no fear in life, Sir! That was not Jack, for I know him well. I was one night coming from fishing, and crossing Knock-a-bristha, and what should I see but him before me in the dark, only he had a light in his hand. He was a little spreeshann of a thing, with a weesond face, and he held the candle waving under my eyes, till he dazzled me like; and I don't know in the wide world how it was, but I could not help following him wherever he went; so at last what does the fellow do, but brings me to the head of the quarry where Mr. Kennedy took the stones to build the half-way-

house; when I found myself there, I wanted to stop, but couldn't for the life of me; so when I felt myself going, I gave a leap, and down I came, feet foremost, in the middle of a knock of furze, and there the quarry man found me, fast asleep and well, in the morning; but that was not thieving Jack's fault, who thought to kill me fairly."

Another gleam of light now flashed from the marsh, and Pierce crossed himself, and ejaculated in a suppressed voice, "God be good to their souls!"

"Whose souls do you mean?" said I.

"Those that were in that fire," said he.

"And who were they, Pierce?"

"Why, Sir, weren't they the poor souls that Cromwell burnt in Kilbarry chapel?" After a moment spent in silent prayer, Pierce proceeded. "Cromwell, you see, never came nearer to Waterford than the rock at the other side the river Suire, which lies opposite the Ring tower, and which, you know, still carries his name on it; but some of his soldiers crossed over in boats, and plundered the country near the town. A party of them came to Kilbarry church-yard, on a blessed saint's day, in the morning, just as the priest was saying mass at the altar, and the chapel full of people. So one of the soldiers said, "We have all the idolaters now in Baal's house, let us set fire to it." No sooner said than done; the doors and windows were nailed up, and the priest and congregation were consumed in the chapel. Some of the ould walls are still to the fore,

and the marks of fire on them, where no ivy or other plant will grow; and every night of that same saint's day, flashes of light come out of them, as if they were still blazing, and it's often I see them from this spot."

"Well, Pierce, it seems by your story that Scullabogue was not the first place where people burnt one another in troublesome times in Ireland."

"True for you, Sir; but I hope it will be the last. They say we are to have no more disputes now, and sure it's time."

The frog which Butler had on his hook was now seized by a pike, under the arch of the bridge, and my old friend was on the alert in a high state of excitement. His tackle was not very strong, after forty years' service, and I was afraid the pike, which by its splashing in the water seemed of considerable size, though we could not see it in the dark, would break loose and escape. He was provided, however, with a gaff, which I seized; and while he held tight the line without straining it too much, I gaffed the fish under the belly, and landed it safely on the battlements of the bridge. It was of considerable size, and after receiving the compliment of my old friend on my dexterity, which he was gratified by supposing he himself had taught me, I praised the fish as one of the largest I had seen. "Sure, Sir," said Pierce, "you often fished in the lough of Ballinacreegh?"

"Never" said I.

“ Well, that’s mighty surprising, and your father’s property almost on the edge of the same water.”

“ We never lived there when I was a boy, and I had no opportunity since; but there are large pikes in the lough ?”

“ Give me your hand, Sir, if it’s plasing to you ; do you feel that notch in the handle of the gaff?—that’s the length of the last pike I caught there ; as big as a man almost, and a good right it had to be so. It’s a pity one can’t eat them.”

“ Why so?—they must be very extraordinary pikes in size and quality.”

“ True for you, and so they are, Sir ; and I’ll tell you the rason why.” Pierce, having again baited and dropped his hook, deposited the pike in his bag ; he then sat down and began.

“ You must know that Ballincreagh—and that’s not its right name either—was not always a lake, but a beautiful meadow, as large and as level as the Curragh of Kildare, lying at the bottom of Toree Hill. It was a great place for hurling, by rason of its being so smooth and flat, and all the great matches in the country were played on it : the barony of Iverk against the barony of Idrone, sometimes ; and sometimes the county Kilkenny against the county Waterford ; but the greatest of all was betwixt the Bernaughts and the Dhoornauns. The Bernaughts lived up in the Welsh mountains on one side, and the Dhoornauns down in the low country on the other, close on the river Suire.

They were the greatest salmon-fishers in the nation, but that's neither here nor there. Well, Sir, they never could settle who had the best of it—to-day one had the ball, to-morrow another; so they at last agreed to pick out fifty men of a side—the best hurlers of the clan—and have a grand match entirely.

“Toree-hill, which is now so bare, was at that time covered with holly wood; so the boys met there; and every man of the hundred cut down a holly-tree, and shaped it into a hurley. They say it is the best wood in the world for that same use; but it's little of it now to be found in the country large enough, though it was so plenty in the fine ould woods. The day fixed on for the match was, of all days in the year, St. Bridget's day; and, it being a great holyday, all the country side came to see the sport. All manner of tents were pitched, and refreshments of all kinds were in it—whiskey, and mead, and other liquors galore; but, what was surprising, there was not to be had one drop of water to mix with them.”

“That was not so very surprising as such a meeting in Ireland, Pierce;—but go on.”

“Well, my dear, to it the hurlers fell; and they continued at it till the middle of the day, and the sun got very hot, entirely. They drank whiskey and mead, to cool themselves, but it only made them worse; so one of the boys could bear it no longer, and went out of the match to look for water, with a peggan in his hand. He saw a woman at a little

distance, sitting before the door of a small cabin, which he never observed before. 'Conasthauthoo vanathé,' said the hurler.

" 'Conasthauthoo fein, a lannuv,' said the woman.

" 'Thourama dhugh uisgue ma sha tha hull—give me a drink of water, if you please,' said the boy, for I am as dry as pepper.'

" 'Neel sha breme a thé—never a drop is in the house,' said she, 'but if you go below there, and pull up that tusk of rushes, you'll find water galore for yourself and the rest.'

" 'Thauma bueckteth—I give you thanks, mother,' says the boy, and away he went with the peggan in his hand. Well, Sir, what do you think?—the moment he pulled up the tusk, there was the water, sure enough. It came rushing out of the ground like a mill race; the boy ran for the bare life, but it soon overtook him, and not alone him, but all the rest:—before you could cross yourself, the whole plain was filled, and people, tents, hurlers, and all, were covered up and drowned; and the elegant green was changed into the lake which is now in its place, which was called Lough Culluin, or the Pool of the Holly, bekayse of the wood they made their hurleys of that same day."

"How long ago did this happen, Pierce?"

"Faiks, it's myself can't tell you, Sir; barring I'd tell you what I don't know; but it was many hundred years ago, any how."

"And that's the reason you won't eat the pike

because some people were drowned in the lake so long ago?"

"Sure, that's not the rason at all, though that same would be bad enough against any fish that fed on so many Christians; but the real rason is this:—The woman, you see, was saint Bridget herself, and she was mortal angry with the boys for breaking her day, bekayse it's the greatest holyday in the year; and she intended to drown them for good and all, only for a cousin of her own, St. Brandon, another holy man, and he interceded—so she only changed them into pikes; and the moment ever the water touched their legs they all turned into fish, and continued to swim about each other at the bottom of the lough, just as if they were hurling on the dry land; and so they are at this present time, and so they will continue, God knows how long. You remember the Bridhoge that people used to carry about on St. Bridget's day?"

"Yes, a figure dressed up like a woman; we often made it at school out of a broom."

"Sure enough, sir; that was the image of the saint herself, that in the ould times the people made; and they used to carry it in procession to her chapel on her holyday, and make prayers and intercessions for the hurlers, they say; but it was no use, for they are to continue fishes for a thousand years and a day before the enchantment is broke."

"And will nobody eat the fish in the meantime?"

"Nobody that knows the story, surely," said he.
'But a long time ago, there came from England a

Bristol Marchant, to settle in Waterford, one Alderman Alleater, I think they called him, and a great eater he was, as I heard tell. So when he was informed that there were fine pikes in this lough, he ordered some to be caught and brought to him. The people did not much like it at first, but money, you know, Sir, will do any thing, and he had plenty of it. When he tasted the fish, he found them so good that he grew very fond of them. May be the gentleman did not know the story, and may be he did; but, ever since, the corporation used to have them at the Mayor's feast on Michaelmas day, and when his worship entertained the judges; and I often made a good penny by these same hurlers, though I never could abide to eat one myself."

It was now growing late, and I was obliged to take my leave of my old friend, with a promise that I would soon meet him on the bridge again, when he was to have an elegant pike-pole ready for me, with a sprightly frog and a double hook. Other duties called me away the next day from the scenes of my boyhood, to visit distant climes; and whether I shall ever again meet my old friend Butler, on the bridge of Kilbarry, and hear the rest of his legendary stories and traditions, is more than I can say; but it appears to me that much yet remains, stored up in the memory of the older people, which has never yet been published, and which would be highly curious and interesting, as illustrating the habits, manners, customs, and opinions of the peasantry of Ireland.



THE YOUNG LADY

The Young Lady

THE MINSTREL OF CHAMOUNI.

BY MRS. PICKERSGILL.

THE sun has sunk behind the brow,
 The giant-height of proud Montblanc,
 Gilding its glorious crown of snow
 With his last beams,—while all along,
 From peak to peak, each trackless height
 Reflects rich hues of vivid light;
 That o'er Chamouni's valley fall,
 One bright resplendent coronal.

And summer's cheering short-lived pow'r
 Sheds o'er the vale its genial spell,
 While all around, eve's witching hour
 Is greeted by the vesper-bell.
 That knell, perchance, the hunter's ear
 May reach, amidst the glazier's drear,
 In some wild chasm, where his prey
 Has lured his venturous steps astray.

Still at that sound, though distant far,
 His aching bosom homeward turns,
 To that sweet home, his polar star,
 Where, for his welcome, brightly burns
 The pine-fire, and affection's eye
 Awaits his coming, while a sigh
 Is wafted toward those caverns wild,
 Where ice in pillar'd heaps is pil'd.

When summer gilds the verdant plain,
Midst wreaths of snow e'en roses spring,
And Hesper, with his starry train,
Will youthful mirth and pleasure bring.
The hunter, now the danger's o'er,
Remembers his stern toil no more;
The dance is twin'd, the song, the tale,
Now cheer Chamouni's snow-clad vale.

"Why then, young maiden, at this hour,
Wak'st thou alone thy dulcet strain,
Sitting beneath thy cottage bower,
Till echo wafts it back again?
What tender chord has raised thine eye
In sad communing with the sky;
Is it devotion's holier theme,
Or the first pulse of love's soft dream?

"Has thy young hunter sought the chase
Of the swift chamois in its flight,
With fearless foot its haunts to trace
From rock to rock, from height to height?
Dream not thou see'st his form e'en now
Enshrouded in a wreath of snow,
Or hurled beneath the ponderous weight
Of the fierce avalanche—by fate.

"Rather let hope thy bosom cheer,
The sweetest boon to mortals given,
For e'en midst rocks and caverns drear
The hunter is the care of heaven:

And where scarce footing may be found
For the scar'd chamois,—with a bound
He clears the precipice's brow,
Nor heeds the gulf concealed below.

“And think how often, when a child,
Thou sought'st the drowsy marmot there,
Where crystal grotts on grottos piled,
Seemed fairy domes and temples fair;
When, midst those snows and depths profound,
Nought but thy voice was heard around,
Save where the mountain torrent fell,
Murm'ring athwart some rocky dell.

“Then would'st thou strike thy soft guitar,
And sing some native mountain lay,
Till thy wild notes were heard afar,
Perchance upon his homeward way;
And loaded with his furry spoil,
The chamois, guerdon of his toil,
Thy sire would hear thy well-known strain,
And hasten to his home again.”

MRS. MARTHA AND THE CHINA JUG.

ONE of the prettiest rustic dwellings in our pretty neighbourhood, is the picturesque farm-house which stands on the edge of Wokefield Common, so completely in a bottom, that the passengers who traverse the high road see indeed the smoke from the chimneys floating like a vapour over the woody hill which forms the back-ground, but cannot even catch a glimpse of the roof, so high does the turfy common rise above it; whilst so steeply does the ground decline to the door, that it seems as if no animal less accustomed to tread the hill side than a goat or a chamois could venture to descend the narrow footpath which winds round the declivity, and forms the nearest way to the village. The cart-track, thridding the mazes of the hills, leads to the house by a far longer but very beautiful road; the smooth fine turf of the common, varied by large tufts of furze and broom rising in an abrupt bank on one side, on the other a narrow well-timbered valley, bordered by hanging woods, and terminated by a large sheet of water, close besides which stands the farm, a low irregular cottage snugly thatched, and its different out-buildings, all on the smallest scale, but giving the air of comfort and habitation to the

spot that nothing can so thoroughly convey as an English barn-yard with its compliment of cows, pigs, horses, chickens, and children.

One part of the way thither is singularly beautiful. It is where a bright and sparkling spring has formed itself into a clear pond in a deep broken hollow by the road side: the bank all around covered with rich grass, and descending in unequal terraces to the pool: whilst on every side around it, and at different heights, stand ten or twelve noble elms, casting their green shadows mixed with the light clouds and the blue summer sky on the calm and glassy water, and giving, (especially when the evening sun lighted up the little grove, causing the rugged trunks to shine like gold, and the pendent leaves to glitter like the burnished wings of the rose beetle,) a sort of pillared and columnar dignity to the scene.

Seldom too would that fountain, famous for the purity and sweetness of its waters, be without some figure suited to the landscape; child, woman, or country girl, leaning from the plank, extended over the spring, to fill her pitcher, or returning with it, supported by one arm on her head, recalling all classical and pastoral images, the beautiful sculptures of Greece, the poetry of Homer and of Sophocles, and even more than these, the habits of oriental life, and the Rachels and Rebeccas of Scripture.

Seldom would that spring be without some such figure ascending the turfy steps into the lane, of

whom one might enquire respecting the sequestered farm-house, whose rose-covered porch was seen so prettily from a turn in the road; and often it would be one of the farmer's children who would answer you; for in spite of the vicinity of the great pond, all the water for domestic use was regularly brought from the Elmin Spring.

Wokefield-Pond-Farm was a territory of some thirty acres; one of the "little bargains," as they are called, which once abounded, but are now seldom found, in Berkshire; and at the time to which our story refers, that is to say, about twenty years ago, its inhabitants were amongst the poorest and most industrious people in the country.

George Mearing was the only son of a rich yeoman in the parish, who held this "little bargain" in addition to the manor farm. George was an honest, thoughtless, kind-hearted, good-humoured lad, quite unlike his father, who, shrewd, hard, and money-getting, often regretted his son's deficiency in the qualities by which he had risen in the world, and reserved all his favour and affection for one who possessed them in full perfection,—his only daughter Martha. Martha was a dozen years older than her brother, with a large bony figure, a visage far from prepossessing, a harsh voice, and a constitutional scold, which, scrupulous in her cleanliness, and vigilant in her economy, was in full activity all day long. She seemed to go about the house for no other purpose than that of finding fault, maundering now

at one, and now at another,—her brother, the carters, the odd boy, the maid,—every one, in short, except her father, who, connecting the ideas of scolding and of good housewifery, thought that he gained or at least saved money by the constant exercise of this accomplishment, and listened to her accordingly with great delight and admiration. “Her mother,” thought he to himself, “was a clever managing woman, and sorry enough was I to lose her; but, gracious me, she was nothing to Martha! where she spoke one word, Martha speaks ten.”

The rest of the family heard this eternal din with far less complacency. They agreed, indeed, that she could not help scolding, that it was her way, and that they were all fools to take notice of it; but yet they would flee, one and all, before the outpouring of her wrath, like birds before a thunder shower.

The person on whom the storm fell oftenest and loudest, was of course her own immediate subject, the maid; and of the many damsels who had undergone the discipline of Martha’s tongue, none was ever more the object of her objurgation, or deserved it less, than Dinah Moore. But Dinah had many sins in her stern mistress’s eyes, which would hardly have been accounted such elsewhere. In the first place she was young and pretty, and to youth and beauty, Martha had strong objections; then she was somewhat addicted to rustic finery, especially in the article of pink top-knots,—and to rosy ribbons

Martha had almost as great an aversion as to rosy cheeks; then again the young lass had a spirit, and when unjustly accused, would vindicate herself with more wit than prudence, and better tempered persons than Martha, cannot abide that qualification; moreover the little damsel had an irrepressible lightness of heart and gaiety of temper, which no rebuke could tame, no severity repress; laughter was as natural to her, as chiding to her mistress; all her labours went merrily on: she would sing over the washing tub, and smile throughout the washing week, out-singing Martha's scolding, and out-smiling Martha's frowns.

This in itself would have been sufficient cause of offence: but when Martha fancied, and fancied truly, that the pink top-knots, the smiles, and the songs were all aimed at the heart of her brother George, of whom, in her own rough way, she was both fond and proud, the pretty songstress became insupportable: and when George, in despite of her repeated warnings, did actually one fine morning espouse Dinah Moore, causing her in her agitation to let fall an old-fashioned china wash-hand basin, the gift of a long-deceased godmother, which, with the jug belonging to it, she valued more than any other of her earthly possessions; no wonder that she made a vow never to speak to her brother whilst she lived, or that more in resentment than in covetousness (for Martha Mearing was rather a harsh and violent, than an avaricious woman) she encouraged her father in

his angry resolution of banishing the culprit from his house, and disinheriting him from his property.

Old Farmer Mearing was not, however, a wicked man, although in many respects a hard one. He did not turn his son out to starve: on the contrary, he settled him in the Pond Farm, with a decent though scanty plenishing,—put twenty pounds in his pocket, and told him that he had nothing more to expect from him, and that he must make his own way in the world, as he had done forty years before.

George's heart would have sunk under this denunciation, for he was of a kind but weak and indolent nature, and wholly accustomed to depend on his father, obey his orders, and rely on his support; but he was sustained by the bolder and firmer spirit of his wife, who, strong, active, lively, and sanguine, finding herself for the first time in her life, her own mistress, in possession of a comfortable home, and married to the man of her heart, saw nothing but sunshine before them. Dinah had risen in the world, and George had fallen; and this circumstance, in addition to an original difference of temperament, may sufficiently account for their difference of feeling.

During the first year or two Dinah's prognostics seemed likely to be verified. George ploughed, and sowed, and reaped, and she made butter, reared poultry, and fattened pigs; and their industry prospered, and the world went well with the young couple. But a bad harvest, the death of their best cow, the

lameness of their most serviceable horse, and more than all, perhaps, the birth of four little girls in four successive years, crippled them sadly, and brought poverty and the fear of poverty to their happy fire-side.

Still, however, Dinah's spirit continued undiminished. Her children, although to use her own phrase, "of the wrong sort," grew and flourished, as the children of poor people do grow and flourish, one hardly knows how; and by the time that the long-wished-for boy made his appearance in the world, the elder girls had become almost as useful to their father as if they had been "of the right sort" themselves. Never were seen such hardy and handy little elves! They drove the plough, tended the kine, folded the sheep, fed the pigs, worked in the garden, made the hay, hoed the turnips, reaped the corn, hacked the beans, and drove the market cart to B—— on occasion, and sold the butter, eggs, and poultry, as well as their mother could have done.

Strong, active, and serviceable as boys, were the little lasses; and pretty withal, though as brown as so many gypsies, and untrained as wild colts. They had their mother's bright and sparkling countenance, and her gay and sunny temper, a heritage more valuable than house or land,—a gift more precious than ever was bestowed on a favoured princess by beneficent fairy. But the mother's darling was one who bore no resemblance to her either in mind or

person, her only son and youngest child, Moses, so called after his grandfather, in a lurking hope, which was however disappointed, that the name might propitiate the offended and wealthy yeoman.

Little Moses was a fair, mild, quiet boy, who seemed at first sight far fitter to wear petticoats than any one of his mad-cap sisters; but there was an occasional expression in his deep grey eye that gave token of sense and spirit, and an unfailing steadiness and diligence about the child, that promised to vindicate his mother's partiality. She was determined that Moses should be, to use the country phrase, "a good scholar;" the meaning of which is, by the way, not a little dissimilar from that which the same words bear at Oxford or Cambridge. Poor Dinah was no "scholar" herself, as the parish register can testify, where her mark stands below George's signature in the record of her marriage; and the girls bade fair to emulate their mother's ignorance, Dinah having given to each of the four the half of a year's schooling, upon the principles of ride and tie, little Lucy going one day, and little Patty the next, and so on with the succeeding pair; in this way adroitly educating two children for the price of one, their mother in her secret soul holding it for girls a waste of time. But when Moses came in question the case was altered. He was destined to enjoy the benefit of an entire education, and to imbibe unshared all the learning that the parish pedagogue could bestow. An admission to the

Wokefield free-school ensured him this advantage, together with the right of wearing the long primitive blue cloth coat and leathern girdle, as well as the blue cap and yellow tassel by which the boys were distinguished; and by the time he was eight years old, he had made such progress in the arts of writing and cyphering, that he was pronounced by the master to be the most promising pupil in the school.

At this period, misfortunes, greater than they had hitherto known, began to crowd around his family. Old Farmer Mearing died, leaving all his property to Martha; and George, a broken-hearted toil-worn man, who had been only supported in his vain efforts to make head against ill-fortune by the hope of his father at last relenting, followed him to the grave in less than two months. Debt and difficulty beset the widow, and even her health and spirits began to fail. Her only resource seemed to be to leave her pleasant home, give up every thing to the creditors, get her girls out to service, and try to maintain herself and Moses by washing or chairing, or whatever work her failing strength would allow her to perform.

Martha, or as she was now called, Mrs. Martha, lived on in lonely and apparently comfortless affluence, at the Manor Farm. She had taken no notice of Dinah's humble supplications, sent injudiciously by Patty, a girl whose dark and sparkling beauty exactly resembled what her mother had been before her unfortunate marriage; but on Moses, so

like his father, she had been seen to gaze wistfully and tenderly, when the little procession of charity boys passed her on their way to church : though on finding herself observed, or perhaps in detecting herself in such an indulgence, the softened eye was withdrawn, and the stern spirit seemed to gather itself into a resolution only the stronger for its momentary weakness.

Mrs. Martha, now long past the middle of life, and a confirmed old maid, had imbibed a few of the habits and peculiarities which are supposed, and perhaps justly, to characterise that condition. Amongst other things, she had a particular fancy for the water from the Elmin spring, and could not relish her temperate supper, if washed down by any other beverage ; and she was accustomed to fetch it herself in the identical ching jug, the present of her godmother, the basin belonging to which she had broken from the shock she underwent when hearing of George's wedding. It is even possible, so much are we the creatures of association, that the constant sight of this favourite piece of porcelain, which was really of very curious and beautiful Nankin china, might, by perpetually reminding her of her loss, and the occasion, serve to confirm her inveterate aversion to poor George and his family.

However this might be, it chanced that one summer evening, Mrs. Martha sallied forth to fetch the sparkling draught from the Elmin spring. She filled her jug as usual, but much rain 'ad fallen,

and the dame, no longer so active as she had been, slipped, when about to re-ascend the bank with her burthen, and found herself compelled either to throw herself forward and grasp the trunk of the nearest tree, to the imminent peril of her china jug, of which she was compelled to let go, or to slide back to the already tottering and slippery plank, at the risk, and almost the certainty, of plunging head foremost into the water. If Mrs. Martha had been asked, on level ground and out of danger, whether she preferred to be soused in her own person, or to break her china jug, she would, most undoubtedly, theoretically have chosen the ducking; but theory and practice are different matters, and following the instinct of self-preservation, she let the dear mug go, and clung to the tree.

As soon as she was perfectly safe, she began to lament in her usual vituperative strain, over her irreparable loss, scolding the tottering plank and the slippery bank, and finally, there being no one else to bear the blame, her own heedless haste, which had cost her the commodity she valued most in the world. Swinging herself round, however, still supported by the tree, she had the satisfaction to perceive that the dear jug was not yet either sunken or broken. It rested most precariously on a tuft of bull-rushes towards the centre of the pool, in instant danger of both these calamities, and, indeed, appeared to her to be visibly sinking under its own weight. What should she do? She could

never reach it; and whilst she went to summon assistance, the precious porcelain would vanish. What could she do?

Just as she was asking herself this question, she had the satisfaction to hear footsteps in the lane. She called; and a small voice was heard singing, and the little man Moses, with his satchel at his back, made his appearance, returning from school. He had not heard her, and she would not call to him—not even to preserve her china treasure. Moses, however, saw the dilemma, and pausing only to pull off his coat, plunged into the water, to rescue the sinking cup.

The summer had been wet, and the pool was unusually high, and Mrs. Martha startled to perceive that he was almost immediately beyond his depth, called to him earnestly and vehemently to return. The resolute boy, however, accustomed from infancy to dabble, like the young water-fowl amidst the sedges and islets of the great pond, was not to be frightened by the puny waters of the Elmin Spring. He reached, though at some peril, the tuft of bull-rushes—brought the jug triumphantly to land—washed it—filled it at the fountain-head, and finally offered it, with his own sweet and gracious smile to Mrs. Martha. And she—oh! what had she not suffered during the last few moments whilst the poor orphan—her brother George's only boy, was risking his life to preserve for her a paltry bit of earthenware! What had she not felt during those

few but long moments ! Her woman's heart melted within her ; and instead of seizing the precious porcelain, she caught the dripping boy in her arms, half-smothered him with tears and kisses, and vowed that her home should be his home, and her fortune his fortune.

And she kept her word,—she provided amply and kindly for Dinah and her daughters ; but Moses is her heir, and he lives at the Manor Farm, and is married to the prettiest woman in the country ; and Mrs. Martha has betaken herself to the Pond-side, with a temper so much ameliorated, that the good farmer declares the greatest risk his children run is of being spoilt by Aunt Martha : one in particular, her godson, who has inherited the name and favour of his father, and is her own particular little Moscs.

MAXIM.

Hasty conclusions are the mark of a fool : a wise man doubteth, a fool rageth, and is confident : the novice saith, I am sure that it is so ; the better learned answers, Peradventure it may be so, but I prithee inquire. Some men are drunk with fancy, and mad with opinion. It is a little learning, and but a little, which makes men conclude hastily. Experience and humility teach modesty and fear.

MY NEIGHBOURS.

BY MISS MITFORD.

"CAN any one tell me of a house to be let hereabouts," asked I, this afternoon, coming into the room, with an open letter in my hand, and an unusual animation of feeling and of manner. "Our friends, the Camdens, want to live amongst us again, and have commissioned me to make enquiries for a residence."

This announcement, as I expected, gave general delight; for Mr. Camden is the most excellent and most agreeable person under the sun, except his wife, who is even more amiable than her amiable husband: to regain such neighbours was felt to be an universal benefit, more especially to us who were so happy as to call them friends. My own interest in the house question was participated by all around me, and the usual enumeration of vacant mansions, and the several objections to each (for where ever was a vacant mansion without its objection?) began with zeal and rapidity.

"Cranley Hall," said one.

"Too large!"

"Hinton Park?"

"Too much land."

"The White House at Hannonby—the Belvidere, as the late people called it?"

"What! Is that flourishing establishment done up? But Hannonby is too far off—ten miles at least."

"Queen's-bridge Cottage?"

"Aye, that sweet place would have suited exactly, but it's let. The Browns took it only yesterday."

"Sydenham Court?"

"That might have done too, but it's not in the market. The Smiths intend to stay."

"Lanton Abbey?"

"Too low; grievously damp."

By this time, however, we had arrived at the end of our list; nobody could remember another place to be let, or likely to be let, and confessing ourselves too fastidious, we went again over our catalogue *raisonnée* with expectations much sobered, and objections much modified, and were beginning to find out that Cranley Hall was not so very large, nor Lanton Abbey so exceedingly damp, when one of our party exclaimed suddenly, "We never thought of Hatherden Hill! surely that is small enough and dry enough!" and it being immediately recollected that Hatherden was only a mile off, we lost sight of all faults in this great recommendation, and wrote immediately to the lawyer, who had the charge of letting the place, whilst I myself and my most efficient assistant, sallied forth to survey it on the instant.

It was a bright cool afternoon about the middle of August, and we proceeded in high spirits towards our destination, talking, as we went, of the excellence and agreeableness of our delightful friends, and anticipating the high intellectual pleasure, the gratification to the taste and the affections, which our renewed intercourse with persons so accomplished and so amiable, could not fail to afford ; both agreeing that Hatherden was the very place we wanted, the very situation, the very distance, the very size. In agreeing with me, however, my companion could not help reminding me rather maliciously how very much, in our late worthy neighbours', the Norris's time, I had been used to hate and shun this paragon of places ; how frequently I had declared Hatherden too distant for a walk, and too near for a drive ; how constantly I had complained of fatigue in mounting the hill, and of cold in crossing the common ; and how, finally, my half yearly visits of civility had dwindled first into annual, then into biennial calls, and would doubtless have extended themselves into triennial marks of remembrance, if our neighbours had but remained long enough. " To be sure," added he, recollecting, probably, how he, with his stricter sense of politeness, used to stave off a call for a month together, taking shame to himself every evening for his neglect, retaining ' at once the conscience and the sin ! ' " To be sure, Norris was a sad bore ! We shall find the hill easier to climb

when the Camdens live on the top of it." An observation to which I assented most heartily.

On we went gaily ; just pausing to admire Master Keep, the shoemaker's farming, who having a bit of garden-ground to spare, sowed it with wheat instead of planting it with potatoes, and is now, aided by his lame apprentice, very literally carrying his crop. I fancy they mean to thresh their corn in the wood-house, atleast there they are depositing the sheaves. The produce may amount to four bushels. My companion, a better judge, says to three ; and it has cost the new farmer two superb scarecrows, and gunpowder enough for a review, to keep off the sparrows. Well, it has been amusement and variety, however ! and gives him an interest in the agricultural corner of the county newspaper. Master Keep is well to do in the world, and can afford himself such a diversion. For my part, I like these little experiments, even if they be not over gainful. They show enterprise : a shoemaker of less genius would never have got beyong a crop of turnips.

On we went—down the lane, over the bridge, up the hill—for there really is a hill, and one of some steepness for Berkshire, and across the common, once so dreary, but now bright and glittering, under the double influence of an August sun, and our own good spirits, until we were stopped by the gate of the lawn, which was of course locked, and obliged to wait until a boy should summon the old woman

who had charge of the house, and who was now at work in a neighbouring harvest-field, to give us entrance.

Boys in plenty were there. The fine black-headed lad, George Ropley—who, with his olive complexion, his bright dark eyes, and his keen intelligent features, looks so Italian, but who is yet in all his ways so thoroughly and genially English—had been gathering in his father's crop of apples, and was amusing himself with tossing some twenty, amongst as many urchins of either sex who had gathered round him, to partake of the fruit and the sport. There he stood tossing the ripe ruddy apples,—some high in the air for a catch, some low amongst the bushes for a hunt; some one way, some another, puzzling and perplexing the rogues, but taking care that none should go appleless in the midst of his fun. And what fun it was to them all, thrower and catchers! What infinite delight! How they laughed and shouted, and tumbled and ran! How they watched every motion of George Ropley's hand; the boys and the girls, and the "toddling wee things," of whom one could not distinctly make out whether they were the one or the other! And how often was that hand tossed up empty, flinging nothing, in order to cheat the wary watchers!—Now he threw an apple into the midst of the group, and what a scramble! Then at a distance, and what a race! The five nearest started; one, a great boy, stumbled over a mole-hill and was flung out;

two of the little ones were distanced; and it was a neck and neck heat between a girl in a pink frock (my acquaintance Susan Wheeler) and a boy in a tattered jacket, name unknown. With fair play Susan would have beaten, but he of the ragged jacket pulled her back by her new pink frock, rushed forward, and conquered,—George gallantly flinging his last apple into her lap to console her for her defeat.

By this time the aged portress (Dame Wheeler, Susan's grandmother) had given us admittance, and we soon stood on the steps in the front of the house, in calm survey of the scene before us. Hatherden was just the place to like or not to like, according to the feeling of the hour; a respectable, comfortable country house, with a lawn before, a paddock on one side, a shrubbery on the other; offices and a kitchen garden behind, and the usual ornaments of villas and advertisements, a green-house and a veranda. Now my thoughts were *couleur de rose*, and Hatherden was charming. Even the beds intended for flowers on the lawn, but which, under a summer's neglect, were now dismal receptacles of seeds and weeds, did not shock my gardening eye so much as my companion evidently expected. "We must get my factotum, Clarke, here to-morrow," so ran my thoughts, "to clear away that rubbish, and try a little bold transplanting; late hollyhocks, late dahlias, a few pots of lobellias and chrysanthemums, a few patches of coreopsis and china-asters, and

plenty of scarlet geraniums, will soon make this desolation flourishing. A good gardener can move any thing now-a-days, whether in bloom or not," thought I, with much complacency, "and Clarke's a man to transplant Windsor forest without withering a leaf. We'll have him tomorrow."

The same good disposition continued after I entered the house. And when left alone in the echoing empty breakfast-room, with only one shutter opened, whilst Dame Wheeler was guiding the companion of my survey to the stable-yard, I amused myself with making in my own mind, comparisons between what had been, and what would be. There she used to sit, poor Mrs. Norris, in this large airy room, in the midst of its solid handsome furniture, in a great chair at a great table, busily at work for one of her seven small children; the table piled with frocks, trowsers, petticoats, shirts, pinafores, hats, bonnets, all sorts of children's gear, masculine and feminine, together with spelling books, copy books, ivory alphabets, dissected maps, dolls, toys, and gingerbread, for the same small people. There she sate a careful mother, fretting over their naughtiness and their ailments: always in fear of the sun, or the wind, or the rain, of their running to heat themselves, or their standing still to catch cold: not a book in the house fit for a person turned of eight years old! not a grown up idea! not a thought beyond the nursery! One wondered what she could have talked of before she had children. Good Mrs.

Norris, such was she. Good Mr. Norris, was, for all purposes of neighbourhood, worse still. He was gapy and fidgetty, and prosy and dosy, kept a tool chest and a medicine chest, weighed out manna and magnesia, constructed fishing-flies, and nets for fruit-trees, turned nutmeg-graters, lined his wife's work-box, and dressed his little daughter's doll; and had a tone of conversation, perfectly in keeping with his tastes and pursuits, abundantly tedious, thin, and small. One talked down to him, worthy gentleman, as one would to his son Harry. These were the neighbours that had been. What wonder that the hill was steep, and the way long, and the common dreary? Then came pleasant thoughts of the neighbours that were to be. The lovely and accomplished wife, so sweet and womanly; the elegant and highly-informed husband, so spirited and manly! Art and literature, and wisdom and wit, adorning with a wreathy and garlandy splendour all that is noblest in mind and purest in heart. What wonder that Hatherden became more and more interesting in its anticipated charms, and that I went gaily about the place, taking note of all that could contribute to the comfort of its future inhabitants.

Home I came, a glad and busy creature, revolving in my mind the wants of the house and their speediest remedies—new paper for the drawing-room; new wainscoating for the dining parlour; a stove for the laundry; a lock for the wine cellar;

baizing the door of the library; and new painting the hall; to say nothing of the grand design of Clarke and the flower-beds.

So full was I of busy thoughts, and so desirous to put my plans in train without the loss of a moment, that although the tossing of apples had now resolved itself into a most irregular game of cricket,—George Copley being batting at one wicket with little Sam Roper for his mate at the other;—Sam, an urchin of seven years old, but the son of an old player, full of cricket blood, born as it were with a bat in his hand, getting double the notches of his tall partner,—an indignity which that well-natured stripling bore with surprising good humour, and although the opposite side consisted of Susan Wheeler bowling at one end, her old competitor of the ragged jacket at the other, and one urchin in trowsers, and one in petticoats, standing out; in spite of the temptation of watching this comical parody on that manly exercise, rendered doubly amusing by the scientific manner in which little Sam stood at his wicket, the perfect gravity of the fieldsman in petticoats, and the serious air with which these two worthies called Susan to order whenever she transgressed any rule of the game:—Sam will certainly be a great player some day or other, and so (if he be not a girl, for really there is no telling) will the young gentleman standing out. In spite, however, of the great temptation of overlooking a favourite divertisement, with variations

so truly original, home we went, hardly pausing to observe the housing of Master Keep's wheat harvest. Home we went, adding at every step a fresh story to our Castle in the Air, anticipating happy mornings and joyous evenings at dear Hatherden,—in love with the place and all about it, and quite convinced that the hill was nothing, the distance nothing, and the walk by far the prettiest in the neighbourhood.

Home we came, and there we found two letters: one from Mr. Camden, sent per coach, to say that he found they must go abroad immediately, and that they could not therefore think of coming into Berkshire for a year or more; one from the lawyer, left in charge of Hatherden, to say, that we could not have the place, as the Norris's were returning to their old house forthwith. And my Castle is knocked down, blown up—which is the right word for the demolishing of such airy edifices? And Hatherden is as far off, and the hill as steep, and the common as dreary as ever.

MAXIM.

The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, unobtrusive abroad, deserts us not by day nor by night, in journeying nor in retirement.

HELEN DRUMMOND;

A HIGHLAND STORY.

It would not have been necessary, in these days, when all disguises of fiction are old familiar forms, to prefix any preliminary remarks to the following tale; had they not appeared requisite, to show why no story, connected with similar names and places, will be found in the pages of any Scottish chronicler. And without some reason assigned, this might shake the faith of the reader in a narrative, bearing every internal proof of authenticity. This explanation will, after all, be best conveyed in the very words of the ancient son of the law, now long deceased, amongst whose papers these pages were found. No further change has been made than was necessary to adapt the antique phraseology to our times.

It may seem an odd saying, begins the old narrator, for a man, belonging like myself to an honourable profession of peace! but really I had rather have the riotous days of force and strong hand come back, than witness again the treachery, crime, and blood-thirstiness—the perversion of justice—the pursuit of mean private ends and quarrels, which followed the rising of 1715. Writing

so near the time and amongst the relations of the actors, I have changed names and places in the following true story, that none, save those who were witnesses like myself, and from whom I fear nothing, may recognize it.

I was then articled to a writer in Edinburgh, and went into the Western Highlands on the following errand. Hugh Duncan, the old chief of Lessing Cray, joined the rising of 1715; but died before the first battle: so that there was no proof of treason against him, nor did he incur the forfeiture of his estate. He was a widower; and left but one son, Malcolm, then living in France for his education. The only remaining member of his family was young Helen Drummond, a distant relation of the old chief; who had lost all her near friends, and lived at the castle, presiding over his household. The next heir, failing young Malcolm Duncan, was Simon Duncan of Lint-Holme; a middle-aged man, of much worse fortune than the older branch of the family. Throughout the whole rebellion, he steered a cautious course; committing himself to no side, but always ready to join the victors. After the insurgents were well and fairly quelled, he wrote to Edinburgh for a commissioner to be sent to Lessing Cray; to decide whether the heir, then residing in France, had not been guilty of high treason, and thereby forfeited his inheritance.

Mr. Colquhoun, the peace-magistrate, was appointed to this office: and, owing to the employ of

men of the law in these troubles, my assistance was called for. Though not yet regularly admitted to practice, I had had, for many years, almost the sole care of the business of my employer, Mr. Frazer, and was moreover well read in the laws of high treason.

We were to meet an escort of soldiers at Baldercleugh, a small village on the edge of the pacified Lowlands; half a day's journey from Lessing Cray. In our travelling from Edinburgh, I had much talk with my associate Mr. Colquhoun, and was sorry to find him of so vacillating and undecided a character as to be easily overawed by any mind stronger than his own; and even his very feeble convictions of right would, I feared, form no sufficient barrier against that pertinacity of argument which, to minds like his, almost implies menace. This discovery awakened in me many unpleasant fears.

In the little inn at Baldercleugh, I first saw Simon Duncan. He was a large firmly-built man, in the prime of life, gentlemanly in his manners, though of rather plain address and speech. With all this, there was a mixture of cunning and effrontery in his looks, which confirmed the impression his conversation made upon me, that he was skilful and unscrupulous in his arts of bending all, with whom he had to act, into the views most suited to his own interests. He soon had the complete ascendancy over Mr. Colquhoun; and finding that the same decision of manner which overawed him had no

effect upon me, he laboured with exquisite *finesse* to convince me, by a thousand arts almost too slight to be noticed, of the uprightness of his intentions, both as to the King and the estates of Lessing Cray. But all his artifices never removed my dislike and suspicion, and only induced me to conceal from his eyes, most carefully, the opinion I had formed of him.

We left Baldercleugh about four in the afternoon of a fine summer day ; and at set of sun we entered the valley from which rises the bold rock of Lessing Cray, crowned by the castle. Though over-towered by the mountains encircling beautiful Loch Cray, yet this cliff is abrupt and precipitous ; and the fortress on the summit is a conspicuous object from all parts of the little valley to which the lake gives its name. From the side of the lake which our path skirted, only one of the round towers, at the corner of the quadrangle, was in view ; nor was it until we turned a broad mass of rock, rising steeply, and jutting into the water beneath the walls, that the path leading to the gateway could be seen.

Just as we rounded this rock, a glorious spectacle presented itself. The sinking sun threw coloured lights on the dark masses of oaks and brushwood fringing the steep ascent ; and above, the gray walls of the castle were bathed in the golden stream : the bright rays of which were, to our surprise and discomfiture, reflected from the steel arms and gay dresses of about a hundred Highlanders.

Mr. Colquhoun, whose infirm health was some excuse for timidity, insisted at first upon returning to muster a regular force for assault: being convinced this array was meant to defend the castle against all claimants and invaders. But Duncan of Lint-Holme, laying hand upon his bridle rein, (for being but weak he rode, whilst all the rest were on foot, as is usual in these rugged paths) stopped him as he was about to turn the horse's head. He said the clan could not possibly have had any notice of our visit; and that either the muster was accidental, and therefore no way to be feared—or the clan must be a stranger; "in which case," he added, with a smile, "poor Miss Drummond is leaguered, and it ill beseems our manhood to turn back where there is a lady to rescue." Lest, however, any suspicion should be excited, he sent Mr. Colquhoun and the soldiers to the rear; keeping the front himself with his body followers, dressed in the Highland fashion. Being young and fearless, I would by no means be left behind, but pushed on with the foremost.

Our little advanced guard having been arranged, we pressed, steadily but rapidly, up the rough track; and, on reaching the narrow plain just under the castle walls, our leader raised a cheerful shout, and made signs of greeting. "They are our own tartans," said he; "not strangers, as I had feared." The welcome was returned, but sullenly and tardily; and we now saw a lady coming forward to meet us,

leaning on the arm of a venerable looking old man, followed at a little distance by a guard of honour, or escort of Highlanders. It was Helen Drummond; and from her we heard that the clan had been warned by an old man amongst them, who had the second sight, of our purposed visit. The remnant left by the late bloody skirmishes had gathered; and all that she and the minister could do, had hardly prevented these brave and faithful men from rushing on us. "If you come with the king's authority," said she, addressing Duncan of Lint-Holme, "you shall have entrance;—I will leave you, undisturbed, the house of mourning, which has afforded me no sanctuary, as soon as I have made my brief preparations for departure."

Finding it would be the only means of preventing strife, we dismissed our convoy as soon as Mr. Colquhoun joined us. Quick in discerning the feelings of those they love, the Highlanders seemed well aware of the strong hatred their lady's manner showed towards Simon Duncan. To conceal this from them, and prevent the bloodshed which she seemed to dread unutterably, she returned to the castle, supported by him on one side, and by the venerable clergyman on the other. I have never seen a face and form more proud in woman's stateliest loveliness, than was Helen Drummond at this moment. She was tall, with black hair, and bright dark speaking eyes; which, in spite of all her care to hide her feelings, shot forth ever and anon, keen

flashes of scorn and anger, as Duncan profited by the interview her fears allowed him, to address her in a low continuous tone. At last she said, aloud, as if determined to end his discourse, "Mr. Duncan of Lint-Holme, I pray you cease all attempts to amuse me; since the death of my dear relative, I am ill in health, and cannot bear the sound of voices."

It would be wearisome to relate the daily occurrences of more than a month following this scene. Under pretext of holding this enquiry free from all influence of fear, Simon Duncan gathered round him all his own adherents, and a strong guard of the king's Highland troops and regular soldiers. Then he made a great ransacking for concealed papers; and found some which, I verily believe, he forged and hid himself. Amongst the old lord's servants, was a man who came from a distant part of the country; he volunteered evidence as an approver, and certainly did depose to some remarkable things. But, from many proofs, I was always sure that this man was suborned; and by cross examination, and giving the proper meaning to sundry papers which were misinterpreted, I did all my subordinate situation allowed, to correct the harsh and unjust accusations, which Mr. Colquhoun, under the influence of Duncan, sent to Edinburgh, from time to time. Thus I was often brought into collision with this wicked, crafty man; yet we both avoided personal quarrel, which was not the interest of either.

Helen Drummond went to reside with the minister, Mr. Stewart, as soon as we entered the castle : and I was left much to myself, as Simon Duncan tried to exclude me from his conferences with Mr. Colquhoun ; and though I thwarted this obvious policy by all the means in my power, he was often successful. I spent much of my leisure in inquiring of the few old domestics and retainers I could find, about the old chief's family ; and managed to get acquainted with Mr. Stewart, though with some difficulty, for Lint-Holme had quarrelled with him, and I was suspected as of an obnoxious party. From him I learned—what I had, indeed, before been well assured of in my own mind, that Helen was betrothed to young Malcolm. They were to have been married on his approaching birth-day, to keep which he would have returned, had the old lord lived. I found, moreover, that Simon Duncan had tried to get admitted to Miss Drummond, at the parsonage, as a suitor ; less, Mr. Stewart thought, from any hope of winning the lady, than from a desire to discover Malcolm's exact residence in France, and the period of his expected return ; about both of which he shewed much suspicious curiosity. Helen carefully concealed from him, the only time when he succeeded in forcing himself into her presence, the sad truth which filled her with fear and anguish. For a whole month she had been without news from France.

Meanwhile, the clan were only kept from rising

by the unbounded influence of the man of second sight, whom I before mentioned. He had a vision of the return of the young chief on the eve of his birth-day, now very near; and he exhorted the clansmen to rest quiet until their own leader came. Though this was carefully concealed from Simon Duncan, we always expected he got some private view of the matter; since he suddenly declared his intention, as the days of mourning for the old chief were now expired, of solemnising the birthday of his son with great splendour at the castle. His motives were seen through, and he was now more hated than ever.

Soon after this, I had a violent quarrel with this arch villain; and even some difference with my good-natured friend, Mr. Colquhoun, who was wholly led by him. The occasion was this. They were about drawing up a kind of report or memorial of the result of the enquiry, ending with a prayer that Malcolm Duncan might be brought to trial for treasonable correspondence in France. If he failed to surrender himself, he would be outlawed, and his estate confiscated; in which case I found Lint-Holme had secured the pre-emption by a fraudulent piece of jobbing, for a sum ridiculously beneath the value. After vainly opposing this iniquitous scheme, I declared my intention to petition Government that I might be personally examined, before this proclamation was issued. Colquhoun was frightened, but Duncan seemed unconcerned and merely said,

very coldly and haughtily, that "I might do as I pleased; he well knew who would be first believed." So we parted in anger, and I resolved to execute my threat.

On that evening, which preceded the birthday, I was walking slowly over a green knoll, about a stone's throw from the castle, at the set of sun, when suddenly Ian M^cCaistor, the old seer whom I have before mentioned, stood beside me. I had been looking on the clouds, full of sad thoughts, when turning, I saw him close to me ere I had noticed his approach. He was a tall, wasted figure, with mild and piercing eyes, and grey hair, streaming from beneath his bonnet; and as he drew himself to his full height, and gazed earnestly upon me, I could not but confess that very little imagination was required to fancy him the fitting repository of the secrets of the dead. He told me in Gaelic, in wild and figurative words, which my intimate knowledge of the language barely enabled me to comprehend thoroughly, that he had seen my corpse, in a vision, stretched beside a half open grave in the deepest dungeon of Lessing Cray; and that Simon Duncan was standing over me, busily engaged in vain attempts to clean his hands, which were clotted with blood. This foretold instant and fatal treachery, unless I left the castle that night.

I consented to accompany the old man to Mr. Stewart's, less from fear of the vision, than from the wish to relieve my mind of its harrowing and

constant reflection on the wicked injustice I could not prevent, by talking with my friends there.

Close around the little lawn on which the manse stood, I was surprised to see the well-known tartans covering more than a hundred sleeping Highlanders. M'Caistor briefly replied to my look of inquiry, "They were summoned; thanks to them, you may sleep this night free from treachery."

On entering the little parlour alone, for Ian had stepped aside to confer with the leader of our faithful garrison, I found Helen and the old clergyman, sitting in a recess, looking out of the window into the twilight. They welcomed me cordially, saying, that the clan had, to a man, declined the hated festivities of the castle; that the seer had entreated Helen to throw off her mourning garments, and do honour to the birthday of her betrothed husband; and that the only means of preventing bloodshed was to hold the festival solemnly at the parsonage. It is hard to say how far Helen and Mr. Stewart believed Ian, when he pledged his reputation as a seer solemnly, that Malcolm Duncan would really come home on the evening of the morrow. My services, to assist the venerable pastor in the proper reception of a company so unsuited to his years and profession, were warmly entreated, and readily promised.

Whilst we were talking over these matters, the seer entered hurriedly, with all those gestures, and that peculiar look, which mark the influence of a

vision. There is something very awful to bystanders in the mien of one rapt in another world. It is like hearing the voluble and delirious ravings of the maniac. The wild perturbed eye, which, full of eager speculation, rests its glance no where,—the motions and half muttered speeches which mark the presence of those who are invisible to all save the seer himself,—the strong convulsions of horror which the vision excites ; all these are full of power and terror.

Ian entered with the air of one leading by the hand an honoured guest, for whom he made room and placed a seat. He gazed, as though on the seated figure, with a strong contrast of joy at his reception, and grief at some perplexing sign or token. At length he muttered brokenly, in a voice choaked with emotion, " Oh ! you are welcome home again ! God's hand be with you ! But why turn so mournful a look on your father's faithful follower, on your own chosen bride ? Let the good Angel have power ! " Then, after standing a moment with strained eye-balls and stretched arms, like one who pursues a vision lost in gloom, he fell senseless with a long groan.

This spread terror over our hopes ; till I promised Helen to get some explanation from the seer on the following day. By this, and my efforts to comfort her, I succeeded in restoring cheerfulness. And it was a marvel to us all, looking back upon the vision, to remember how light had been its impression.

Great were the preparations on the morning of the heir's feast. Poor Helen had devoted nearly the whole of her scanty property, and the minister had made a large sacrifice, that the princely hospitality of the good old times of the family should not be shamed on this festival, of all the most joyous.

Perhaps the very reaction of previous gloom and mourning was more powerfully felt in the mirth of that day; for the seer's prediction had wound up excitement and hope to the highest pitch. All hearts echoed one feeling, when the lady, who would omit no duty of the chieftains destined bride, stepped out upon the lawn, where the wide tables were spread, to bless the cup and say a few words of kind and condescending welcome. Never before had I seen Helen looking so bright and lovely;—I shall never forget her parting glance from eyes lit up with hope, or the wave of her hand as she re-entered the house. The clergyman and I entertained the merry company, with spirits almost as light as theirs, until the evening; when the dance was to close this day of happiness. And now men began to look eagerly on one another, as though anxious for some one's coming whom they did not name; and the seer was asked for by all. But he was not amongst the throng.

The place chosen for the dance was at a little distance from the tables, which were now abandoned to the confirmed worshippers of conviviality. All

the young and the sober moved towards the dancing green, where the mothers and daughters of their families were assembled. I had just approached Helen, who re-appeared to sanction the dancing, and was taking her hand to lead her to her station; when a handsome young stranger, clothed richly in the tartans of the clan, stepped quickly, but not rudely, between us; saying courteously, "You will pardon me when you know that my claim on this lady's hand is before your's. Am not I the stranger, Helen?" One cry of transport!—and then the rapture, too deep for words, was hidden in their close embracing. The confusion of the recognition of young Malcolm can hardly be described. All was noise; all was joy; nor could any order be obtained, until the chief promised to tell the clan fully, on the morrow, of all his travels, and the reason of his long silence. All we learned that night was, that the old seer who entered with him, had told him what was passing at the castle, and brought him here. But how or where they met was unexplained. The evening that followed was one long unmingled happiness to all assembled. I cannot now bear to think of it.

But early on the morrow: oh! that shriek which awoke me yet rings in my ears. The lord of Lessing Cray, for whom Helen had watched, and a thousand hearts had yearned,—that young form, in whom yesterday health was strong to bear the assault of years, was found lifeless and cold! There were

many things which justified the suspicion of poison. I have no heart to try to describe—it turns my brain even to remember, the utter bereavement of poor Helen's grief. In their first mad fury, the clan would have rushed upon the only being who was the fit agent of this cruel murder, had not the seer, whose power over them, in the fulfilment of all his prophecies, had risen to an incredible height, restrained them. He said that the first opportunity of slaying Simon Duncan, when he came with few attendants, having been lost, nothing now could be hoped from violence but the extinction of their clan ; as Lint-Holme had gathered a garrison more numerous than the assailants. Moreover, such an attempt would frustrate the full vengeance which was near.

The mournful preparations for the funeral were made with all the pomp and solemnity which attended the death of a chief in those days. Simon Duncan seemed panic-struck by the quietness of the clan ; and the preparations made at the minister's without leave being even asked to carry the chief from his own castle. He sent, on the evening before the funeral, to notify his intention of paying the honours to the dead, and attending his funeral himself. The messenger was referred to Ian M'Caistor, under whose direction all was ordered ; but could get no reply of any kind. "Aye," said the old seer, when he was out of hearing, "let Lint-Holme follow the man he has murdered, but not to *his* grave."

The morning of the sad ceremony dawned in bright summer splendour. Being a stranger, I could take no part in the arrangements, and watched them undisturbed. The procession to the family burial place moved along the lake: and when all were marshalled, the seer's place was found empty. "He is summoned," said Angus Bean, the bard, who was more in Ian's confidence than any one else. As we moved slowly along the lake, the old bard sung, in a prolonged voice of mournful cadence, a Gaelic lament. The wail resounded over the water, and the burden of the strain was caught by all the mourners.

When we returned, in sorrow, to the house of the minister, new and strange tidings awaited us. Simon Duncan had been missing since the night before the funeral: search was fruitless: he was never more heard of. Nor was the seer, Ian M'Caistor, ever seen again, or his fate discovered.

As Mr. Colquhoun instantly returned to Edinburgh in a transport of fear, all the care of trying to throw some light over these strange occurrences fell upon me. But I was left, after all, to my own conjecture, that Ian had seized some occasion to grasp Duncan's arms, and plunge into the lake, drowning himself with him. Their bodies were never found. Young Duncan, of Lint-Holme, was warned, that no son of his father should ever rule the clan; and wisely sold the estate of Lessing Cray, on easy terms, to a young relation. Poor Helen,

whose health was for ever shattered, lived with a sister of Mr. Stewart, at some distance from the place she could no longer bear to look upon. I do not know how long she survived the downfall of her youth's hope and happiness.

ANECDOTE.

HIS Majesty, William IV., when residing in Bushy Park, had a part of the foremast of the Victory, against which Lord Nelson was standing when he received his fatal wound, deposited in a small temple in the grounds of Bushy House, from which it was afterwards removed to the upper end of the dining-room, with a bust of Nelson upon it. A large shot had completely passed through this part of the mast, and while it was in the temple, a pair of robins had built their nest in the shot-hole, and reared a brood of young ones. It was impossible to witness this little occurrence without reflecting on the scene of blood and strife of war, which had occurred to produce so snug and peaceable a retreat for a nest of harmless robins.

THE MOUNTAIN LEAP.

MUCH of the strong excitement, felt on beholding a chain of lofty mountains, arises from the conviction, borne upon our hearts by annals of all tongues and people, that on lands such as these, the foot of the invader has seldom rested, and has never long tarried. We view these gigantic ramparts over all the known world, as limits, placed by the Creator, to the unruly ambition of man. Wherever they rear their antient heads, they are proud in the recorded defeats of leaders, whose fame "hath filled the ends of the earth," often by a mere handful of the peasantry dwelling amongst them.

And on hearing of the subjugation of a mountainous country, we feel as though the warders of God's forts had been unfaithful. So often, from the pass of Thermopylæ to the heights of Morgarten, have the brave proved their own hills to be impregnable, that no tale of overwhelming numbers will counteract the feeling that a mountain-land, so won, has been betrayed by the cowardice of the inhabitants. Of this cowardice, history unfortunately gives us some proofs. But these few instances of weakness and treachery only serve to give the force of strong contrast to "the bright examples" of multitudes of higher and nobler spirits. These reflections apply

more especially to Norway (or in the old writing Norroway) the scene of the tradition which now awakens them; and which often rouses the warm Norse blood, when told by some of the older peasants to the crowd round a cottage hearth, on a long winter's evening.

In 1612, there was a war between Norroway and Sweden, distinguished from a mass of the forgotten conflicts, almost perpetually raging between these rival and neighbouring countries, by the tragic fate of Sinclair's body of Scottish allies—celebrated, as many of our readers will remember, in a fine Norwegian ballad. It is well known that the Scots landed on the west coast of Norway to join their allies, the Swedes, went along the only valley-pass leading to Sweden, and were annihilated in the deep defile of Gulbrandsdale by the peasantry. At the time when they should have arrived at Sweden, a small body of Swedes, encamped in Jempteland, resolved to meet their allies, of whose movements they had intelligence; and escort them over the frontier, crossing by the hill passes, and uniting with the Scots on the other side. This band, to whose fortunes we attach ourselves, numbered but three hundred warriors; but they were the very flower of Sweden. They resolved to penetrate the barrier at the most inaccessible point; believing that the Norse would collect in the southern country where they were opposed by a Swedish army, and rest secure

in the deep snows, which rendered the hills impassable, for the defence of their mountain frontier.

So they came, says the legendary story, to the foot of the wild pass of Ruden; a spot fated to be dangerous to the Swedes, and since sewn with the frozen corpses of the hosts of Labarre and Zoega, who perished there. Their company filled the few cottages of the small hamlet on the Swedish side of the barrier; where they arrived early in the day. They were eager in their inquiries for a guide, being resolved to pass the hills ere night; lest tidings should reach the Norsemen of their approaching foes. But all their search proved fruitless. Many of the Swedes of the village had been over these mountains; but none were on the spot possessing that firm confidence derived from certainty of knowledge, and from conscious intrepidity, which could alone make them secure or willing guides in an expedition of so much peril and importance. At last, old Sweyne Koping, the keeper of the little inn which was the Swedes' head-quarters, shouted with the joy of him who has at once hit upon the happy solution of a difficulty. "By the bear!" cried he, "could none of you think of the only man in Jemtleland fit for this enterprise? and he here on the spot all the while! Where is Jerl Lidens?"

A hundred voices echoed the eager question; and the leaders were told, to their regret, that they must wait perforce, till the morrow, for the only man able

or willing to guide them. Lidens had gone forth upon a journey, and would not return that day.

"Well," said Eric Von Dalin, the chief of the Swedish detachment, "there is no help for it. To-day we must depend upon the kind entertainment of our hosts; but beware, my brave men all, beware of deep horns of ale or meed. Remember," pointing to the rugged peaks glittering in the snow—"remember, that all who would sleep beyond those to-morrow, will need firm hands and true eyes. And, good Sweyne," (addressing the innkeeper, who was the chief person of the hamlet,) "look well that no sound of our coming reach these Norse sluggards. There may be some here who, for their country's safety, would cross the hills this night with warning."

"Thou art right, by Manhem's freedom!" cried the host, "here sits Alf Stavenger: he knows these hills better than his own hunting pouch, and would think little of carrying the news to his countrymen. I am sorry," he continued, turning to Alf, "verily I grieve to make an old friend a prisoner; but you must abide here in some keeping, till our men are well forward."

"I care not if I stay here to-night and for ever," replied the Norseman. Eric now looked for the first time upon the speaker, and confessed that he had never beheld a finer looking man. In the prime of the beauty of northern youth, Alf Stavenger was remarkable for a cast of features bearing

traces of a higher mind than can often be discerned in the cheerful lusty faces of his countrymen.

"Does the valley marksman speak thus?" said the host. "Aye," answered the youth, "when you are thrust forth from the fireside, you can but seek another roof. If your own land casts you out, you are fain to cling to the stranger,—the enemy."

"Has Emlen's father been rough?" inquired Sweyne.

"Name him not!" replied the young peasant, angrily. "They have heaped refusal and insult upon me, let them look for their return! Aye, Skialm Harder may one day wish I had wed his daughter—my name shall yet be fearfully known throughout Norroway. Swede, I will myself guide your troop this night over the Tydel. Trust me fully, and you shall be placed to-morrow beyond those white peaks."

"He will have a fearful passage first," said an old peasant, "there is no moon now; and it will be pitch dark long ere you cross the Naeroe."

"The night is to us as the noon-day," cried a spirited young soldier; "for your crags we fear them not, were they high as the blue heavens. Our life has been amongst rocks, and in our land we are called The Sky Leapers!" "I will trust the young Norseman," continued their chief, "wounded pride, and slighted love may well make a man hate the land that has spurned him, were it his own a hundred times."

As the day was fast wearing over, small time was lost in preparation. Each man carried with him his fir skates, to be used when, after climbing the rough ascent, they wound along those narrow and difficult paths which skirt the face of the cliffs, crossing the mountains. Their guide told them that he should lead them when it grew dark, by lighted torches, to be procured and used as he should afterwards shew them.

During their slippery and rugged journey, Alf and his followers could not help alternately admiring the spirit, coolness, and activity shewn by each party in scaling the dangerous rocks; and they felt insensibly drawn one to another, by that natural, though unuttered friendship, which binds together the brave and high-souled. Still few words passed between them, though many of the Swedes spoke Norse well, and Alf knew Swedish as thoroughly as his own tongue. On both sides were host of feelings which led them to commune with their own thoughts in silence.

After some hours of hard and successful climbing, they halted, at the close of day, for a few moments, on the snowy summit of a ridge, which they had just ascended, to fasten on their skates. They had now to traverse the long slippery defiles so peculiar to Norway, where the path runs upon narrow ledges of rock, at an awful height, winding abruptly in and out along the rugged face of the hills. Here they formed in single file; and their guide, taking the

lead of the column, kindled, by rapid friction, one of the pine branches, of which each had, by his orders, gathered an abundance on their way. He said, in a few brief and energetic words, "that here must they tempt the fate of all who would conquer Norway—unless they chose to return: now were they really to win their proud name of the SKY LEAPERS." He bade them move along rapidly and steadily, following close the light of his torch. Every man was to bear a blazing pine, kindled from his; and thus, each pressing close on the light before him, the track would not be lost in the abrupt turns and windings. He placed the coolest and most active in the rear; that they might pass lightly and skilfully over the snow, roughened by the track of their leaders; and keep the line of lights, which was their only hope of safety, compact and unsevered.

What a change from the toilsome climbing which had wearied the most elastic limbs, and tried the most enduring spirit! They flew over the narrow slippery paths, now in a long straight arrow-course of fires, now lost, and then emerging, in the sharp turnings of the cliffs. The dangers of the Naeroe, which make even the natives shudder at the giddy narrow path and awful depths, were half unseen in the darkness, and all unfeared by these brave men, who darted exultingly, like winged Gods, through the keen bracing night-breeze of the hills.

At every step the windings became more abrupt; and it seemed to his nearest follower, that even the

guide looked anxious and afraid, when almost coming close to him at a turning, he saw, by the joining light of their torches, the countenance of Alf turned back towards the long line of flying stars, with a troubled and sorrowful look. To encourage him, he cried in a bold and cheerful tone, "No fear! no danger! On, brave Stavenger! The Sky-Leapers follow thee!" "On!" shouted back the guide, with a cry that echoed through the whole band, and quickened their lightening speed. Their torches now flew along in one unbroken straight stream of fire, till a wild death-scream arose, marking the spot where light after light dropped in the dark silence. The depth was so terrible, that all sound of fall was unheard. But that cry reached the last of the sinking line, and their hearts died within them: there was no stopping their arrow-flight—no turning aside, without leaping into the sheer air!

Alf Stavenger shuddered at the death-leap of these brave men over the edge of the rock. His soul had been bound to them in their brief journeying together, and had they not come as his country's invaders, he would have loved them as brothers for their frank courage. But Alf was at heart a true son of Norrøway; it is true he had resolved, in the desperation of his sorrow, to leave his father-land for ever; still, when he saw this band coming to lay waste the valleys which he knew to be undefended, his anger was in a moment forgotten; and all his hot Norse blood was stirred within him. He was

detained, as we have seen, from crossing the hills to warn his countrymen ; and he knew that when Jerl returned, he would be well able and willing to guide the Swedes over the pass. He soon planned his daring scheme. "Aye," thought he, while the waving train followed his leading torch, "I told them that *here* they should earn their proud name of Sky Leapers!—that here those who warred with Norro-way should brave their fate ! I said that Skialm Harder should wish he had given me his fair daughter—that my name should be known over my land for a deed of fear and wonder ! I promised they should sleep to-night on *our* side of the hills ! Now will I well keep all that I have sworn. 'Tis a pity for them too, so brave, so young, so unsuspecting ; but two words have made my heart iron—Emlen and Norroway !"

Alf well remembered one point, where a long straight path ended suddenly in a peak of rock, jutting far into the empty air. The road was continued round so sharp a re-entering angle, that much caution and nerve were needed, even by one well aware of all the danger, to wheel rapidly and steadily round the face of the abrupt precipice ; and avoid shooting straight on over the ledge of rock. He fixed upon this spot for the death-leap ; indeed the Swedes never could have passed it safely, without having before been fully warned of the peril, and afterwards cautioned at its approach.

When he looked back,—as he led the line rapidly

to their unseen and dreadful fate, he shuddered to think on what a death the brave and light-hearted men who followed him were rushing. A word from the nearest follower roused him; he shouted to hasten their rapid flight, and darted boldly on, throwing his leading torch far over the point where they should have taken the sudden turn. He had nearly fallen into the ruin of his followers; with the sounding speed of the flyers pressing hard upon his footsteps, all his nerve was barely sufficient, after flinging his blazing pine straight forwards as a lure, to check his own course, and bear him round the point which severed life from death.

His speed was slackened by turning; and, for a second, he fell giddy and senseless: every nerve had been strung for the decisive moment, and his brain reeled with the struggle. He awakened to consciousness, to see the last of the line of torches dart into the empty space—then sink for ever; and he listened, with a cold thrill of awe and terror, to the echoes of the death-scream of the last of the Sky Leapers!

THE WATER-CRESS GIRL.

THE sun was shining with an aureate glow,
 Through the green branches of the summer trees ;
 On high the birds were singing, and below
 The balmy wild flowers seemed alive with bees ;
 The trouts were leaping from the waveless stream,
 And insects sported in the solar beam.

Joy throbbed in Nature's heart ; the wide earth seemed
 A sinless realm of health and happiness,
 The Paradise of which in youth we dreamed,
 Ere the untutored bosom owned distress,
 Or time had taught the bosom, that the strife
 Of sin and suffering chequers human life.

Forth as I wandered in the calm pure air,
 Though all around so glorious seemed, and glad,
 So bright and beautiful, a weight of care
 Oppressed my bosom, and my heart was sad ;
 I thought of what had been, and what might be,
 What changes I had seen, what change might see

I thought of friends, who, in the sun-bright days
 Of boyhood, were like brethren, and who now,
 Estranged in faith and feeling, meet my gaze
 With cold unthrobbing heart, and marble brow ;
 As if we ne'er the same school-fare partook,
 Played the same games, or read from the same book !





I thought of visions, which by ardent youth
Were to the unsuspecting bosom brought,
Rich air-built castles, which the wand of Truth
Struck down all rudely, crumbling them to nought ;
Dreams of romance and innocence, all bright
With hues of morning, soon to fade in night !

Then o'er my spirit passed the Elysian dreams
Of Love, as, coloured by its rainbow dyes,
With more celestial music flowed the streams,
And the green earth again seemed Paradise ;
Creation but created to impart
Joy to the eyes, and rapture to the heart.

I saw the wicked like the green bay tree
Elate ; the worthless in earth's pomp arrayed ;
And, while in sunshine of prosperity
Stalked Vice, sat Virtue pining in the shade,
And Worth and Wisdom sickening to behold
Man's homage paid alone to paltry gold.
All things seemed wrapped in gloom—a blank decay
O'ershaded Nature, and my thoughts were dark ;
From living things I yearned to flee away,
For, 'mid the future, nought mine eyes could mark
But disappointment, misery, and the pain
Which the heart feels, whose hopes have proved in vain.

Thus, as I wandered sorrowful and lone,
Amid fair scenes, whose beauties charmed not me,
I reahed the stream, and lo ! from stone to stone,
Tripping amid the shallows, chanced to see,
With basket on her arm, a creature young
And fair, and ever to herself she sung.

And ever as she sung, she tripped along,

Companioned by the household dog, and took
With dipping hand, amid her ceaseless song,

The floating water-cresses from the brook,
And lifted up her eyes, and gazed abroad,
As if Grief dwelt not 'mid the works of God !

I listened and I looked ;—my heart was smote

With shame and grief ; for in her garb I saw,
That, bearing thus contentedly her lot,

“The world was not her friend, nor the world’s law ;”
That she was meanly housed, and poorly fed,
Thus from the waters gathering scanty bread.

“Oh thou of little faith !” unto my heart

I said, “Why ever thus wilt thou despair?
Will He, who fashioned thee, not strength impart,

If at his shrine thou pourest thyself in prayer ?
Will He not bring thee from the gates of Death,
And make thee glad, Oh thou of little faith ?

“Will He, who, from the black and midnight wood,

Hearkens the hungry lions when they roar :
Who to the nestled ravens bring their food,
And feeds the wild fowl on the barren shore ;
Who paints the lily, and perfumes the pea—
O thou, my soul, forgetful prove of thee ?”

I felt the bow-string of my strength renewed,—

Away the cloud from off my spirit fled ;
By sorrows and by sufferings unsubdued,

Proudly I made resolve life’s path to tread,
Vice to detest, and Virtue to revere,
And fearing God, to have no other fear.

THE YOUNG GERMAN ;

A TALE OF THE ADRIATIC.

FROM Trieste, I did not, as is usual with travellers, cross the Gulf of Venice to "the Ocean Queen;" but travelled round the head of the Adriatic, to that famous city of masks and gondolas. On the morning of the second day, I passed through the once celebrated but now decayed city of Aquileia—once, second only to great Rome herself, the brimful Adriatic bearing to her haven the tribute of a hundred climes,—now, deserted even by the sea, the metropolis of a dreary expanse of inhospitable marshes, and shrubless sands. I had passed the Lagunes of Marano, and the now insignificant village that gives to them their name; and I expected that before night-fall, I should arrive at the mouth of the river Tagliamento. A more dreary route than this it had never been my lot to travel; and the journey had already created an unusual, and somewhat painful depression of mind. The evening was, indeed, magnificent; the sun looked down in glory from as gorgeous a sky as ever canopied the classic land of Italy: but it illumined a wide waste of sand hillocks, and broad arms of the shallow Lagunes.

No human habitation cheered the prospect,—no sail moved over the waters; no sound broke upon the silence, save the low murmur of the sea, and the occasional cry of some solitary bird.

I have said, it was the evening; the sun had sunk,—and I walked leisurely onward, purposing, if no house presented itself, to seek some sheltered place until morning should break: it was the beginning of July, and night was therefore of short continuance. Since passing the Lagunes, the beach had gradually risen,—and now formed a barrier of considerable altitude above the sea, which gently broke, in small creamy waves, within a few hundred yards of the elevation. I had now reached a low headland,—beyond which, a few hundred yards, another headland jutted into the sea; and betwixt these, I had little doubt that a sheltered cove must lie, where I should find a resting place for the night. The moment I turned the headland, the base of which was just touched by the water, and obtained a view into the narrow deep bay that lay beyond, I perceived a small boat drawn up on the beach, and a man in the act of scooping a hole in the loose dry sand that lay about fifty yards from the water. The rencontre was singular,—the action suspicious; but even had I been desirous of retreating, I could not have done so unnoticed,—for, apparently, at the same instant that I had made the discovery, I had been also observed; the man stood erect, looking toward me, and seemingly waited my approach.

It may easily be believed, that my feelings were not the most enviable, when advancing nearer, I observed that a person in female attire, lay upon the ground, close to the spot where an excavation had been already made in the sand. The appearance of the stranger was in singular contrast with the circumstances under which the meeting took place : his figure was youthful, and his face, on which the shade of deep sorrow seemed to have settled, denoted an age at which sorrow might be said to be an untimely visitor : he had scarcely passed the first years of manhood ; his fair hair, and open brow, marked him as the inhabitant of another clime than Italy,—and through the fast rising tears, a world of feeling was revealed in the mild blue eyes that were fixed upon me. He addressed me, first in German,—and then, in French : “you find me,” said he, in a tone of mournful solemnity, “in singular, and suspicious circumstances; but at present let me complete my melancholy task, and I will then narrate to you the events that have brought me hither.” When I looked on the fine open countenance of the speaker, so opposite from that of a Spalatro, I could suspect no evil ; and I silently signified my acquiescence, and stood by, while he resumed his extraordinary occupation ; and having scooped out a shallow grave, he requested my assistance in performing the last obsequies to the dead. This, however, seemed to me too direct a participation in an act that more resembled the sequel of a recent murder,

than the performance of Christian burial; and I mildly, but firmly, explained to the stranger the unwillingness I felt to aid him in his design, until I had been made acquainted with the seemingly mysterious circumstances that had rendered its accomplishment necessary. "I am not surprised," he replied, "at your suspicions; your scruple is just,—your request reasonable: sit down then upon this sand hillock, and as my relation will be but short, there will be sufficient light when I have finished, to perform these sad obsequies." I sat down accordingly,—and while for a few moments he covered his face with his hands, before commencing his recital, I could not but feel the depression of my mind deepen into something almost bordering upon dread, as I saw the night gathering round upon the desolate shore, and the unknown dead stretched beside the open grave. It was in these words that, after a short interval of silence, the stranger spoke:—

"I am, by birth, a German; and a year ago, I left Dresden, my native city, to travel through the southern countries of Europe. At Venice, I became known to the family of the Marquis di Pana,—and I loved Giulietta, his only child, and was beloved by her. Her heart was mine, wholly mine,—but her hand, I could not obtain: the Marquis sternly opposed himself to my wishes; and after many fruitless attempts to see Giulietta, I discovered, that she had been secretly sent from Venice to some place of concealment, but where, I was unable to

learn. I knew that absence would kill us both ; and disguised, I set out on a pilgrimage, to seek her that I had lost. During six months, I vainly sought ; and yesterday evening, sorrowfully returning to Venice, I had reached the dreary Lagunes that stretch eastward from Venice, and about nightfall arrived at a solitary house that stands close to the water. As I approached this secluded habitation, an indescribable sensation, such as we are conscious of when approaching a beloved object, arose in my mind, and I drew forth my flute, and played that Silesian air which one only in Italy could recognize. I was at first refused admittance,—but saying that I wanted but a cup of water to proceed on my journey I was permitted to enter. A man, in the habit of a fisherman, and his wife, were within : and it was not difficult to perceive, that they had a secret. A certain embarrassment—and looks full of meaning, that passed between them, created a strong conviction in my mind, that this was the concealment of my loved and long lost *Giulietta*. I shortly after left the house playing, as I went, the well known air. It was then after sunset, and I hid myself at some distance among the sand hillocks till near midnight. I then cautiously approached the spot, sure, that if my suspicion were just, the air I played had prepared *Giulietta* for my appearance.

I had waited but a few moments between the house and the water, when a casement was withdrawn,—and in another moment, I clasped *Giulietta*

in my arms." Here the stranger's eyes filled with tears. "O God! O God!" said he, "and did I find her, but to lose her for ever! did I look upon her living, but to see her die! it was, indeed," continued he, wiping away his tears,—“it was, indeed, *Giulietta*,—but oh! how changed! death was in her countenance; her cheek was always pale,—but now, it wore the sickly pale of decay—and her form!—it was wasted to a shadow. Once, she was beautiful,—but see,” said he, rising, “see her dead,—still she is beautiful.” We arose, and he motioned to me, to lift the napkin that covered the face of the dead: it was indeed loveliness in death. “Eighteen summers have scarcely passed over her,” said the mourning stranger,—and he threw himself upon the sand, and took her hand, and looked in her face, long, and earnestly. At length a burst of passionate grief came forth like a tempest,—then, rivers of tears gushed from his eyes; and when they ran out, sighs, the upheavings of the soul, and sobs—that seemed to rise from the deepest wells of sorrow—showed how unspeakable is that grief that waits upon the blighted promises of youth. At length he arose, reseated himself, and resumed his mournful story. “*Giulietta*,” I said, “leave this place and fly with me; the boat that lies there unmoored, will soon carry us from danger.” Scarcely had she strength to say, that death was very near: that she loved me as she had done ever; that she would have lived for me,—and was willing to die for me. “*Giulietta*,” I said, “you are my

wife: here, we have none to unite us, — but heaven hears, and accepts our vows, and may God bless us.” I had scarcely spoken this, when the sound of voices was heard: we are discovered, I said; and I instantly lifted my bride in my arms, and ran towards the boat; the force with which I struck it, sent it forward into the water, and as it left the shore, I sprang into it with my beloved burden. The infernal guardian of my *Giulietta* rushed from the house, to the water, followed by another—both venting hideous imprecations. I grasped the oars, and laying my *Giulietta* in the bottom of the boat, rowed for life,—life, that was valued by me, only for the sake of her who lay beside me. The pursuers followed into the water; but it grew deeper, and they could follow no farther. A flash, followed by a report, and the whizzing ball that passed over my head, was the last expression of their rage,—and we were beyond the danger of immediate pursuit.

It was now the dead of night, and after pausing awhile, to listen if any sound came over the still water, I bent down, and lifted *Giulietta*,—and placed her beside me,—and laid her head upon my bosom. I heard her sigh deeply; and by the starlight, I saw her eye-lids close. “*Giulietta*,” I said, “we are safe, *Giulietta*!” but she answered not. I took her hand, but it returned not my pressure; I laid my hand upon her heart,—Oh God! it was still. I was alone, on the wide sea with my love,—but she was dead. Long I gazed upon her face,—sometimes I fancied she breathed; and I said “*Giulietta*,—my

wife—Giulietta!" But no! no! no! Giulietta was dead. Whither could I go? My Giulietta was no more my living love,—but I wished to know her grave. I will lay her in the grave with my own hands, I said, and I will make my dwelling beside it,—and while it was yet dark, I rowed along the shore, until, as day was breaking over the Dalmatian hills, I reached this cove. Here I have sat all day, hidden among the sand hillocks, and my dead love beside me; and as night approached, I began to make her grave; it is now finished; and this is all my story."

There was a solemn calmness in the manner and countenance of the unhappy German. We now rose silently; but the stranger motioned me to be still,—and himself lifted his lost one, and laid her in the grave. He then knelt down, and I knelt beside him: he lifted the napkin, kissed the cheek of the dead, and said: "Giulietta, I will not forsake thee." "I cannot heap sand on her grave," said he, "do this sad office for me;" and he turned away, while I covered her face for ever from his sight. I prayed to God to support him in his dreadful affliction,—but I heard no voice respond Amen.

It was now near midnight,—dreadfully had the depression of my mind been deepened by the events of the last few hours. I asked the stranger to go with me; "No!" he replied, "I will remain." "But your life is in danger," I said. "It will not long be in danger," he answered.

I knew that it would be unsafe for me to proceed by this route to Venice, and I resolved to retrace my steps to Aquileia—and as I looked back, ere passing the headland, to the spot where Giulietta was laid, I could see the stranger sitting in the gloom, by the grave of his bride.

THE PIEDMONTESE AND HIS MARMOT.

FROM my dear native moorlands, for many a day,
Through fields and through cities I've wandered away,
Though I merrily sing, yet forlorn is my lot,
I'm a poor Piedmontese, and I show a marmot.
This pretty marmot, in a mountain's steep side,
Made a burrow, himself and his young ones to hide,
The bottom they covered with moss and with hay,
And stopp'd up the entrance, and snugly they lay.
They carelessly slept till the cold winter blast,
And the hail and the deep drifting snow-shower was past ;
But the warbling of April awak'd them again,
To crop the young plants and to frisk on the plain.
Then I caught this poor fellow, and taught him to dance,
And we lived by his tricks as we rambled through France ;
But he droops and grows drowsy as onward we roam,
And he and his master both pine for their home :
Let your charity, then, hasten back to his cot,
The poor Piedmontese and his harmless marmot.

'THE HISTORY OF A TRIFLER.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

Still idle with a busy air deep whimsies to contrive ;
 The gayest Valetudinaire, most thinking *fop* alive.

Pope.

Irresolute. unhardy, unadventurous.

Paradise Regained.

It is a whim of yours, Godfrey Walsingham—this desiring to have my own history in my own handwriting; and, but for your odder whim of being attached to me, one that I should gainsay, from the belief that you only desire it as likely to afford fresh food for raillery. Confess now, Godfrey,—is our mutual friendship to be accounted for on any other principle, than that the strongest regards both of man and woman are invariably those for which they can give the fewest reasons? Were ever two beings framed of such dissimilar materials as you and I? Upon which of us Nature tried her “’prentice hand” I shall not determine, but the fact of difference amounting to contradiction is most evident, and the fact of our friendship most strange. What a mastiff of a man are you in person! What a Goth are you

in mind! What a regular sailor's life have you led for the last twenty years;—tossed about like a shuttlecock whithersoever your battledores of the Admiralty pleased—frying in this zone, freezing in that; now claiming kindred with the heights, and then descending to the depths; withal, so indifferent to the modes of life, costume, or cookery, that you would dine almost equally well with a Tartar, a Turk, an Esquimaux, or an Exquisite!—now taking your Champagne like a gentleman on shore; anon, shipwrecked and relishing biscuit dipped in salt water, and perfectly happy with or without a jacket. I called you a Goth in taste—am I far wrong? You join in “God save the King,” on week days, and in the “Old Hundredth” on Sundays, from a sense of duty political and religious, otherwise Boreas himself is as musical. Added to this, Godfrey, I don't believe, (and I speak conscientiously,) that any poetry of any denomination ever retained a place in your memory, that is, supposing the possibility of it ever having entered therein, except “Thirty days hath September,” or one of the national anthems aforesaid. Perhaps, but I speak doubtingly, you may yet be haunted by a stray line of the “Beggar's Petition,” thanks to the pains and penalties inflicted on you whilst you learnt it. As I do not think any one in this, the nineteenth century, can compete with you in contempt for the fine arts, you must enjoy that supremacy till one rises from the grave to dispute it with you: I do verily believe that all

your ideas of architecture are limited to shipbuilding. How is it, then, that I like you? I could give excellent reasons and plenty for esteeming you very highly, but how and whence comes the liking, I wonder. You disapprove full half my character, and three parts of my habits—at least you make me believe that you do—and when you visit my cottage ornée, you look like an elephant squeezed into a mouse-trap. What a miracle of patience must I be! You switch my rose trees, and lean against my trellices with the force of a battering ram. Woe to the well-being of my grotto when you enact hermit! You are an earthquake to my Chinese bridge—a pestilence among my flower pots—and if my collection of butterflies were not dead already, your touch would save corking pins! In addition to these grievances, you laugh at my prejudices, predilections, and perturbations in a body—yet are we the best friends in the world! Moreover, you desire some account of the ways and means whereby I became a Trifler, and here am I willing to gratify you! Is not all this marvellous?

Know, then, that it is precisely two and thirty years since I, Claude de Villaret, was introduced into this world which most persons call wicked *par excellence*, and I vulgar. Upon my honour I have not the slightest recollection of myself as an infant; whether I wore my long and short coats with any grace peculiar to myself, or whilst whistling my

coral exhibited any prematurity of affectation, I am alike ignorant.

My father was, you know, a gentleman of France, who by long residence in England, induced by commercial engagements and his marriage with my mother, became half modified into an Englishman. He learned to like roast beef—endure Shakspeare—think the people conversible—tolerate in short, every thing but our climate. Time never reconciled him to November. I mention all these points in my father's favour, lest you,—having been one of Nelson's middies, and having pretty well profited by the worst of his three lessons, viz. "to hate the French,"—might charitably presume that I owe my faults to my father. I do attribute those faults in a great measure to my early education, but in so doing I must seem to blame my English parent, my mother; for she had the unlimited disposal of my precious person up to the time of my father's death, which occurred in my eighth year, and afterwards till her own, which happened ten years afterwards. And yet, now I have written that word "blame," my heart reproaches me; for the errors she committed leaned on virtue's side, inasmuch as they consisted of over-love and over-carefulness. Who remembers not Cowper's delineation of maternal tenderness?—

"The gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,

Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm—and velvet cap—

* * * * *

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid,
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
Of buscuit and confectionary plum,
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed.

* * * * *

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile."

Exquisite! But in my own case, all this was carried to excess; for though I rode in "my bauble coach" when I had better have walked, all my schooling was transacted at home, when, and for as long, as I—pupil at once and master of my tender schoolmistress—pleased; then the "biscuit and confectionary plum" were not mere morning gifts, but renewed full often through the day; and all my recreations, up to a good Latin-learning, cricket-playing age, were of the silent, sedentary, sentimental kind, that may be assorted under the head of pin-pricking. O, Godfrey, man-mountain as thou art!—what a blessing it is to be born an ill-favoured baby!—to grow up a stout rampagious boy—scouring hedge

and ditch—knowing no difference between hail, rain, snow, or sunshine—lightly esteeming wounds and bruises, and fearfully careless of gloves, handkerchiefs, and clean hands! It was my first misfortune to be an only son; my second, to be very pretty and feminine looking; my third, to be really rather delicate, and considered still more so. I was consequently brought up on what is universally known, but now generally denounced, as the coddling system: a system of pampering, petting, physicking, bed-warming, cold-water-hating, fresh-air exploding—a system that has fire for its divinity, and clothes its high priest in flannel. The consultations between my poor dear mother and my silly old nurse, and a still sillier old doctor, were interminable; the periods for master Claude putting on his woollen stockings, and putting off his cotton ones, were as distinctly marked in our domestic calendar as the Olympiads of old. That part of Kehama's curse—

“ And water shall see thee
And fear thee and flee thee,”

would to *me* have been a blessing: I might then have played out of doors fearless of wet feet. Maternal fears on account of my health induced a steady discouragement of healthy sports for the body, or sedulous occupation for the mind; so I passed through my childhood, humoured, watched, waited upon, and tendered, to a degree that is

scarcely conceivable. Fantastically dressed, whilst other boys were fagging at school, I was made a drawing-room boy, "cockered and spirited up," (to use an expression of Gray's) into egregious ideas of my own consequence, and the super-eminent importance of gentility. I was a juvenile *petit maitre*. As I grew older, and the character so formed developed, I was an odd compound. I had an instinctive gaiety of temper, derived I suppose from my father, combined with timid, indolent, fastidious tastes: whilst, from constantly hearing trifles discussed as matters of importance, can it be wondered that I grew up disposed to trifling? From never being told that life, with every advantage of station and fortune, is after all a plain and serious business;—a series of actions not emotions—of duties not imaginations—an eminence to be climbed, not a sunny bank to be reposed upon—that the end of thinking is not mere thought, or of recreation mere pleasure, or even of knowledge mere information, but that each should involve a motive and lead on to action;—surely, my dear Godfrey, you will allow that an inefficient character was almost entailed upon me. "Ay," you will say, "but you might have struggled against your condition when you grew up." I might probably have done so, had it then been needful that I should work for my bread, or had I then fallen under the influence of a powerful mind, employing its energies in a sphere of moral labour, and upheld by a deep sense of religious

obligation; but no such need was mine, and no such friend fell in my way. This, however, is anticipating my manhood; let me return to my early youth. But for my father's premature and somewhat sudden decease, I do think there would have been, as far as I was concerned, a radical reform in our domestic polity. Aroused, as he at last was, to see the evils that unlimited indulgence was inflicting on my disposition, it is not impossible that I might have been sent to school and college, whence, if my habits had allowed me to escape with my life, it is also not quite impossible but that I might have returned a useful member of society. I might have aspired to the honour of becoming food for powder, or defending a client indicted for stealing sixpence three farthings; or of declaring that two parallel straight lines can never meet: or I might have put forth a book of doubts concerning something universally believed, or a book of proofs concerning something else universally doubted; or I might have compounded a new pill, or discovered a new poison, or composed a tune or a poem that should have procured me five hundred pounds, and five month's fame. I can fancy no end of useful and honourable pursuits incident to this bustling world, by means of which I might have acquired a fortune and a monument. What a loss have all three had—I, the world, and Westminster Abbey! It has been enough for me to twine honeysuckles round arbours—watch “the launch of a fleet of ducklings”—lie on

a sofa and read novels—write now and then a letter—catch now and then a fish—buy now and then a book, a picture, or a bust—“make water run where it will be heard, and stagnate where it may be seen”—whilst the world, amidst her crowd of soldiers, lawyers, wranglers, doctors, and authors, is still a vale of tears; and the last mentioned of the trio, the Abbey, has a “false marble” and a gold-lettered lie at the service of a better man.

“How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!”

However, it is idle now for me to dwell on an imaginary career, for my father died, and the time of mourning being expired (you know, Godfrey, it was sincere) instead of sending me to school my mother engaged a tutor for me, satisfying her sense of duty by providing for my instruction, and her maternal feeling by keeping me at home. The studies of the little Lord Linger (in “Evenings at Home”) were the counterpart of mine; like him when tired of doing nothing I was willing “to read a little in Hume,” “do some geography,” or “with a good deal of help get through twenty lines of Virgil.” The infant peer altering his mind, even about his pleasures, ten times an hour, was a picture of myself.

Had my tutor been a brother in brain of Busby, or Parr, or Butler, he would quickly have emancipated his pupil from his bad habits, or himself from

his situation; but with much information and a great deal of worth, he possessed little judgment, and was grievously destitute of the moral energy which avowedly governs, or the brilliancy of talent which indirectly influences the minds of others. Besides, and here was another misfortune, he grew attached to me and I to him; and as I grew more companionable we loitered, and lounged, and dreamed through the fields of literature that afforded most flowers and least fruit, rather like two happy, lazy, affectionate brothers, than like a preceptor alive to his ~~finger~~ ends with dignity and the declensions of nouns, and a pupil who fags through his lessons because he dare not do otherwise. My mother delighted in him because I did; and thus the dear little man lived on amongst us as a kind of confidential family friend, whom we half mistook for a relation but never treated as a dependant. Would he were alive now! I might in a serious mood blame him for the very conduct which at the time called forth my eulogies, but we should live together again, and increase each others happiness:—straw-pickers and push-pin-players to that sovereign and serene power—the power of laziness!—and deserve at last part of the epitaph made for sauntering Jack and his wife:

“ If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,
The morning past—the evening came,
And found this couple still the same;

They soundly slept the night away,
And did just nothing all the day!"

that is, "nothing" as this worky-day world interprets the phrase; but I am convinced, Godfrey, that it requires a very fine genius and a very amiable disposition to do nothing and yet be happy; this proposition granted, I question whether Great Britain contained, for some time, three more gifted and amiable people than my mother, my tutor, and myself. The world was our friend, and we were friendly to the world. We had a taste for ease and elegance, and fortune enabled us to gratify our taste. We all mortally hated trouble, alike in the way of toilsome occupation, or the contemplation of calamity. We were the best neighbours in the world in the way of visiting, provided the visiting were of an agreeable nature, but much sympathy with sorrow agreed not with our code. The situation of our residence admirably sheltered our feelings from being disagreeably drawn upon:—it was a charming villa about a mile from a fashionable Spa; far away from the dull gentility of a country town, or the unmitigated bustle of a manufacturing district. In those places you cannot preserve your sensibility untroubled. In the one first named, your neighbours' sorrows are at your very door, and are almost valuable as affording subject-matter for conversation when the parrot becomes silent and the lap-dog goes to sleep; and in the last mentioned division of the

earth, without being blind and deaf you cannot live to yourself. Beggars in spite of the police *will* beg—children *will* look half famished—merchants *will* be bankrupt—porters *will* jostle—carts, wains, drays, coaches *will* proceed on their way, top-heavy and self important—and the newspapers persist in narrating the accidents of the week. You cannot help having some unpleasant suspicions that the world contains a vast portion of labour and sorrow. As we were situated, this gross theory was less substantiated by facts. — Spa was wholly a pleasure place—the beggars and thieves that congregated there, had at least the merit of being well dressed, besides possessing manners that mere want never acquires. Then there was no pursuit but amusement, and no business but what had in view the furtherance of that object, it was possible to visit, and live, and lounge therein, without having painful reflections forced upon your mind; if you read the newspapers it was merely to notice the arrivals and departures—the day fixed for the next assembly or public night at the pump room; your sympathies were quite safe. This vicinity suited us and we suited it. We made every season new acquaintances; balls, parties, picnics, morning calls, and now and then a fête, for charity cemented the intercourse; and the certainty that the succeeding season would bring a succession of visitors, perhaps still more agreeable, banished sadness from our adieus. It was a charming life if it could but have lasted: and as I approached my

eighteenth birthday my fancy began to anticipate a more exalted place in the pageant than I had yet filled. My education (except what the circulating libraries would effect) was finished—and I was finished;—my conversation deserved to be put into a novel,—my dressing-box was unique, and my dancing unexceptionable. As I never thought of life, further than as time given for enjoyment, it cannot be imagined that I should meditate much on death. The loss of my father, and the decease of various people I had seen, were sufficient evidence that such a thing existed; but the first loss had in the course of nine years faded from my mind, and the last had been merely “heard by the hearing of the ear.” Nothing absolutely identified with my own happiness had been removed from me—nothing that since I had ceased to be a mere child, I had looked upon and loved every day and all day. “The bourne from whence no traveller returns” was a phrase I had heard from the pulpit, but it conveyed no more idea to my mind, than banishment to Siberia would to a Russian. Death was something—nothing; a notion connected with hatbands and black gloves; but as a fact, and a truth, perfectly powerless and utterly unrealized. Alas, it was the same with all of us!

One day I returned home from — Spa in more than my usual spirits, for I had been arranging a party of pleasure for my approaching birthday, and I had also been choosing my mother a fashionable turban to wear on the occasion. I had also suc-

ceeded in bringing off a new novel, arrived that very day from town, the first perusal of which would of course give me the start in that night's conversation; when on entering our dwelling, my tutor met me with a countenance that sufficiently proclaimed ill tidings. When he spoke, his words went beyond my worst anticipations. About two hours after my departure in the morning, my mother had been seized with a stroke, (messengers were then searching for me) she had lost the use of speech, but that, her physician thought, might in some measure return; meanwhile, from the anxiety of her looks, and frequent moanings, they conceived her sensible, and desirous of seeing me. This way my first grief—honest, resolute, and deep. I was instantly by her side, and I scarcely left it for the three remaining days of her lingering life. She knew me instantly! General consciousness, and in some degree the power of articulate speech, gradually returned; but I could almost say, I wish it had not done so; for her last words and hours never recur to my remembrance, without plunging me into the deepest sadness; without awakening resolves that I have no strength to keep. The dawn of a summer day, glorious when beheld in the open air, is wretched, and even taunting, when it peeps into a chamber of death—ushered in, as that dawn is, by the carol of the small birds, the lusty and clock-like crowing that arises from the poultry yard,—and followed, soon after, by the whistle of the field labourers. Beyond

the chamber window, life is stirring; pleasure, *innocent* pleasure, soliciting the senses on all hands; the earth is clothed "with light as with a garment," and the sparkling stream and nodding flower, with the gentle gales that make ripples on the one, and scatter dews from the other, whisper to the spirit, of "gladness and deep joy." But within that chamber—chilly, yet close—disordered in its arrangements—within that chamber where my mother lay,—she was faint, and I opened the window; roses were trained so close to it, that when the impediment of the sash was removed, their crimson clusters burst in, and sprinkled their dew-drops around. This trivial circumstance was observed by my mother, and she motioned me to gather some. I plucked a handful, and laid them on her pillow: how proud and glorious looked their tints, in contrast with the distorted features and livid hue of the human being! My mother looked first at the flowers, and then at me, and her eyes filled. I wiped away her tears, and whispered, what I durst not believe—words of hope. She shook her head solemnly, and rather murmured than pronounced a reply, but I understood her. "They die—but they have fulfilled their destiny—I—"

"Yes," said I, keeping up the sentiment, "their life was pleasant, so, dearest mother, will yours be yet again."

She shook her head, and grasping my hand, struggled to give emphasis to her words (they had been

emphatic without), "My child—my boy—I am *dying*—forgive—forgive—"

"Beloved mother, it is for me to bless—not forgive."

"Trifle not, Claude—I need forgiveness, I tell you.—I have lived only for time, and I am going into eternity—never, never to return, Claude—and I have brought *you* up for time—in pleasure—in thoughtlessness—there is another world—I *feel* it—I shall soon *see* it—and you—my boy!—my son!—my idolized!—forgive I say—"

When I die myself, I may forget the piercing unearthly anguish of the look that accompanied these words. I knelt and sobbed aloud; for though now silent, interrupted moans told how the parting spirit struggled with its own reflections. Frantic, and yet from my previous ignorance quite confounded, I knew not, myself, how to minister to a mind diseased, nor yet whom to summon; my tutor could weep and grieve, but ghostly counsel, beyond drawing up a catalogue of evil deeds avoided, coupled with a vague declaration of divine mercy, he could not impart; and I felt that the case wanted more efficient aid: scarcely conscious of the act, I sprang from the room, pushed across our own lawn and the adjacent fields, to the humble dwelling of a clergyman whom we had never visited, but whom I had heard alternately censured and ridiculed for being "righteous overmuch," and, in language scarcely coherent, summoned him to the house of sorrow.

What passed, I know not. I led him to the room, and then sunk down in a fit of insensibility, from which I was not recovered till all was over—till there was no more need of care or grief for the sufferer—till affection itself was vain.

The death of my mother occasioned, as I said, my first grief; but it was when the wound my feelings had received became somewhat healed, that I think I became most sensible of the loss I had sustained. It was then that I first became conscious that my mind was enervated. I felt forlorn, with all the world before me; weak in the pride of youth; and poor amid the resources of fortune. The prospect of liberty, and the possession of a handsome competence, were not to me such engaging objects as they are to most youths; for the former had never been infringed, whilst the pleasure procured by the latter I had long enjoyed, without exercising care or forethought. Besides, that liberty, and possession of that fortune, were, till I should be twenty-one, wholly prospective: there was a will that consigned me to the care of a guardian, and that guardian was not my gentle-souled tutor—whom I might have led according to the school-boy rhyme, “out of Scotland into France,” and without whom I might, had I so pleased, have journeyed from Cancer to Capricorn;—but a rural Polyphemus, an avatar of top boots and buckskins, a country squire who lived in an ancient mansion, surrounded by yet more ancient trees, prided himself on his “English” pride, which

consisted in hating every thing foreign, and every thing modish—who hung his staircase with funeral escutcheons of grandfathers, grandmothers, aunts and uncles, up to the time of Edward the Fourth—garnished his halls with “drums, trumpets, blunderbusses,” (his own voice was the “thunder”) stags’ horns that would have sufficed a herd, specimens of every kind of gun and every kind of sporting trophy, with horns and whips hung crosswise, and hunting caps surmounting them as crests; whilst the floor of this said hall was paved with black and white flag-stones, generally covered with greyhounds couchant. Its furniture was completed by sundry flap tables, and high-backed chairs, carved with a needless declaration of their age, 1589. The squire himself was one of a race now nearly extinct; his roughness was not like yours, Godfrey, which is so strangely blent with compassionate kindness towards bodily weakness, and even mental wilfulness. My uncle, good man, considered the accidents of iron-like strength, horse-like agility, and the appetite and digestion of a mower, *bonâ fide* virtues. I believe he would have bowed to a bear much sooner than to a fine gentleman, that is, on condition that the bear had not been taught to dance—in which case, he would have been considered a fine gentleman too. To the superintending care of this worthy uncle I was to be consigned for the remaining three years of my minority. He had never pardoned the marriage of my mother with a foreigner, but he

possessed the family instinct, and she did not err, in supposing that he would guard my worldly interests with the scrupulous fidelity of a mastiff. *She* never meant the superintendence to go beyond temporalities; *he* understood it in a very imperial sense, as extending to my mind and person, no less than my estate; and having let the villa and grounds near — Spa on very advantageous terms, he carried me off to his “Birs Nimrod,” with the charitable intention of correcting the defects in my education. My heart was too sad to resist, and I went without murmuring. And now commenced my real trials. My uncle fully conceived that I could be broken in, like a horse or a dog—be made, like them, obedient to a touch of the rein or a sign of the hand. He found, to his amazement, that the soft, silken, indolent youth had decided tastes, and what was more, a decided will of his own. He was stupified with amazement at the discovery. Probably, had the matter been left to my own personal opinion, I might have relished field sports and athletic exercises, but to be driven and commanded was not to be endured. The more he stormed against effeminacy, the more effeminate I grew, chiefly for contradiction; the more he exalted the merits of his son—a youth my own age, whose personal graces might equal those of a Highland drover, and his intellectual ones, just exceed those of the animals driven—the more I strove to be unlike him; we hated each other from instinct—we could not help it.

When my uncle and cousin would return from hunting, hallooing with the hounds, I would step forth, book in hand, in my silk robe de chambre and pink slippers, and give them the softest greeting in the world; or, as it might be, asking the silliest question I could think of. When I stroked a greyhound, it was always in a kid glove; and as my uncle and cousin visited with their guns, and paid compliments in game, so my approach was always announced before-hand by perfumery, like that of a ship freighted from the spice island. The more they exalted Old England, her roast beef, her wooden walls, her sons, her sheep, her daughters, and her dogs, the more I raved about France and Italy, whither I longed to go. In fact, I was heart sick. I had been a spoiled child of the affections, and I pined after the fond attendance and gentle usage of my former home and friends. My mother's shade was continually before me. I used to lie for hours in the forest glades, watching the declining sunbeams redden the foliage of the oaks, and gleam upon their old gnarled trunks—my companion, some tale of romance, or dream of poetry, from which, ere long, my heart would steal away to muse upon past pleasures, and vent itself in tears and sighs, and vain, too vain regrets.

I corresponded with my old tutor, and that was my only comfort; but his letters did not strengthen my mind:—he sympathized with me through right and through wrong; but while blaming my uncle's

rude and ridiculous ideas of manliness, he did not warn me to avoid my equally false and ridiculous notions of refinement, neither did he blame me for my perverse and boyish affectations, assumed though they mainly were, to provoke and annoy my fox-hunting, steeple-chasing relations. His friendship was indeed self-love at second hand, but I cannot call him a true friend. Peace, however, be to his foibles, and let his amiability and kindness alone be remembered! If every man were his own historian, as well as the hero of his own history, there would be very little self-condemnation in the world; all would lay the burden of blame on the shoulders of friends and relatives: perhaps I have done this too much already. Peace, then, to the memory even of my uncle and cousin! If they tormented me, I did the same by them, and intentionally, which they did not. It is related of Burchardt, the traveller, that when detained against his will, in the house of some very sublime Turkish authority, he exerted himself to be troublesome with such success that the officer was at length thankful to let him depart whither he would. Years before Burchardt hit upon this expedient in Turkey, I had adopted it in Leicestershire, and with equally good effect: I fairly tired out my guardian, and as far as personal liberty was concerned, gained my darling point. "Go, Sir," said he, one morning, after a long and as it proved, a last altercation on the subject: "Go, Sir, and eat maccaroni, and make a fool of

yourself, and forsake the land of your fathers, her glorious constitution, and all that makes her a pride and a delight—the roast beef of Old England, and the wooden walls of Old England:—go your ways, Sir, go your ways! I see you are quite beyond the reach of reason—quite—but I and *mine*, Sir, will stay at home, and do our duty to the land we live in.” With this, my uncle rang for his horses, and rode off to serve “the land we live in,” by hunting its foxes.

There yet remained two years before I could receive the income from my estate; but my yearly allowance was handsome, and with my passive tastes, Italy, whither I was bent to go, would not ruin me. And now, my good friend Godfrey, you know all that has befallen me since, as well as I know it myself. When I came into possession of my property, I was still a voluntary exile, and such I remained for many subsequent years. Italian life completed my education as a Trifler. Italy is certainly the place where one who is such may reside longest without feeling compunction; the climate, the cities, the casinos, the luxurious forms in which nature and art both blend their influence over the senses; the total want of tone in the national and individual character of the Italians—all combine to make Sybarites of those who without a motive, or with only an indefensible one, choose that land of beauty and degradation as a *home*. But one pleasant, nay, I have many pleasant, but one worthy recollection I have of my Italian life—it was then I made your friendship. Do you re-

member the goodly long lectures you used to read me on the subject of "England expects every man to do his duty?" I am sure I remember how oddly they sounded in ears that otherwise never, by any accident, heard the word duty. Well, my dear friend, and good fellow too—at all events, I am now on English ground, and trifle in an English way; indeed, on Dr. Johnson's principle, I think I deserve well of the state, inasmuch, as to make roses grow adds more to the beauty of a country than to plant cabbages; and though he growled over Shenstone, yet was the poet a pleasant gentlemanly man withal; somewhat too self-important and melancholy for my perfect approbation; but not to be looked askance upon, even by a barrister in full practice.

"Then, if you had a son," methinks I hear you say, "you would bring him up to be just what you are?"

"Am I to answer as a man of conscience?"

"Assuredly."

"Well, then, however I may gloss over my own case and character, had I that precious deposit, a human being to educate—a child calling me father,—I would sooner see him one of Charles Lamb's 'innocent blacknesses,' a chimney sweep, than an elegant, indolent, trifle-loving Claude de Villaret!"

DIPLOMATIC REMINISCENCES.

A TALE OF THE OLD REGIME.

THAT there is

“ A tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the full, leads on to fortune,”

is an axiom, which we have on the two excellent and well-nigh synonymous authorities of experience and Shakespeare. Now he who has leaped, though with true land-lubber awkwardness, into the bark which danced invitingly on the billow to receive him—who has once seized, though with unskilful grasp, that rudder, which some rude but friendly wave soon did him the kindness of unshipping—and who has gazed, however idly and vaguely, on those fortunate isles, towards which their Goddess is, in her proverbial caprice, irresistibly wafting him, has, at least, the scanty merit of *intention* : and upon that (tallying, as it is seen to do, with the event) can generally manage to build some pretence to skill and conduct; and, if too honest to talk much of successful effort, can acquiesce pretty complacently in the character of one who has improved opportunities, and played his cards well.

But the wight who, reclining in dreamy idleness

on the brink of the wave he has never even contemplated braving, is seized by one of its unaccountable eddies, and deposited (still slumbering) on some golden shore, towards which he never so much as cast a wishful gaze, is too much bewildered by his own good fortune to claim even a mite of partnership in it, and is fairly driven to acknowledge—

“ The thing itself was neither rich nor rare,
The only wonder is, how it got there ! ”

Thus it was with a very agreeable young fellow, too open-hearted for a courtier, and too light-headed for a diplomatist, whom Fortune, in one of her seemingly step-dame humours, launched into life, most uncongenially, (shortly before the French revolution) in the *Bureau des Affaires Etrangères* at Paris. The wits of the day said the destination was an excellent one, as Count Jules de Mercœur was, and ever would remain—*Etranger aux Affaires*. Though an *Attaché*, he had certainly so little attachment for diplomacy, that but for an almost hopeless passion—rendered utterly so by his decided want of *tact* in politics—for the fair daughter of the late Prussian Ambassador at Paris, he would have long since turned his pen and portfolio into a sword and cuirass, and wooed fortune on a more congenial element.

Baron Dahlen was one of those iron-bound trading islands of the diplomatic ocean, to whose rugged bosom there is no access, save by the intricate chan-

nel of a successful negociation. If Count Jules, (spite of his younger brothership and slender fortune) could have managed to outwit him in the disposal of his daughter, she would have been his ; but then it must have been done *secundum artem*, in the way of note and protocol ; and this poor Jules knew his man too well to dream of attempting. The fair Teresa, however, was a magnet not only powerful enough to retain him within the frigid orbit of her father's pet profession, but to induce him to devote a month of precious freedom from official trammels to a wild-goose chase after the recalled and stately Plenipotentiary ; whom it surprised even Count Jules, and would have murdered the sleep of a thorough-bred diplomatist to trace, unsuspectedly, to the insignificant Court of X—.

Thither, at the headlong suggestion of love and idleness, Count Mercœur followed ; and flew, with the usual nationality of his countrymen, to claim the acquaintance of a young French Marquise, exiled, like himself, by a secret fiat of the little blind god, from their mutually beloved Paris.

By Madame de S. he was received with demonstrations of more than her wonted friendship. A private marriage, concluded under the sanction of Marie Antoinette, (to whose Court she had been attached) between this young widow and the equally youthful German Prince, (now become, by a mortality in the reigning family, heir apparent to the sovereignty of X—.) had involved the couple in a

serious dilemma, from which no interposition less powerful than the Queen's seemed likely to extricate them; and this had been promised through the medium of a daily expected confidential agent from Paris. As this agent, Count Jules (known to be well at Court) was naturally, though erroneously, hailed; and his first interview with Madame de S. was agreeably interrupted, before it was in his power to undeceive her as to the extent of his mission, by a visit from their mutual acquaintance the quondam Prussian Ambassador, and his fair daughter. When hard pressed upon this subject by the wily diplomatist (to whom, of course, he did not feel inclined to avow its connexion with his own household) Count Jules, at the risk of sinking lower than ever in the Baron's esteem, frankly communicated its ostensible design; viz. the procuring of correct German costumes for one of those splendid Court quadrilles, for which the reign of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette was so distinguished.

Poor Jules got credit, of course, for truth, from neither party. The lady thanked him, aside, for his opportune invention, and the veteran praised him openly for his improvement in diplomacy; the one trembling with a secret in possession, the other chuckling over one in prospect. The Baron, notwithstanding the specimen of dissimulation just given him by his discarded son-in-law, flattered himself with being able easily to worm from him the real end of his mission; and availed himself for the

purpose, of that most powerful of all bribes, immediate reinstatement in his own favour, and the possible future possession of his daughter's hand.

Poor Jules! who had, (like the knife-grinder), "God bless him! no story to tell!" and was, alas! too little of a diplomatist to coin one, even to earn his mistress, was saved the trouble of useless denials by the entrance of the Prince's Chamberlain, with a confidential billet from his young master, appointing a secret interview—founded, of course, on the erroneous supposition that Jules was the expected Paris negociator, destined to break to the Grand Duke the delicate affair of his nephew's private marriage!

Piqued, as Baron Dahlen felt himself, by this conviction of the impenetrability of his former pupil, it raised him immeasurably in his esteem; especially when he found that by the reckless driving so usual with the young dandies of every nation, Count Jules had given him a day's start in negociation, by managing to upset, a few miles from town, the lumbering vehicle of a Saxon envoy—whose puny mission to the Court of X—, the Prussian Plenipotentiary had deigned to digress thus far from his homeward route, to thwart and annihilate.

This mission was neither more nor less than to achieve the union of a niece of the Elector, his master, with the hereditary Prince of X—; whom Prussia, on her side, had determined to honour with the hand of a fifteenth cousin of the illustrious house

of Brandenburg. The Prince, as we have seen, was already a Benedick; but had it ever been otherwise, the chief interest either court felt in the trumpety affair of the alliance, was the coveted honour—of outwitting each other in the negotiation!

With this laudable design, both ministers made violent advances to the bewildered Jules; whose evident intimacy, ere a day had well elapsed, with the heir apparent, and rapid favour (the result of his gay, undesigning manners, and uncourtier-like frankness) with the reigning Duke, impressed them both with the importance of his good offices.

These, however, were soon exerted very impartially indeed, but little to the taste or expectations of either. A report had reached the *Marquise*, (tremblingly alive, as she well might be, to aught that seemed inimical to the Duke's acknowledgment of her marriage) that two magnificent jewelled miniatures had been seen in her husband's possession; and in a fit of pretended jealousy, but real anxiety respecting the originals, she had importuned the Prince to let her have a sight of them. No one appeared to the fond bridegroom so proper to be intrusted with their delivery as Count Jules—already deep in his wife's confidence, and *au fait*, (as he imagined) before quitting France, in every circumstance of their clandestine connexion. Under this impression, he merely hastily consigned to him the pictures; leaving their disposal to his own penetration.

They were still in the pocket of the sorely puzzled diplomatist, *malgré lui*, when his perplexity found relief, in a momentary interview in an ante-room, at the court ball of the evening, with his amiable and ingenuous Prussian flame; who, having a mortal antipathy for the restraints and punctilios of a profession, his inaptitude for which had once cost her a favourite lover, viewed with a strange mixture of regret that apparent proficiency, under which her father's heart was evidently softening. But though herself no diplomatist, she could throw light on the subject of the portraits,—in one of which she recognized her own King's cousin, while the other she naturally concluded to be the Saxon princess, about whom she had heard the rival minister conversing with her father. As, however, neither she, nor our *Chargé d'Affaires* was the least in the secret of the matrimonial designs of either princess, or the heir apparent of X—; nothing, it occurred to their wise heads, could be intended by the deposit, but a transfer of the royal likenesses (doubtless as a delicate token of esteem from the Grand Duke) to their respective ambassadors. This idea, matured during the progress of a *polonaise*, was put in execution at its close, by Teresa towards her own father, and by Count Jules to the enraged Envoy of Saxony.

The consequences of this *cavalier* restitution may be better imagined than described. The foaming ambassadors demanded audiences of leave, in which they threatened the poor Grand Duke (a good easy

man) with the displeasure of their rival courts in terms which, however, convinced him that if each could back out with honour, and especially without advantage to the enemy—the nuptials of His Serene Highness of X—— would not materially endanger the peace of Europe.

Just as Count Jules,—taken fairly to the arms and heart of Baron Dahlen, for sending off the *Saxon* at least with a flea in his ear,—nay, for breaking off *both* matches with such incredible adroitness—was exulting in a favour he had blundered upon to his own utter astonishment, he was snatched from his fool's paradise by a peremptory summons from the Grand Duke; who, reproaching him very naturally with abusing his influence over his nephew, by abetting him in affronting two formidable powers, commanded him to repair the mischief, as far as possible, by prevailing on the young man to soften the indignity by contracting, or what would be still better, *avowing* another marriage—no matter almost with whom—immediately.

This, poor Jules (who in the simplicity of his heart, had taken for gospel all the Prince's public professions of disinclination for wedlock, and knew no more of his private marriage than the child unborn) utterly despaired of accomplishing; and was not a little surprised and relieved by the desperate alacrity with which his friend Madame de S. undertook, not only the conversion to matrimony of the refractory Benedick, but the announcement of his sudden choice to the Grand Duke!

The event was too opportune as a peace offering, to be met with disapprobation; and a marriage which, under other circumstances, would have been unceremoniously annulled, was ostentatiously acknowledged by the relieved uncle; while our friend Jules, loaded with caresses by the young couple for getting the Duke to confirm a marriage, (which he, in his sleeve, looked upon as a clever hoax, got up for the occasion) loaded with more substantial proofs of regard from both parties—importuned for a true version of his negotiation (as matter of future history) by the baffled but admiring Saxon Envoy, and adopted as a son-in-law with undissembled pride and exultation by the thoroughly outwitted Baron Dahlen—looked forward, next to the possession of Teresa, as not the least delightful part of the honour that awaited him in the official insertion of his diplomatic exploits in the Court Gazette—to the knowledge he should thus, for the first time, acquire of their nature and extent.

This whimsical, but veracious history may be ended, as it begun,—by another axiom from ‘glorious Will.’

“Some are born to greatness—some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.”

Of the latter number was surely our friend Count Jules de Mercœur—who, stumbling blindfold into a political maze of which he knew nothing—by a few wise looks and broken sentences, the mistakes of

others, and an egregious, but fortunate blunder of his own—made and unmade royal marriages, embroiled and pacified kingdoms, secured the friendship of two generations of princes, and acquired, with a rich and beautiful bride, a shadowy reputation for diplomacy, the first use he made of which was to abjure the substance for ever.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

ENGLAND, farewell! we quit thee, never more
To drink thy dewy light, or hear the thrush
Sing to thyfountain'd vales. Farewell! thy shore
Sinks—it is gone; and in our souls the rush
Of billows soundeth, like the crash and crush
Of hope and life. No land! all sky and sea!
For ever, then, farewell! But may we blush
To hear thy language, if thy wrongs or thee
Our hearts forget, where screams o'er rock and tree
The Washington eagle!—In our prayers,
If we forget thy wrongers, may we be
Vile as their virtues, hopeless as their heirs,
And sires of sons whom scorn shall nickname theirs!
And to such wolves leave we our country?—Oh!
The wretch that quits thee, even in hope, despairs!
Yet from our fathers' graves thy children go,
To manless wilds where nameless rivers flow,
Lest, when our children pass our graves, they hear
The clank of chains, and shrieks of servile woe,
From coward bones, that, e'en though lifeless, fear
Cold Rapine's icy fang—cold Havock's dastard spear!—

A TOURIST'S REMEMBRANCES.

EARLY on a fine summer morning, I took my departure from the golden lion, an inn, situated near the *Portelette*, and leaving behind me the road to Paris and the Faubourg St. Giles, I entered Abbeville.

There, as in every ancient town situated in a valley, I found the streets dirty, narrow, and winding. Some brick and stone buildings of modern construction, scattered here and there, form a disagreeable contrast with the old wooden houses. The *Rue St. Giles*, however, the approach to the *Marché au Blé*, the *Rue St. Jacques*, the *Rue de Locques*, and the avenue leading to the College, have a better appearance; being more open and chiefly modern.

The river Somme separates Abbeville into two parts, and dividing itself into several branches, forms three islands, on which a great number of mills and factories have been built at various periods; one of the principal establishments of that kind is a woollen manufactory, erected in 1665. The river, which is navigable, and rises at least six feet at the flowing of each tide, enables the inhabitants, in number about 14,000, to carry on a good trade, consisting chiefly in sail cloth, coarse linens, and black and green soap.

Having obtained leave to enter Abbeville earlier than the regular hour for drawing up the bridges and opening the gates, which in fortified towns is a great favour, I could see the outlines of the whole to advantage, and take notes of my undisturbed remarks as I proceeded.

All was still around me; nothing was heard but the steps of the sentinels near the gates, and in the neighbourhood of the barracks. I traversed several streets, crossed the Red Bridge, passed by several churches, amongst which I particularly noticed St. George and St. Giles as being kept in tolerable order. I learned afterwards that the town contained formerly fourteen, which, with the exception of the two I have just named, and the Cathedral, are allowed to fall into ruins; one has become an arsenal; another a store-house for hay and corn; a third is used as a riding school; in a fourth birds build their nests, and adders find a refuge; around the mouldering stones strewed on the place where stood a fifth, cattle search for pasture.

I crossed the New Bridge, near which I saw two boatmen preparing for their work of the day; then entering a narrow street between some old wooden houses, I endeavoured to obtain a sight of the Cathedral. This most beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture is unfortunately surrounded by high buildings and narrow streets, which conceal it entirely from the eye. It has a fine front, with two towers, and numberless niches and statues, the

whole, or at least the west front, and part of the south side, much resembling in appearance the church of Notre Dame, at Paris. This front displays a grand entrance composed of three arched porches, richly ornamented and having spires, the middle one exceeding the other two in beauty, size, and boldness of construction. These are surmounted by a light balustrade, behind which, arises, flanked by slender and ornamental buttresses, the main body of the front with its two massive towers; in the centre of this is a large and elegant window, the upper part being like a rose, over which is a shrine-like ornament containing small figures or corbels, having a cross on the summit. The sides of the towers are not ornamented in so good a taste as the rest of the front. These, and two small round towers with vanes terminating spirally, crown the whole of the front. The mass of buildings heaped around the Cathedral, conceals the south-side, which, though visibly inferior to the west front, offers nothing in derogation of its conformity with the other parts of the edifice.

The silvery sound of the morning bell announced the opening of the gates. In rushed the inhabitants of the suburbs and surrounding villages: the shops opened, busy life began its noisy course. I walked on, and leaving Abbeville by the Porte-au-bois, I went up Mont Caubert, from the top of which I could enjoy the panoramic view of the town and neighbouring country unfolding around me; and

contemplate, in all his majesty, the Sun, as, from the place where I stood, he appeared to ascend behind the cathedral, darting rays of twinkling light through the corbels of the towers.

The scene was beautiful beyond description; at my feet were the verdant meadows, and silent abode of the dead; the winding Somme stopping her course before the advancing tide, and slowly swelling her brilliant waters, in which I saw reflected the war-defying ramparts and bastions of the maiden city. Eastward, the golden crops gently undulated by the morning breeze. Westward, the British Channel expanding beyond St. Valery like a sheet of silver.

This spot, said I, has not always appeared as it now does. Of yore, this city existed not; even its name has not been known to the Druids, who in yonder forest sung the high deeds of Gaul.

How many times have men changed the name of this river! And the name of the town moreover has its many legends.

It is said, that one night a Roman chief had wandered from the camp traced at Mount Caubert, and lost his way in the woody valley on the left bank of the Samora, where he was met by a young girl whose parents had been massacred, and whose dwelling-place had been burnt by the Romans. In the agony of despair she had fled to the woods; where the love of life common to every animal of the creation, being stronger than her despair, she supported herself by eating a kind of tender milky

herb, the taste of which is sweet and delicate, but its moisture leaves a black, sickly tinge upon the lips. The children in the *Departements du Nord du pas de Calais* and *de la Somme* are often seen crossing the meadows in search of this plant, which they seem to relish. They call it *Cras-Mouton*. The Roman chief felt pity at the sight of the girl, who perhaps was handsome and of gentle manners; touched by her misfortune, he approached her kindly, attempted to comfort her, and promised her relief if she would shew him the way out of the wood. The young orphan, who could not believe that sympathy was to be found in a Roman heart, was, (to use her own word) '*Abbas*' meaning in the language of the time, struck with astonishment.

She became the wife of her protector, who built himself a house on the very spot where he had met with the *Abbays* woman, and called it *Abbays-villa*.

The Romans, however, were afterwards vanquished: they disappeared, and with them vanished their language and their bacchanalian gods.

The dawn of Christianity shone upon Gaul. From the words *abbateis*, *abbatis*—destruction, carnage, was formed the word *abbat* or *abba*—destroyer; which the primitive introducers of the christian religion in Europe assumed as their name, meaning that they destroyed paganism. The people of the north and of the south, not pronouncing the *a* and *t* in the same manner, the word was variously spelt, *abbat*, *abad*, *abba*, *abbot*, *abbé*. In France the latter

prevailed. The title of Abbé, derived from a very different source, was afterwards assigned only to the chief or leader of a christian society, the discipline and character of which varied with times and circumstances. About the year 500, an Abbé taking it for granted that Abbays-villa could have no other meaning than the country-residence of the Abbé, took possession of it, and there established a convent, around which, owing to its situation near a river, houses were built and streets formed. The place having improved progressively as the population increased, became a little town, which took its name from the *Abbé-villa*. Between the years 950 and 987, before the reign of Hugues Capet, when the nation at large infinitely multiplied, enriched, and enjoying more tranquillity, could no longer be satisfied with the Roman language—when the Troubadours in the south, and the Trouvères in the north, marked the separation, not only between the dead and modern languages, but also between the language of Gaul and that of Italy, Abbe-villa was called Abbe-ville.

It would be unjust to attribute the building of the Cathedral to one man. It was the work of a zealous and religious community.

The fortifications were begun under Hugues Capet and finished under Henry the fourth; their construction is connected with two very interesting epochs of history.

In France, under the second race of Kings, the

Carlovingians, a feudal government independant of royal authority, and even opposed to it, had been gradually established. Historians who have written since the year 1000, in the attempt to enforce the system of legitimacy, have gradually added a link to the chain of the ancestors of Hugues Capet, thus endeavouring to prove his right to the crown of France. But like the founders of many legitimate dynasties, Hugues Capet was an usurper. In the annals of the year 986, we read, "Lothair is but the nominal king of France; Hugues, without the title of king, reigns effectively!" And again, "A great affair is secretly going on;" and the great affair was the usurpation of Hugues Capet; fully proved by the historian, Gervasius Tillburiensis, in his work, *de Otii Imper*, T. ix. p. 45, where he states "that Queen Blanche, in the interest of Hugues Capet, whom she afterwards married, poisoned her lord and husband!" The founder of the Capetian race, was, however, crowned at Rheims in 987, and after a war of opposition which most new governments must sustain, and in which he was far from being uniformly successful, he always endeavoured to strengthen his throne by adding as much as he could to the appendages of the crown. In Picardy he encountered great opposition from the Counts of Vermandois, then feudal proprietors of that part of the country, and finding that by its situation on each side of the river, Abbeville would afford him the means of rushing at pleasure upon the property

of the Counts, he fortified it, and rendered it, at least, a barrier against the encroachments of the Picard lords.

At a later period, when another branch of the legitimate tree attained supreme power—when the first Bourbon (whom Voltaire, in his *Henriade*, calls “the hero who reigned over France, both by right of conquest and by right of birth, the conqueror and father of his subjects”) had, for a sceptre, become a renegado (an error that two passions only, love or ambition, can induce man to commit,) in 1597, when the catholics of France, aided by the Spaniards, fought against Henry IV.—whilst the new king was enjoying, in Paris, the multiform pleasures of luxury—it was announced, that on the 11th of March, Hernara Teillo de Porto Carrero, a Spanish chief, (the Spaniards have always had many names,) had caused some of his soldiers to be disguised as peasants, and had sent them to Amiens with a cart full of vegetables, fruits, &c. for the market. Arrived at the gate, they had obstructed the passage, under some pretence of accident: and allowing some sacks, filled with walnuts, to fall open, had occupied the guards, who amused themselves with picking up the nuts, and laughing heartily at the poor peasants’ apparent distress. In the mean time, however, a Spanish regiment, concealed in the neighbourhood, had rushed upon the unguarded drawbridge: their success was complete, and the important town of Amiens in their power. To prevent the recurrence

of similar deceptions, Henry left Paris—hastened to lay siege to Amiens; whilst Sully, with his usual activity, provided Arras with a good garrison, and made a *point d'appui* of Abbeville; the fortifications of which were then considerably improved.

Thus had I retraced to myself the history of the town before me, and was casting a farewell glance on the banks of the Somme, along which I fancied I saw the amiable poet Gresset, in one of his poetical rambles, composing his immortal poem of *Vert-Vert*. My eyes again met with the field of peace. There is something touching connected with the sight of a French church-yard. Before the introduction of Christianity, the inhabitants buried their dead in a field celebrated for some victory; since, their attachment to the Gospel made them wish to build their dwellings as near as possible to the places where it was preached to them, and at their departure from this world, their mortal remains were interred in or around a church. For the sake of health, however, the French now select an inclosure in the vicinity of their town.

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THE RUINS OF TRIONTO.

BY THE EDITOR.

ON one of the rugged precipices of the lower Alps, and towards the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, stands the ruins of Trionto, or Tirement Castle; and throughout the wild scenery which these regions possess there is no place exhibits such a scene of desolate grandeur, or is so terrific in its effect on the mind. Viewed from the rising grounds that skirt the narrow defile leading through a wood, in which the immense trees appear coeval with the creation, the proud remains of this building yet seem to bid defiance to all the warring of the elements, or the ravages of time; and the stupendous cliffs beyond it, whose summits are obscured by the clouds, seem formed as a natural barrier for its defence;—but it has fallen—it crumbles to dust—and all around it presents only one wide scene of blighted nature and universal destruction. Its massive towers no longer hold the retainers of its mighty lords—its walls no longer give shelter and security to a rustic population, that prospered under the good government of its possessors—its halls have none of that chivalrous enchantment that graced a feudal age,—no superb pageant now approaches its gates,—no





minstrel or pilgrim cheers the inmates with song or tale of holyland—its chapel is desecrated, the tombs of its former lords which blazoned forth their many generations, are destroyed;—in the tower where the matin bell was wont to chime, the owl nurses her brood—in its keep the eagle builds her nest—the hoarse croak of the raven resounds through its chambers—the bats flit undisturbed through its quadrangles, and large spiders spread their nets from pillar to pillar in its marbled chapel; and all this was the work of a friend, who had seduced its last possessor, the noble Count Carassini, to every scene of dissipation, and who wrought the destruction of his only daughter and her noble lover by his demoniac power and mystic incantations.

The Count Carassini inherited, through a long line of illustrious ancestors, the immense possessions and wealth of his family, but, unlike them, he maintained not their magnificence on their own domains, he sought the gaities of Florence to display his grandeur, and enjoy those scenes of festivity which he deemed happiness, and which terminated in his utter ruin.

A stranger had there introduced himself into his confidence, had administered to all those evil passions, that were yet in embryo in the Count's mind, and introduced him as a victim to sharpers, who plundered him in every way: yet, while he had thus wound himself round the heart of the Count, he had shrouded himself in mystery. The

noble families of Florence received him as if by common consent, and he appeared to possess such blandishments and universal knowledge, even of their secrets, that he was ever a welcome visitor;—yet none knew his family or connexions, scarcely his residence, nor when he had arrived there, or when he would depart.

From this city the Count was compelled to retire reduced to a situation, which, compared with his former affluence, was abject penury, but the infatuation he had for this stranger, was as strong as ever, and he received an invitation to make the castle his home, whenever he might find it agreeable.

Long and in vain had the amiable Countess of Carassini entreated his return, and remonstrated with him upon his vicious and delusive career of dissipation, and he now beheld the partner of his heart, she who in days when his innocence was uncorrupted, and his possessions unimpaired, he led to the holy altar, in all the rich magnificence of the noble house of Carassini; and there vowed to love, cherish, and protect her; he now beheld her sink into the silent grave,—and he attended the mournful funeral, and saw the Countess consigned to the last refuge of the weary sufferer—the tomb; and one deep-drawn sigh, which at that moment burst from his agonized heart, alone testified the nature of his intense reflections;—but the dark vision soon vanished from before his eyes—the cup of deceptive joy was again quaffed to still the

throbs of conscience, and the memory of the departed soon became lost in the gay stream of enjoyment into which, reckless and unheeding, the misguided Carassini plunged. Two children mourned the errors of their parent, two young and lovely daughters: the eldest, Julia, destined to inherit what little of the family possessions that might remain, when the victim of error should follow his broken-hearted Countess to the tomb, was educated in a manner such as befitted the heiress of her noble family; but Rosalie, in order to render the fortune of her sister more worthy of her name, was placed, at a very early age, in the convent of St. Ursula, preparatory to the ceremony of taking the veil, to which she was destined. Julia, however, did not long survive her parent, and Rosalie, in consequence, was immediately recalled from the Convent, in order to assume the situation of her lamented sister.

The disposition of Rosalie had but ill-assorted with the gloom and dreary aspects of the Convent, which for seven years had been her prison-house, throwing a dark veil over the bright conceptions of her ardent mind, which, even at so early an age, began to manifest itself in those little betrayals, which so often burst unconsciously from the young mind in animated expression. But the blossoms of Rosalie's spirit were destined to be blighted and obscured; the world, which she was born to ornament and honour, was closed to her for ever;

the dark walls of a convent, secluding her from the pleasures of society, for the purpose of concealing, in a limited degree, the extravagance and dissipation of her parent,—that parent, who, to aggrandize his eldest child, condemned the younger one to a situation little better than a living grave. The bar to Rosalie's admission to the world, was now however removed, and a magnificent festival given by the Count de Carassini, welcomed the second birth of his, now, only child.

Enthusiasm was the prevailing feature of Rosalie's character; unused to the ways of the world, her ideas were all directed to perfect bliss, and every expansion of her mind—all that she saw—all that she heard—all that she felt, gave to her imagination rapturous felicity in their varied enjoyment.

Never had the Castle of Trionto been the scene of greater festivity :—the nobles of the surrounding domains appeared in all their splendour, the wealthy and powerful of Florence visited the Count to witness this last display of his departing greatness, and to welcome the beauteous Rosalie to the radiant world. Happiness and hilarity beamed from every eye; but to no heart did the rapturous scene offer more felicity than to that of Rosalie, who, surrounded by the beautiful and young, drank inspiration from the gushing fount of joy, and in her little paradise enjoyed the bliss of all her fairy dreams. With rapture she beheld the merry girls, swimming along in the giddy dance, their bright auburn hair floating

in the wind, or their raven tresses, studded with white and shining pearls, falling in clustering curls along their fair necks, and reposing upon bosoms as white and pure as alabaster; with the happy youths, also, redolent of smiles and joyfulness, participating in the general festival.

Among the visitors at the Castle, a strange looking man in the garb of a pilgrim appeared; his arrival had been noticed by the vassals, who remarked that as he passed a rude stone cross erected by the peasantry at the entrance of the gorge of the mountain to protect them from the influence of evil spirits, he neglected the usual devotion. A strange feeling pervaded the company as he approached; and though they could not but admire the pleasant joyousness of his general demeanour, yet the malignant glances of his large dark eyes, which, with peculiar earnestness, he directed upon all around, awakened sensations of awe and even terror. It was evident that the gaiety of the stranger was forced, and that the rich smiles which pervaded his cheeks, were excited by no corresponding feeling of his heart, for at a moment of incaution, while witnessing the amusements, a deep sigh broke from his lips, and he hastily averted his glance from a sight which seemed to awaken fatal recollections. This circumstance, though noticed by the assemblage, was altogether unheeded. He soon joined some minstrels, and by the brilliancy of his voice gave the utmost effect to their lays, which were national songs of *love*, and

engaged the deep attention of Rosalie; it was a theme the guileless maiden had no tangible idea of; true, that her heart had whispered some light thoughts upon that one, that deep, controlling power; but dispossessed of any means whereby the secret springs of feeling might be wakened from their latent trance, thought lived but in vague and wavering ideas; with admiration, therefore, Rosalie listened to the minstrel's song, with breathless earnestness, she drank each word of the beautiful melody; and a warm blush, deep as the rose-dye, when the fair flower first opes its leaves to the sun's light, and with its virgin bashfulness invites the day-god's kiss, suffused her delicate cheeks, as the new and rapturous idea gushed with its full richness upon her soul!

The sounds of the song died away in the distance, as the minstrels retired to a different part, and Rosalie was left alone on the spot whereon her new ideas were wakened; the words of the melody still murmuring on her heart. The innocent girl trembled lest some penetrating eye might interpret in her face the burning secret of her brain; a natural bower formed among some majestic pines concealed her, and there she remained for some time meditating upon her intense and newly acquired feelings.

Apprehensive that she might be sought for by her father's guests, Rosalie was upon the point of quitting the spot, when her glance fell upon a face that through the thick branches of the pine trees, gazed upon her with the most devout and fixed attention;

"Pardon me, beauteous lady," exclaimed the young and nobly clad cavalier, as he bent in respectful homage, "if I have created any alarm in your gentle bosom: deep admiration and most reverend regard must alone be my apology."

"Retain your fair apologies," replied the lovely Rosalie, with a bewitching smile, "till circumstances demand them; surprised I may indeed have been, offended I am not, except indeed I give a passing frown to flattering compliments."

"Oh, thou art all goodness, all perfection! Dare I, gentle lady, presume so far as to request one short one trifling moment's kind attention?"

"What mean you, Sir?"

"Dare I enquire, and yet I tremble at the question, lest my young hopes may all be blighted; dare I presume to ask if any happy cavalier is blest with your regard?"

Rosalie glanced with fear and hesitation at the stranger, her young heart throbbed wildly as the new sensations, rapidly succeeding each other, thrilled through her agitated frame.

"Your silence, beauteous lady, encourages me to hope your heart is not engaged; and may I humbly dare to offer my addresses, unworthy as they may be? Yet though I own unequal to thy matchless virtues, I proffer you a heart, whose thoughts are virtuous and honest, and whose first awakened impulse now throbs for you."

Struck with the mild and gentle supplications of

the stranger, the susceptible heart of Rosalie felt a secret prepossession in his favour; yet the strange feeling was so new, so undefined, she trembled lest it might be wrong to sanction such ideas or such converse; and in a gentle tone she spoke: "I am unwilling to offend any of my father's friends, yet I am quite a stranger to such language as you would have me listen to; forgive me, then, if with the acknowledgement of friendly interest and regard, I beg to waive our present conversation."

"Amiable innocence," exclaimed the happy Lorenzo, "far be it from me to urge a subject, ne'er awakened in your heart,—but may I hope——?"

"All of us live in hope," replied Rosalie, with a smile.

"Then I am happy!" Allow me to conduct you to our friends; at a more seeming time I will presume to speak again upon my love!"

Rosalie gave her hand to the stranger, with all the simplicity of artless innocence, pure in itself, and viewing nought but purity in others; they joined the company that were participating in the pleasures of the festival, and she hung delighted upon the arm of her lover, when her eyes fell upon the person of her father, whom, for the first time in her life, she seemed to tremble at the meeting with.

The Count beheld his daughter with surprise, reclining upon Lorenzo's arm, and glancing sternly at the maiden, the terrified girl instantly cast down her head abashed, fearful of some impropriety, yet

confident of her own integrity and innocence of heart. In silence Carassini withdrew his daughter's hand from that of her lover, and immediately presenting it to the pilgrim-minstrel, said,

"Rosalie, my child, this happy day is destined to behold two blest events; it welcomes thee once more to the bright world which thou wast born to ornament and honor, and it shall also witness the nuptial union to which I've pledged my life and my honor.

There was a melancholy earnestness about the latter words of the Count, in unison with the almost stifled sigh which rapidly succeeded them: but ere the astonished girl could reply to the stern mandate of her father, Lorenzo ventured to interpose, acknowledging the passion that he felt for Rosalie, and humbly soliciting her hand.

"Son of the venerable Vicenza," replied the Count, "long hath that respected name ranked in the foremost list of Carassini's friends, and had my honour not been pledged, I should have felt most happy in your favour; but now," mournfully continued he, "*it must not, it cannot be!*" when instantly placing the trembling hand of Rosalie in that of her destined lord, who seemed to glance maliciously at the desponding lover, he instantly hurried them into the castle, where the contract of their union was destined to be made.

The company had separated, and stillness and silence reigned throughout the spot where merriment and joy had held their uncontrolled and unmolested reign; the blaze of the lights were extinguished, and the pale moon threw her cold and

silvery glances over the dark towers and embattled walls of the castle. Rosalie was alone in her chamber, meditating upon the varied incidents of the preceding day. She had spurned the idea of allying herself with Manfredoni. Sympathy had begun the work of *love* in Rosalie's heart, which enthusiasm now completed; her thoughts burned with the deepest passion for Lorenzo, and with a stern and steadfast resolution, she had given a positive rejection to her father's entreaties.

The voice of the Count was heard at the chamber door of Rosalie, and in a moment he rushed into the apartment, when, throwing himself wildly into a chair, he exclaimed in an agonized voice, "Rosalie, my child, I am reduced to beggary and ruin! This hated day has placed me wholly in the power of my fell-destroyer, that fiend, the villain Manfredoni! All my wealth, my vast possessions, fettered and mortgaged, fall instantly into his possessions, unless you yield your hand! Oh! Rosalie, my fate is in your hands; I hate the villain—yet, yet my child must be the sacrifice—Heaven knows how great!"

"Father—dearest father," rejoined the trembling Rosalie, "you do not mean to force me to an union which my heart abhors. I tremble at his sight; his looks are wild and fearful:—Oh! do not, dearest father, do not sacrifice me thus!"

"There's no alternative, my child!" replied the agonized parent. "Already has the villain dared to spread the tidings of my ruin: the youth Lorenzo and his aged sire have come to proffer me a kind

asylum—can I accept it?—be a dependant on the bounty of a man once my *inferior*! Oh! never, never, Rosalie, will my proud soul stoop to such mean abjection.”

“And has the strange youth thus kindly been? Dearest father, little as I am acquainted with the world, inexperienced as I am, my heart tells me, there would be far greater honor in yielding to the benevolent offers of your venerable friend, than in the sacrifice of your loved child; and to a villain, for such I know is Manfredoni’s heir.”

“He has threatened vengeance upon the luckless youth Lorenzo, for daring but to interpose his suit; that youth is in possession of a secret, upon which hangs some hidden mystery; Manfredoni seeks his life,—Heaven knows, my child, unless you yield to him your hand, to what extent his vengeance may lead him.”

Rosalie had not time to reply to the observation of her father, ere a summons came for him to attend Manfredoni in his chamber; he instantly quitted the sorrowing girl, and proceeded, apparently spell-bound, to an interview that he felt would terminate the glory of his house—his honour, and perhaps his life. His agitation was great—his knees trembled—and his tongue faltered, as he was compelled to make known his daughter’s fixed determination against Manfredoni’s suit. Rage sparkled in his eyes; a demonical grin sat on his countenance, and starting from his seat without uttering a word, he plunged a

concealed dagger to the heart of the Count, who fell dead at his feet;—a wild yell of triumph was shouted forth by Manfredoni, and he instantly fled, but how he quitted the castle is unknown.

Rosalie, during this interview, had quitted her chamber, and with noiseless steps bent her way to the lonely spot, in which the latent energies of her heart were first awakened to love's wild impulse, and which now dwelt upon the one dear object with rapturous and deep enthusiasm; upon that object which seemed alone, and isolated in the world, like the moon in the heavens, but one of its kind, and only **ONE!** Upon that beloved object, absorbing as it did all her visions, thoughts, and aspirations, which seemed like a spirit of purity, hallowing and endearing the paths of her existence! This she felt to be the firm reality of her being, all the rest seemed nothing. Such were the thoughts of the enthusiast. She stopped—she fancied that a sigh floated upon her ear from its recess; with trembling fear she hesitated, and stooped to listen, but all was still and silent. Rosalie was not timid, for superstition had never entered her mind; and well she knew that such an aspiration could not have been breathed from any one who harboured wicked motives; she was close upon the entrance of the bower, and was hesitating whether to advance or to recede, when a rustling noise was heard among the leaves which gathered above her head, and instantly a young and beautiful dove fell dead upon the ground at her feet.

Rosalie was startled at such an ominous appearance, and stooping to take up the bird, she felt a deep glow of warmth about its heart, but the dove was wholly lifeless; a sigh breathed from her lips as she seemed to anticipate some fatal circumstance, and instantly another sigh was echoed from the bower, quickly followed by her own name, breathed in a soft and gentle murmur! The voice was not unknown to her—it reminded her of a moment of gushing ecstasy never to be forgotten, and instantly rushing into the bower, the enthusiastic girl fell in tears upon the bosom of Lorenzo!

It was he, indeed, who, unable to quit the spot where Rosalie first broke upon his view, and which her lovely image still seemed to haunt, was meditating upon his blighted hopes, in the bower wherein they were first excited. The joy of the lovers was too great for words, their sorrows were all forgotten in the rapture of the meeting, and glances, fervent and expressive, mingling with their joy tears, alone spoke the ecstasy each felt. At length, the knowledge of how soon necessity would compel them to part, and perhaps for ever, rushed across the mind of Rosalie; when, clinging to her lover's bosom, she exclaimed,

"Must, must we part?—And that for ever! Oh, no, I feel my heart would burst in the dread pangs of separation."

"Cruel necessity compels the painful act, unless, dear girl, thou wilt consent to fly with me to the asylum of my father's halls."

“Oh, that asylum has been proffered, and disdainfully refused!”

“Yes, yes,” replied Lorenzo, “to shield thy parent from the villainy of the fiend, the monster Manfredoni, who conspired to plunge thy parent into ruin. He hates me, for he knows that I possess the knowledge of the arts which he has used, and which this day I have revealed to the high tribunal of justice: and thy father’s ruin will be sealed, unless my soul’s adored will pay the penalty demanded.”

“Never, never! By you, Lorenzo, were the first thoughts of love awakened in this bosom, and I fear not to confess, that since that happy moment, thou hast been to me the sole idea whereon my burning thoughts have dwelt, and dwelt alone in rapturous ecstasy. Till that blest moment I had dreamed of love but as a pure, immortal essence, reserved alone for those good spirits that inhabit regions of eternal bliss,—nor thought I any human creature could possess its pure ethereal feeling; imagine then the gushing rapture which I felt when the great truth broke on my burning brain,—when the new thoughts suffused my heart with all their heavenly inspiration, and judge from thence my truth, my constancy, my *love*!”

“Amiable girl!” cried the enraptured lover, as he clasped the enthusiast fondly to his bosom, “rather let me die than live without thee!”

“Oh! could I live without thee, Lorenzo?” exclaimed the innocent girl. “No, no, thou hast be-

come a portion of my hope, my happiness, my life ! I live but for thee *alone*, and rather could I die upon thy bosom, love, than live for any other ! From my earliest infancy I have ever clung with deathless ardour to each object that to me brought pleasure and delight, and will my nature fail when all my hopes and all my feelings, fixed and constantly repose on one deep, powerful, and new-inspired passion, beneath whose influence I may perish, but never prove unkind ?”

“ Could we but induce thy father to postpone this hurried marriage, until I could, before the world, make manifest the villainies of Manfredoni, our loves might meet their best reward, whilst ruin seized the villain ——.”

At this moment loud shouts disturbed the lovers ; all the inmates of the castle appeared roused from their slumber, lights were moving in every direction, centinels posted themselves at the gates, and the utmost confusion prevailed ; the murdered body of the Count had been discovered, the dagger bore the name of Manfredino, surrounded by cabanistical signs, and thus furnished the household a clue to the perpetrator of this deplorable catastrophe.

The sudden effect of the intelligence upon Rosalie was such as her delicate frame could not withstand ! she was conveyed to her chamber in a state of insensibility ; and Lorenzo tendered his assistance to discover the assassin, and arrange the funeral of the departed Count. His efforts to trace the murderer

were fruitless ; and in due time the body was deposited in the chapel, with the appropriate honour to his rank, attended by Lorenzo and his father, and a numerous train of friends, vassals, and retainers.

An investigation into the affairs of the late Count shewed clearly the dissipated course he had pursued, and his consequent ruin. Manfredoni had advanced him large sums—had taken his property as pledges thereon—had bound him by the most solemn compacts to fulfil his promises to devote his daughter to his embraces—and even to sacrifice his life in a case of failure of their agreement; so that Lorenzo and Rosalie found no home was left to her—the prospects of grandeur were faded for ever—the friends of her father shunned her, and she was, strictly speaking, an outcast on the world—or—the slave of a demon.

In this dilemma what course could be adopted ? her servants dispersed, and her vassals obeyed the behests of Manfredoni : she therefore joyfully accepted, under the influence of love, the offer of Lorenzo and his sire to make their castle her home. Here Lorenzo sought every opportunity of declaring his passion, of soothing the agony of her heart, and imploring her to unite their destinies by a union that might realize their fondest ideas of happiness. Nor were his desires unheeded, and a time was named for their marriage.

While our lovers were thus anticipating their future bliss, those who were interested in their welfare

were not unheedful of the attention due to the Castle of Trionto; and it was a matter of great surprise that no one on the part of Manfredoni claimed an ownership to the domain, and although he was denounced as the murderer of the Count, still his agents had the right of possession; but it remained unoccupied, and gradually decaying.

Under these circumstances, it was determined that they should return thereto, and, if any arrangement could be effected, remain therein.

There had arrived at the castle of Lorenzo's parent, some time previous to this arrangement, a man who by his versatile abilities, had rendered himself useful in the establishment; had proved himself worthy of various matters entrusted to him, and had in many ways ingratiated himself in their esteem; fearless in his behaviour, manly in his appearance, and possessed of much bravery, he was selected as their guide.

The happy party set out upon their progress through the dangerous road, traversing paths through clumps of tall majestic pines, and wide-spreading larches, whose broad branches swooned wildly in the wind, but their sound wholly absorbed and lost in the rapid gushing of a mountain torrent, falling over crags and precipices in its progress, and throwing its white and sparkling foam upon the indistinct paths which the travellers trod, until they arrived at a beautiful little valley, replete with verdure and green herbage, affording a bright contrast to the

dreary region from which they had just emerged; the sun beamed cheerfully upon the route of the lovers; and upon this spot, where neither foaming river nor roaring torrent interrupted the stillness and beauty of the scene, he chose to part from his beloved Rosalie, and confide her to the care of their guide, while he procured such legal attendance as might ensure their success.

For some time Rosalie and her guide continued their way in silence, her beautiful face suffused in tears, and his countenance assuming a most malignant aspect: glancing his basilisk's eyes upon her, and his whole heart apparently big with some important subject, he thus addressed her:—

“Restrain those tears; so fair a face was never meant to be thus sullied; cheer up, thy lover will return alive and well. But what, if not?—we must resign ourselves to Fate's decrees, and what it wills, submit to!”

“What mean those ominous words?” immediately enquired the terrified girl.

“Be not alarmed, sweet Rosalie; I mean, that if thy lover never should return, there may be others in the world that would esteem thee—*love thee*.

“Those words are dark and fearful: there is a wildness in your looks I cannot comprehend,—tell me what means this mystery?”

“That if that being who hath sworn to love and cherish thee through life, should have that life demanded at this hour, that *I*, Rosalie, would supply

his place, and love thee with all the gushing rapture of unfeigned regard !" and he pressed the trembling hand of the maiden to his lips, imprinting burning kisses thereupon. The girl was affrighted—the gloom of the thick larch group which they had just entered, threw additional fears upon her mind, and shrinking from his grasp, she falteringly ejaculated, "What, oh what may this conduct mean?" The fixed features of the guide remained unmoved, and gazing upon the terrified girl with the same mysterious demeanour, he exclaimed—

"Your spirits are sad and drooping,—I would reveal to thee a circumstance important to thy welfare—to thy happiness; so transient, too, that if this moment passes, and the secret unrevealed, increasing anguish is thy destined lot through all life's pilgrimage ! But no matter, you are too agitated to support the disclosure."

"Tell me, oh tell—!" ejaculated the maiden, as she hung fainting upon his arm, trembling with the greatness of her fears, yet anxious for the awful secret.

"First taste this cordial, then," exclaimed he, at the same time drawing a flask from beneath his cloak, and proffering it to the girl, "it will revive thy spirits, and compose thy thoughts to peace !"

Rosalie raised the flask to her lips, and at that instant a deep sigh was breathed close to her ear ! She started in amazement, and gazed enquiringly at the guide, who, attributing the mysterious sound to

the swooning of the larch trees in the wind, again proffered the draught to the trembling girl, at the same moment contriving secretly to withdraw an amulet cross that she wore constantly upon her bosom; she instantly drank of its fatal stream, and his anxious features were instantly lit with more than earthly fire, and glancing his dark rolling eyes around, with malignant joy, a deep and murmured voice ejaculated,

“She *may* be thine!”

The spirit of the draught she had inhaled pervaded Rosalie’s brain; her senses were bathed in an intoxicating gush of heedless gaiety, and her whole frame appeared completely renovated. That mysterious being beheld the effects of the draught with wild and intense pleasure, and seizing tenderly her white hand, he exclaimed—“Now you shall behold!”

They suddenly emerged from the trees, and climbing an ascent of rock, which, being covered with thick moss, afforded an easy progress, the stranger directed the attention of Rosalie down the broad chasm of a precipice, losing itself, at length, in the dark forest that bounded the view of the spectator. “*That is the track of Lorenzo,*” observed the guide, “and there,” directing her attention to a beautiful green plain at a little distance, “is the spot on which we parted. Now *behold*—!”

During the time occupied in this conversation, the elements had changed their serenity; large masses of lurid clouds gave to the frowning precipices of the mountains appearance of a distant fire, in

which their various shadows were conspicuous as buildings or human beings:—the winds sullenly moaned through the forest—the gnarled oaks bent their strong limbs to the tempest, and on their tops the Spirit of the storm seemed directing the whirlwind; distant thunder was heard, gradually it seemed to approach, shaking the earth apparently to its centre, and at the moment the word *behold* was pronounced, vivid and incessant lightning exhibited to Rosalie the figure of her lover suddenly rising from behind a group of pines, and progressing among the massy fragments of fallen rock that obstructed the path across the mountain, now descending into a deep chasm, and again rising to the brink of a precipice, and continuing his way along the course of the defile, the rocks on all sides rising perpendicularly and entirely bare, with the exception of their summits, that were crowned with majestic pines. Arriving, at length, at the edge of a deep ravine, down the shagged sides of which the bursting cataract gushed with impetuous fury, the pathway seemed entirely blocked up by some massive pieces of rock that had separated by the storm from the mountains, and, in his endeavours to climb across the dangerous obstacles, his footing became insecure, and in a moment he was precipitated into the foaming torrent beneath! Rosalie immediately gave an agonizing shriek, and was falling to the ground, when her guide, exulting, encircled her within his grasp, and with a yell out-roaring the thunder, exclaimed—*She is mine!* In her agony, she had seized his

hand, and caught within her clasp the amulet he had conveyed from her neck; and that act was her preservation—her senses were restored—the vision was gone—Lorenzo was supporting her, and the remains of the guide had rolled down the declivity on which they stood, a disfigured corse from the lightning, which had burnt his apparel, and left only, as a vestige to recognize him by, a similar dagger to that found in the body of the Count, and which had also the name *Manfredoni*, and the same calbalistic characters engraved on it: but as if the raging storm still sought to vent its fury on these suffering lovers, they beheld the proud towers of Trionto struck by the all-consuming element, and its massive walls rent in twain.

Slowly was Rosalie recovered, and with such assistance as could be procured, reconducted to Lorenzo's home, where a pious priest united them together without pomp, and they lived many years in a state of felicity, increased by their former sufferings:—they were deposited at their deaths, which happened nearly together, in the chapel of Trionto, and founded a mass to the memory of their deceased parents; but theirs was the last funeral in that holy pile; during the civil wars that followed the period of their life, the chapel was desecrated—the remains of the castle further broken up, and from that time it has ever been deemed an unhallowed spot—a sacrifice to demonial infatuation, and a place to be avoided by all who would avert an evil destiny.

ON CONVERSATION.

“Thought, too, deliver’d, is the more possess’d ;
Teaching, we learn; and giving, we retain.”

WERE perfection always the result of practice, surely the art of conversing had reached its climax; even amongst a people esteemed taciturn by their more voluble neighbours.

Were the activity of the mind commensurate with the activity of the tongue, we should not hear those complaints of tediousness in conversation, which pervade the mass of society; even in an age that plumes itself upon intellectual attainments.

Whether it arise from that self-love, which is flattered in proportion to its own prominency, we know not; but most certainly, diffidence, on this subject, is a circumstance of rare occurrence.

When a musician himself calls upon you to listen to his execution, or a painter voluntarily offers to exhibit the powers of his pencil, you naturally expect to meet with a *degree* of excellence at least:—but the demands of frivolous talkers are of all others the most exorbitant;—they claim both your time and attention, tax your patience, and leave nothing behind that is worth retaining.

And yet "the sweet musick of speech," flowing from a *full* mind, is a delightful banquet!—but it is a gift possessed by few. Many individuals, indeed, converse agreeably, who yet fail in awakening any great interest;—the reason is they do not think. They who think, while engaged in conversation, cause others to think with them, which is the great secret of fixing attention.

In the generality of persons there is a natural indolence that would rather receive an idea than give birth to one—this is a great fault;—dried fruits, however excellent, possess neither the flavour nor the delicious freshness of fruits that are newly gathered: and though the thoughts of the most vigorous minds may not always be stamped with entire originality, yet individuality continues to leave its own impress, enabling the intelligent observer to distinguish the original from the copy, mere verbiage from digested thought, pruriency of speech from mental plenitude.

Those who complain of the want of interesting subjects to converse about, will never discover them—will never be interesting companions; the merest trifle becomes a theme capable of fixing the attention, when thought surrounds it with its creative, vivifying influence. Some persons see nothing but the forms of things; if the form be beautiful they praise it, but proceed no further; this is of as little use as admiring the binding of a book, yet remaining ignorant of the wisdom which is contained within,

and is only one grade removed from mere sense; for the eye informs us of the colour of the rose, and the sense of smell proclaims its fragrance; but it is the thinking mind alone that can perceive the exquisite beauty, skill, and wisdom displayed in its conformation.

Our minds find food for meditation in every object; to them all nature teems with instruction—the sight of a flower, the wing of a bird—a child at play, a word spoken, opens to them interminable avenues of thought, for they behold infinity, every where, stamped upon creation. We shall now proceed to mention some of the most obvious faults in conversation; amongst these, *tediousness*, and the want of tact in the choice of subjects, must claim a prominent place. If self-love did not blind us, we should never imagine that minute details of domestic transactions, local events, and, most of all, circumstantial descriptions of sickness, suitable only for the physician, could ever be agreeable. A simple inquiry respecting health should never be answered by a bulletin—a delicate mind will not obtrude those relations upon the ear of courtesy, which should be exclusively reserved for affection.

To be minute without tediousness is a great art, attained by few; therefore brevity is the safest plan to be pursued, except in instances where every circumstance is interesting. The mind, being then under the influence of strong excitement and expectation, is not displeased by a little circumlocution,

which serves to whet curiosity, and augment the interest of the sequel;—but on common occasions it is undesirable to dwell long.

Mere rehearsers of facts, individuals who possess no imagination, frequently betray so little address in their narratives, that you see the point at which they will arrive, a length of time ere they themselves have reached it. Every traveller knows how tedious a long, unbroken road appears, and how much the distance seems increased by the eye travelling more rapidly than the feet. Yet abruptness, though a fault of less magnitude, is certainly a great imperfection. A lively imagination, like a young pointer, frequently starts more game, than the sportsman can follow; therefore it should be carefully reined in, until the proper season; for when a subject has come fairly under discussion, and the mind is pursuing it, it is not agreeable to be turned aside by irrelevant matter—not that every thing, which at first sight appears irrelevant, may ultimately prove so; for the rapidity with which some minds travel, is no argument that they will bring nothing home, or that the matter will be desultory;—on the contrary, the happiness of a simile, an appropriate comparison, the ready recollection of a circumstance bearing on the subject, may be most opportune, and serve effectually to elicit the truth;—only suffer not the imagination to take precedence of the judgment.

Let no one who wishes to be an agreeable

companion, despise what may be termed negative qualities, for they not unfrequently obtain the meed of just approbation. To listen attentively may be classed amongst the number, for to listen well, is no mean acquirement, and adds greatly to the enjoyment of conversation. If we would be heard with pleasure, we in return must listen with attention. A monopolizer of speech is rarely agreeable—one note in music, however sweet, does not constitute harmony, one species of fruit, however highly-favoured, does not please every palate; besides, as no individual monopolizes good sense, so no one should exclusively monopolize good attention. It was an admirable remark of Dr. Johnson's, and worthy a place in the minds of the learned and unlearned, that "No man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be that all *ever so little.*"

To listen well, implies that you should follow the conversation attentively; otherwise, an expression of courtesy, accompanied by a look that betrays you have been wandering, will give offence. An observation, when judiciously made, encourages the speaker, and is much preferable to a simple yes, or a mere assent of the voice—the latter, especially, is a rude custom which should be avoided. To persons gifted with very active minds it is a difficult task, even when they are not guilty of interruption, to hear the subject to the end without suffering their understandings to start forward when an observation is made, which affords fresh food for investigation;

yet this error should be guarded against, or, when the subject is concluded, the person who has been conversing, will have the mortification to find he has been running a race alone; he thought he had a companion, but he discovers his mistake, and if not displeased, is at least disappointed. Amongst the advantages to be derived from listening attentively, the following remark of Dr Johnson's deserves to be mentioned—"He that is a hearer in one place, qualifies himself to become a speaker in another,"—thus the ear enriches the memory, which proves a most important auxiliary in conversation, provided it be judiciously used; but it requires wisdom to make a proper use of the wisdom of others.

There is one attainment in conversation which we have not yet mentioned, and it is the highest attainment—the great purpose for which speech was given, but the use of which belongs exclusively to the Christian—the art of leading the conversation to something good—something calculated to elevate the thoughts to our Creator; this delightful art may be managed with such skill, such delicacy of address, that it may be imperceptible to an outward observer, but it will be steadily pursued by the single eye of him who lives much in communion with his Maker—for where the love of our Redeemer pervades the heart, it will flow to the lips, and imbue the language with something of superior wisdom and purity. And there is assuredly a *sweetness* in religious conversation, when judiciously introduced, that has

a most cementing effect upon society—for where the love of God is the guiding principle of action, it sheds a tender, a sacred influence over every subject,—as Cowper beautifully expresses in the following lines:—

When one who holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis even as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us where his treasures are supplied.

STANZAS TO A BUTTERFLY.

AND could the Heathen's glimmering dawn descry,
So just an emblem of the soul in thee,
Ere yet the Day-spring, publish'd from on high,
Life brought to light, and immortality?

Beauteous similitude! what mind could trace
That the coil'd reptile should one day unfold
A wing of azure, flying through all space
With airy lightness, tipt with burnish'd gold?

So, when this mortal covering shall decay,
Fresh in eternal youth the soul shall rise:
Redeem'd by faith, the righteous shall display
Unfading beauty in their native skies.

A VISIT TO ICELAND.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM SCORESBY.

AFTER the scientific researches of Sir George Mackenzie, and the peculiarly interesting investigations of Dr. Henderson, in this extraordinary country, little is to be expected from an occasional and unpremeditated visit of a few hours. And little that is new will probably be found in this article. Nevertheless, in a country where every thing is peculiar—in which nature has stamped her province with the wildest and most terrific impressions, and in which Providence, with wonderful contrast, has moulded its dominion with the most primitive, artless, and virtuous features,—researches, otherwise commonplace, obtain from locality and association, a degree of importance that may excuse their being recorded. The visit that I propose to narrate, comes recommended, neither as attended by adventurous incident, nor by the discovery of strange phenomena; but merely by an example of that beautiful simplicity of character and moral propriety for which the inhabitants, so far as they been preserved from foreign contamination, have long been justly celebrated.

Returning from a whale-fishing voyage on the coast of West Greenland, in the summer of 1820, we

were deflected from our course, by a prevalence of easterly winds, towards the northern shores of Iceland. On the 3rd of August, at eleven a. m., the wind blowing a brisk gale from the south-eastward, with foggy weather, we came suddenly, but not unexpectedly, in sight of land, in the south-west quarter. Soon after mid-day, the fog clearing to leeward, over the land, exhibited a mountainous country to the south-west and west of us, and also a long narrow point of land to the south eastward, jutting far into the sea. This was the peninsular promontory of Langaness, the north-eastern extremity of Iceland, which stretches its rugged head-land within the reach of the midnight rays of the Arctic sun. Coasting the western side of the promontory, towards Thiselsfiord, we fell into a smooth sea, under shelter of the land. About three p. m. we tacked, being in fourteen fathoms water, about a mile from shore, and made a signal for a boat; but none came off. At six in the evening, being abreast of a hamlet, and within three-quarters of a mile of the beach, I took a boat, and leaving the ship in charge of the chief-mate, proceeded to the shore. As we approached, several persons were observed watching us by the side of the hamlet, who, on waving our hats to them, came running towards us. We landed on a beach of large rounded stones, where there was some surf; the Icelanders awaiting our arrival within call. They received us by taking off their hats and bowing, and unexpectedly, though not a little agreeably,

by shaking our offered hand, instead of the usual salute. Then, unasked, they gave us a hearty and effectual pull with the boat, by which it was secured from the action of the surf.

Totally ignorant of each other's language, so that our intercourse at first was a mere dumb-show, we proceeded directly towards the hamlet, both for the gratification of a natural curiosity in visiting a strange country, and with the hope that the sight of new or tangible objects would afford a means, however imperfect, of more satisfactory communication. In this we were not disappointed.

On reaching the hamlet, which resolved itself, on examination, into two or three humble habitations, we were met by all the inmates of the principal cottage, consisting of a good-looking, middle-aged female, and four or five children, who, with three men that accompanied us from the beach, formed, to us, a curious and interesting group. Knowing the scarcity of bread on the island, a bag of biscuits was brought along with us, which I requested a young gentleman of our party, who had accompanied me on my voyage, to empty within the hut. The good housewife seized his hand and kissed it in thankfulness; but on its being intimated to her that I was the principal of the party, she ran up to me with a peculiar expression of lively gratitude, and kissing my hand, challenged, by a token at once modest and intelligible, the customary salute. She was a pleasant looking person, rather short of

stature, with an animated and good-tempered expression of countenance. Her dress was the common domestic or working clothes of the Iceland population; a costume which, like their language, manners, and simplicity of character, has continued unchanged for at least a period of nine centuries. It consisted, externally, of a petticoat of a white woollen cloth, of native growth and manufacture, called *wadmel*, a *skirta* or shift of the same material, visible above the waist, and a coarse blue jacket, imperfectly meeting in front. These articles, with coarse worsted stockings, and seal or sheep skin shoes, completed the dress; the head, on this occasion, being bare. The dress of the male peasants consisted of a woollen shirt, with jacket, breeches, and stockings of the same materials, and a piece of undressed seal skin bound over each foot for shoes, and an old hat of the ordinary form. The dress of the female children was similar to that of their mother, but neither whole nor cleanly. Indeed, many as the virtues of the Icelanders are, absolute cleanliness is not included among them.

Having obtained leave to examine the cottage, I penetrated the four different ramifications which its form, being that of a cross, produced. The interior had a disagreeable atmosphere; a large quantity of sea birds hanging from the roof, or lying about the floor, and a tub of train oil standing in the midst of one of the compartments, so contaminated the air, where there was a very imperfect ventilation that i.

required no little curiosity and perseverance to pursue the examination. There were no windows in the sides, and only two openings in the roof, which served, in a measure, the double purpose of emitting smoke and admitting light. In the first or entrance compartment, there was lying a heap of "lums," or young kitty-wakes (*Larus Rissa*) which, from the numbers collected and dried, seemed to form a considerable article of summer subsistence. In the same place, a girl of ten or twelve years of age was employed churning, with an apparatus not unlike that in common use in England before the introduction of the barrel churn. The compartment on the left was used as a kitchen, having at this time a fire made of drift wood; and that on the right was the sleeping apartment, containing a long bench covered with hay, &c., but no bed-clothes were visible. Connected with the cottage were two little huts with distinct entrances, one of which was employed as a ware-room, and contained all their stockings, mitts, flocks, sheep skins, and other articles of like nature intended for trade. The cottage and contiguous huts were built of a framing of wood, filled in with clay; the roofs were covered with sods, and the floors were clay.

To the extent of their ability the good people were disposed to be hospitable, though the only article of refreshment they seemed to have at hand was a bowl of butter-milk, which we tasted. Sea fowl, fish, and the milk of cows and sheep, with

meal obtained from the factories, appeared to be their principal food in summer. . The fish, however, from the exposed nature of the coast at Langaness, must be an uncertain produce; but they render it applicable to their constant necessities by drying their surplus catch into stock-fish. The ground here regularly sloping to the beach, and rising to the eastward to a considerable elevation, afforded, near the hamlet, some good pasture for their sheep and cows, which appeared in considerable numbers all around us. The grass had been recently cut, and, though the weather was now unfavourable, promised a tolerable crop of hay.

Interesting as it was to land in this remarkable country, we were not fortunate in the place we visited, in finding any of those peculiar natural phenomena, which call forth the astonishment or admiration of the most incurious traveller. The rocks about us were all broken and detached; and the beach was composed of large rolled masses. Some of these were of the trap kind, and one mass was observed to be vesicular lava; in general, however, there were few signs of the action of volcanic fire. A little to the eastward, indeed, I observed a very interesting spot, which I intended to visit; but the recurrence of foggy and squally weather rendered the attempt imprudent. It consisted of a splendid range of high, and apparently regular basaltic columns, in a perpendicular position. In point of height, as well as of regularity and

beauty, they appeared equal to any thing of the kind in the north of Ireland. The view from the ship, with a good telescope, at the distance of two miles, was striking and beautiful.

The uncertain state of the weather, the strength of the wind, and our entire ignorance of the nature of the coast as to concealed dangers, somewhat interfered with our enjoyment on shore, and prevented that research which might have led to interesting results, and hastened our departure to the ship.

Before we left, however, I intimated a wish to purchase a couple of sheep of our Iceland acquaintance, and invited them to bring them off to the ship, a request which they instantly understood, and with which they readily acquiesced.

Leaving this harmless and contented people to make their own arrangements, we proceeded to our boat, which we found fast aground, and in a critical condition for launching, in consequence of the ruggedness of the beach and the action of the surf; fortunately, however, we all re-embarked in safety, and arrived without any other adventure at the ship.

We had not been long on board before we observed a boat, in which the Iceland family were embarked, push off from the beach. Notwithstanding the mutual civilities that had passed, and the confidence that prevailed, they approached the ship with some caution, and it was not till a second or third attempt that they succeeded in getting alongside. The party was found to consist of the principal peasant, his wife

(the female before mentioned) their son, a fine lad of about twenty years of age, and an elderly relative ; and the cargo of the boat consisted of a small sheep and a lamb, with a quantity of mittens and stockings.

The dress of the female peasant had been altered and improved for this visit. In addition to the *skirta*, jacket, and petticoat of *wadmél*, it now comprised a striped apron with a coloured border, a handkerchief about the neck, a pair of mitts, and a blue cap, like a hussar's foraging cap, with its pointed top, terminated by a little various-coloured tassel, hanging down on one side of the head.

Receiving them at the gang-way, I endeavoured to dissipate the timidity which the sight of fifty men, crowding the decks, seemed to have upon them ; and after giving them a cursory view of the deck, with which, and the various objects around, they were exceedingly astonished, they were conducted below. It was evident, from the amazement they manifested on observing the magnitude of the masts, sails, and other parts of an ordinary naval equipment, that they had never before visited a ship so large ; probably they had seen nothing beyond the magnitude of the little coasting vessels that trade to the extreme factories on the island. Nor was their astonishment lessened on proceeding into the cabin. Every object excited their attention, especially articles of use, some of which, as was natural, they seemed particularly desirous of purchasing. Linen was an article of first inquiry by our female visitor and a *sark* (a shirt) was the

price she proposed for the lamb, and a shirt and handkerchief the price asked for the sheep. Three shirts, three or four cotton handkerchiefs, a pocket-knife, and a few other small articles, purchased, at their own modest arrangement, the little store of things they had brought for traffic. After each exchange, instead of artfully wishing to enhance their own goods, they expressed undisguised satisfaction. Our female visitor, especially, who was the chief manager of the business, (to whose talent, in this way, her husband paid complete deference) indicated her entire approbation of what she received, by respectfully kissing my hand, accompanied by the word *tak* or *takker*; and after each little present that we made them, she repeated the same action with every expression of delight and gratitude. The delicate manner in which they noticed any article that was shewn them, when they had no longer the means of purchasing it, was very remarkable. At first, whilst their sheep and woollens were in their own possession, they admired, with eager curiosity, every thing that was set before them. Plates, and knives and forks, with the rest of the table utensils, seemed peculiarly attractive, as well as hammers, of one of which they became possessed, and other tools; but no sooner had they expended their little store of goods, than they passed over the same articles with the most striking self-denial. I never before saw needy persons so easily satisfied, or selfishness, in such a people, so obviously and delicately subdued. To this remark there was

but one exception, and that a justifiable one. In the course of the visit I offered to them, as a memorial of our intercourse, a slip of paper upon which I wrote the name of the ship, with my own name, and some brief observations. The writing utensils proved so attractive as to overcome that delicate self-denial which, in regard to other things, they had so strikingly evinced. It was clear that our female acquaintance was anxious to possess them. I, therefore, presented her with the ink-bottle, pens, and a little paper, which she received with the liveliest expression of thankfulness. She read the paper I had written, and was delighted to find that my christian name was the same as her son's. Then, at my request, she wrote with a ready hand the names of herself and friends. The character was somewhat peculiar and antiquated; but to these circumstances is to be ascribed the remarkable fact stated by Dr. Henderson, that whereas "our ablest antiquaries are often puzzled in endeavouring to decipher certain words and phrases in writing which date their origin only a few centuries back; there is not a peasant, nor indeed scarcely a servant girl in Iceland, who is not capable of reading with ease the most ancient document extant on the island." The remarkable acquirements, and even learning, of the inhabitants of this remote, frigid, and forbidding country, has been a subject of invariable admiration with travellers; particularly since their only means of education, except the occasional catechising of their clergy, is

merely domestic tuition, there being (recently at least) but one school in the whole island.

The writing utensils being done with, our female visitor disposed of the acceptable present, by placing it along with a number of other articles, received as personal property, in the sleeve of her jacket, under her arm, which seemed the usual depository, answering the purpose of a pocket. And it was amusing to observe what a quantity and variety of articles disappeared in the same receptacle.

After receiving some refreshment, which they partook of with moderation, I showed the whole party the different compartments of the cabin and steerage, respecting which they evinced no little curiosity. But my "state room" proved the place of greatest attraction. Being fitted up with considerable neatness, its comforts and convenience formed such a contrast with their humble bench, that it called forth, above every thing else they had seen, their unbounded admiration. The furniture of the bed, a chest of drawers, bookcase, &c. were examined with the minutest attention; and nothing could be more striking than the peculiar action and, to us otherwise-unintelligible words, by which our female friend vividly expressed her conceptions of the happiness of the possessor of so much comfort and splendour.

Though at our first meeting we were not aware that our languages had any thing in common, and never thinking of the facility of communication

that we might have derived from the Latin, we soon found that the dialects of Yorkshire and Scotland afford numbers of words exactly according with the Gothic language of Iceland. But independent of this assistance, which aided only in substantive words, the quantity of intelligible intercourse afforded by the imperfect medium of communication we possessed, was surprising. After the supply of our wants in fresh stock, there was little we wished to communicate, but much we wished to observe, for which their abundant expression and feeling afforded ample means. For with them, in so brief an intercourse, the knowledge of where we came from, or what we were, proved secondary to the interest of the various novelties before them. Their's was not an enjoyment of words—but of seeing, admiring, and possessing. Therefore it was not words, but the expressive indications of the interest they experienced, that conveyed to us any knowledge of their feelings and character. And these specific signs of feelings were sufficiently intelligible in the language of nature, which indeed ever speaks more forcibly to the heart by expression than by words. Hence the foundation of all real affecting eloquence is the exhibition of nature. Of this we had a striking proof when our visitors left us. It was to us a touching scene: and though simple and commonplace, I shall attempt to describe it. For I could not but feel, on the occasion, the loss we sustain of that which is delightful, in society rendered artificial

by perpetual intercourse, where nature, with its most bold as well as touching traits, is either softened down or lost in cultivation.

The weather having set in foggy, and the night drawing in gloomy, though not dark, I was not anxious to detain our visitors when they moved to depart. As they arose from the table, each one took my hand in succession, respectfully bowing and pronouncing the word *takker*. I then accompanied them on deck, prepared only to expect a hasty repetition of the same acts on taking leave. But it was a more interesting scene—especially with our female friend. As the others were about to embark, she came up to me on the quarter deck, her face beaming with an extraordinary expression of gratitude and affection—and seizing my hand, she kissed it with unrestrained but modest fervour. Accompanying the action with words full of earnest eloquence, she pointed in the direction of the hamlet, to assure me of a welcome there,—and then with a combined expression of dignity, solemnity, and devotion, she raised her hands, and lifting up her face towards heaven, exhibited her elevated feelings in a fervent and ardent prayer! Altogether, the scene was so peculiarly touching, that one of my officers who stood by, unable to resist the impression her conduct inspired, exclaimed, in feeling accents, “Poor thing! poor thing!” whilst he wiped with the sleeve of his jacket the liberal tears of sympathy that burst from his eyes, and rolled down his manly cheeks. How

much we lose of the most elevated enjoyments of the heart, by the sober subdued graft of sophisticated society, superceding the animated lovely blossom of nature, and monopolizing the entire stem upon which it is implanted!

In the scene before us, pleasing touches of nature appeared in others of the party as well as in the person now spoken of. Her son was their shepherd. The two sheep that were sold to us were to be left—perhaps the first they had sent away from their pasture. Just as the boat was about to push off, the lad was missing. He was observed to run forward to one of our boats where the surrendered part of his flock was deposited. He kissed them severally with mournful fervour. He did so repeatedly, and when he obviously tore himself from them, his eyes were cast towards them with sorrowful longing glances as he retired to the boat.

I have endeavoured to describe these simple scenes, not only because to me they were interesting and affecting, but because I trust they were not unprofitable. Many of the most important lessons of instruction taught us by our adorable Saviour, are drawn from the ordinary events of life, and some of the most touching from scenes of unsophisticated nature. His own pastoral office and character, our Lord often illustrates under the figure of a *Shepherd*. He calls himself the “Good Shepherd,” who knows his sheep, and is known of them,—who calleth his sheep by name, and leadeth them out,—and who

so loveth them, that he lays down his life for his sheep. These illustrations, however, striking and touching as in reality they are, but little impress our heart. We must visit scenes of unaffected nature like these, to enable us to enter into their full meaning, and to feel their force as we ought.

As soon as our interesting visitors were fairly embarked and directed in their return to the shore, we made sail and stood out to sea.

I considered myself happy, by the opportunity afforded me in this brief visit to Iceland, of giving the inhabitants of this remote region a favourable impression as to the character of my country. British sailors, of all others, are perhaps the most regardless of this. Whilst no men have more national pride—none, perhaps, are less careful of meriting the superiority they claim. Some from levity—some from depraved habits—others from mere thoughtlessness, (but the whole from the hitherto general want of religious instruction) are apt to throw off all restraint in a foreign land, and claiming to themselves an imperious and unwarranted superiority, too often afford a degrading specimen of the inhabitants of the country to which they belong, and a miserable contrast to the character of Christians, whose holy name they assume. And as persons in general are naturally disposed to form their opinion of the character of a nation rather from a few individual examples, than from an enlarged view of the people, the misconduct of a

single ship's company has often, probably, done more to degrade the national character, and to bring reproach upon the Christian religion, than the labour of many years of zealous exertion, on the part of the missionaries of our holy faith, has been able to eradicate or restore. But the time, it is ardently hoped, has arrived, when by the religious instruction of sailors, for which means are at length preparing in various parts of this country, this evil will begin to give place to the influential exhibition, through the means of pious seamen, of real Christianity to the remotest regions of the earth.

But I hasten, lest I should be rejected as a tiresome contributor to the *Remembrance*, to bring this narration to a close.

From the general haziness of the weather whilst we remained near Langaness, we had but a slight view of the interior of the country. For a short time, indeed, the dense screen of cloud that generally shrouded the interior, dispersed, and the appearance of Krabla, among the surrounding mountains, afforded associations of the mighty powers of the volcano, and recalled the vivid descriptions of Dr. Henderson and other travellers, as to the devastations and wonders performed by these mighty subterranean furnaces. Dr. Henderson visited Mount Krabla, and there is one circumstance so curious respecting it, which he describes, that I cannot refrain from mentioning it. This circumstance was the remarkable preservation of a church, in the terrific irruption

of the Leirhnukr and Krabla about a century ago. The quantity of lava that flowed from these mountains was enormous, and the devastation great and extended. It was at Reykiahlid, one of the farm houses overrun by the fiery stream, but which was afterwards rebuilt nearly on the spot, that the attention of Dr. Henderson was directed to the church, which, in almost a miraculous manner, escaped the general conflagration. He thus describes this curious circumstance:—"Reaching the north-west corner of the low earthen wall by which the church-yard is enclosed, the lava has been arrested in its progress within about two feet of the wall, where, as if inspired with reverence for the cosecrated ground, it has divided into two streams, and pursuing its course till it had advanced about twenty yards, when, the streams have again united, and left the church completely unhurt in the midst of the surrounding flames! Some parts of the stream, close to the wall, *are more than double the height of the church!*" I relate not this event superstitiously—nor do I comment upon it; but I leave it with the observer's own reflection. "Who knows," adds the writer, "but the effectual fervent prayer of some pious individual, or some designs of mercy, may have been the cause fixed in the eternal purpose of Jehovah for the preservation of this edifice?"

At the time of the brief visit to the north of Iceland, now described, but little snow remained upon the land, only here and there a patch on the

sides of the mountains, so far as we could observe. Indeed the summer heat of the interior of the country is very considerable. Even at that time, when the coast was enveloped in fog, we could perceive, on occasional breaks through this external obscurity, that there was a clear sky and bright sunshine in the region of the Krabla—indicating, that whilst with us there was a damp, cool air, in the interior there was dryness and warmth.

Even at Langaness, which, from its peninsular form, and exposure to cutting winds and frequent fogs, must present an indifferent specimen of the country, there was in many places near the shore a refreshing verdure.

The resources of the people here, for subsistence, are cattle and sheep, with fish and sea fowl. Their occupations, besides attending to their cattle and fishing, are, on the part of the females, extended to the manufacture of stockings, mittens, and *wadmél*, with the dressing of skins, &c. But the knitting is undertaken rather for winter amusement than for benefit, as they receive no more for this part of their disposable property, at the factories, than for the raw material.

ROSALIND AND CELIA

BY THE EDITOR.

We met when young, dear Celia,
 Before a shadow came,
 To steal away the childishness
 That sported round thy frame ;
 And hand in hand, with joyous looks,
 We saw the moments fly,
 As dreams of deceitfulness,
 As creatures of the sky.

The world seemed then as Paradise,
 Its pictures, fresh and bright,
 Were viewed as lovely landscapes,
 That morning gilds with light ;
 And all our hopes and fondnesses
 Together sprung and grew,
 While every vision that we had,
 One spirit kindled too.

Strong ties were found between our souls
 Before we could conceive
 What passion was, or what the web
 It might around us weave :
 And, oh ! the gentle tenderness,
 That melted o'er thine eyes,
 Was such as made my feeling heart
 A willing sacrifice.

Thus Rosalind speaks forth his mind,
 And Celia listens too;
 Love triumphs now within her breast,—
 There's happiness in view;
 A token then they interchange,
 As wand'ring through the grove,
 And may no frowns of worldly care
 Destroy such fervent love!

For Hope has built her radiant throne
 Within Affection's bower,
 And though the world may frown on them,
 They scorn its vaunted power;
 For each within the other boasts,
 A haven from its frown,
 And Love may trample all the thorns
 Of dark misfortune down.

HUMAN LIFE.

HALF in day, and half in night,
 Chiefly prized when least in sight,
 With possession more desiring,
 Grovelling now, and now aspiring,
 Sensitive with want of feeling,
 Backward wandering, onward stealing,
 Child of light, in darkness lost,
 Boasting then of light the most,
 Little knowing, ever prying,
 Always living, always dying,
 Gaining peace, yet loving strife—
 Sum them up, the whole is Life.

INDIAN BURIAL PLACES.

THERE are few scenes more painfully interesting, to a European sojourning in a foreign land, than the burial-places where the bones of his countryman repose, far away from kindred and from friends, forgotten, unlamented, and perchance destitute even of the record of a name.

In reality, it is a matter of little consequence where, when the mortal struggle is over—the bright, the dark, or the chequered path of life trodden—the dust shall moulder. But the contemplation of the last reliques of those who have preceded us to a grave, in a country many thousand miles distant from that home for which the souls of all, in a greater or lesser degree, must yearn, is replete with melancholy sensations. In the fate of others the depressed in spirit reads his own; and, while the sad presentiment fastens upon the imagination, memory paints, in glowing colours, the haunts of his childhood and of his youth, those green and sunny spots, endeared by a thousand tender recollections, which he may never hope to see again. Christian cemeteries are of frequent occurrence throughout India; for the most part they are constructed in extremely picturesque situations, and kept with a degree of neatness and care highly creditable to those who have the charge

of the dark homes of the dead. But the grave must be deep, and the masonry strong, which retains the corpse in its intended tenement; for the savage inhabitants of the wild, ever prowling near, snuff the tainted gale, and speedily drag out the frail remnant of mortality, whose fast-decaying flesh forms their midnight meal, and whose craunched bones, scattered at random, are left to whiten in the sun.

This fate is frequently the lot of the European; and the higher classes of the natives of India can alone escape it; the common people, therefore, regard the desecration of the dead with perfect indifference. The rich Hindoo burns on a funeral pile, and the wealthy Moosaulmaun is buried under a stately monument; but, of the poorer orders, those of the latter faith are carelessly consigned to the earth, to furnish food for the jackalls; while those of the former, soon as the vital spark has ceased to burn, are with as little ceremony launched into the river, to take their chance amid the alligators who lurk beneath, and the birds of prey hovering above, who are not unfrequently seen perched upon a corpse as it floats rapidly down the current of the mighty stream. In addition to the horror which Europeans feel at being thus sacrilegiously torn from their graves, death is, in India, invested with circumstances extremely repugnant to the minds of those accustomed to the reverential observances shown to the deceased in their native land: where illness is fatal it proceeds with rapid strides, and it is not uncommon

for a person in full possession of health to be, in the course of twenty-four hours, the unconscious inhabitant of a narrow tomb. The climate of a tropic sky admits not the possibility of detaining a corpse for a single day from its last resting place; and should (which is frequently the case) a clergyman not be at hand, or friends present anxious to perform the last sad offices with decent solemnity, the lifeless body is committed to the earth with brief and maimed rites; while the ever-shifting nature of Indian society, the changes continually taking place at European stations, prevent the possibility of the individual being missed, more particularly should the deceased be a person low in rank, either military or civil, and unmarried, or unconnected with the Company's service, in which case he or she is consigned to immediate oblivion. The news travels slowly home, where absence, which differs from death but in the name, has already prepared friends and relatives to receive the intelligence with tranquil feelings; and thus numbers drop away unnoticed and unregretted—circumstances of little import to those who have burst the trammels of mortality, and are freed from its sufferings and sorrows, but which sadden the heart of the pensive wanderer, who under the influence of human wishes and human feelings, shrinks and shudders at the prospect of a neglected death-bed and a forgotten grave. There is no person, however forlorn, useless, or unfortunate, who does not cling with fond tenacity to the idea of living in the memory

of some affectionate breast, some attached companion, who will feel and lament the loss of his fellow-traveller through life's dreary vale. The friendless hope to make friends—the forsaken, in the midst of the bitter consciousness of utter desolation, wish not to die while there is none who will shed a tear, or breathe a sigh, upon the turf which covers their cold remains. Not even the prosperous and the gay, the idols of admiring crowds, to whom the world looks fresh and blooming, gaze with more repugnance upon the stranger's lonely burial-place than those who entertain the mournful expectation of sharing the most obscure of its nameless graves.

Another painful idea excited by the churchyards of India is the possibility they suggest of life's parting scene occurring far from any consecrated ground—any spot dedicated to the silent companionship of the dead, where none can see or mark the scene of the hasty interment, or take the precautions necessary to secure it from violation. These, it is true, are idle as well as morbid feelings; for what has the disembodied spirit to do with its earthly tenement? And who that could entertain a hope of a blissful immortality would waste a thought upon the dust and ashes left in a world of tears and anguish? But even those minds best fortified by the most valuable of all philosophy, religion, are not always unassailable by depressing thoughts of death; our human nature instinctively dreads and turns from it, and every dismal concomitant added by place

and circumstances, loads its contemplation with tenfold horror.

The sepulchral monuments erected in the burial-places of India are, generally speaking, handsome and in good taste. In ascending the Ganges, the first which I observed was a small white mausoleum placed on the side of one of the Raje Mahle hills, and not very far from a Moosaulmaun's tomb, which crowned a higher eminence. The form of the building announced its European architecture; and occurring in the midst of a wild district abounding in jungle, and backed by almost impenetrable forests peopled with rhinoceroses, tigers, and wild elephants, it became an object of peculiar interest. The river was very full, and its overflowing streams filling up all the low ground, prevented our party from approaching near enough to read the inscription, though wind-bound for the space of ten days, close under a projecting cliff which admitted not of a towing-path. We learned afterwards that, pure in its hue, and graceful in its appearance, it was the appropriate monument of a young and accomplished female, who, dying thus remote from any European station, was not permitted to sink into an untimely grave without a record of her early doom. The pious care of surviving friends raised the small white temple, which, gleaming amidst Hindoo huts and Moslem ruins, tells the European traveller that a fellow-Christian "sleeps below." The churchyard at Monghyr occupies a considerable space between

the walls of its fast-decaying fort and the river; it is enclosed by a high wall; but, as the hot-springs, which are situated at the distance of about five miles from the city, form the principal attraction of the stranger who voyages up the river, I saw nothing beyond the prospect from the Budgerow, and that gained by passing in a carriage during the only period of the day in which it is possible to venture into the open air in India.

The Christian cemetery at Patna is placed in the centre of the city; and, in one corner, a cluster of monuments record the melancholy fate of the whole of its European residents, who, soon after the period of its subjection to the India Company's government, became the victims of Moslem treachery and revenge, at a feast, to which, trusting to the good faith of their entertainers, they incautiously ventured, and were assassinated to a man. A high, dark building, the scene of the massacre, with frowning aspect overlooks the spot. The city, being narrow, crowded, and inconvenient, the civil and military officers of the Company's service have removed to residences more pleasantly situated in the suburbs, but the cemetery still remains, its loneliness forming a marked contrast to the populous streets which surround it, and its solitudes seldom invaded, excepting by those melancholy processions which add another tenant to its silent tombs.

At Ghazeepoore there is a very noble mausoleum, in which the earthly remains of Lord Cornwallis,

who died during the period of his Governorship of India, lie interred. It is built at a considerable distance from the town, but close to the cantonments overlooking the military parade. The style of its architecture is simple and grand, suited to the character of the scenery around—the wide plain, the deep wood, and the broad river—and calculated to withstand the devastating influence of the climate. The building, though elevated upon an artificial mound, is more solid than lofty—a necessary precaution on a vast extent of flat surface subjected to violent hurricanes. It consists of a dome, supported upon pillars placed upon a square platform, which is ascended by four magnificent flights of steps. The exterior is of granite; the interior of marble. There are no vain or fantastic devices, no tasteless, unmeaning, emblematic figures, but the body lies in a massy marble shrine, inscribed with the name, services, and merits, of the noble personage to whose memory it is dedicated. The mausoleum rises from the centre of a grove of trees, which are, however, not tall enough to obstruct the view of any portion of the edifice, which stands fairly against the bright blue sky, in all the beauty and simplicity of its unbroken outline; altogether forming a fitting resting-place for one of the rulers of the mighty empire which must be deemed the proudest appendage of the British crown. The grove is surrounded by an iron railing, and the whole is kept in the most admirable order.

The church and churchyard of Benares, in its exterior and interior appearance, is so truly European that it is only during the performance of divine service—where the punkahs flying over the heads of the congregation, pulled by the olive-coloured followers of the Hindoo faith, forcibly characterise the climate and customs of India—that we perceive we are strangers in a far and foreign land. Service is performed early in the morning, and after sunset, at which hour the church, in consequence of the shortness of the twilight, is illuminated, and presents a very interesting spectacle, more particularly to those persons, newly arrived in India, who have been deterred by illness and the danger of encountering the heat of a confined atmosphere from attending any place of Christian worship at Calcutta. The churchyard, also, upon a Sunday, exhibits a very animated scene, being filled with crowds of servants, attending with carriages, horses, palanquins, and *taumjauns*, their dark countenances, contrasting with their picturesque garments of flowing white muslin, shown by the flickering light of torches. In fact, the numbers in the churchyard far exceed those in the church, people seldom stirring out in India without a train of domestics, and these personages are left on the outside of the building; for it is a painful but too evident fact, that Christianity has made little progress in any part of India, and none in the centre of Hindoo superstition—the holy city, as it is styled, of Benares. A few half-castes

minge with the European congregation ; but even the people who are employed in pulling the punkahs are still plunged in the depths of idolatry—a state of things certainly not imputable to any want of zeal of the part of the truly pious and excellent person who performs the duties of chaplain at the station.

The next burial-place which met my observation was the cemetery of Chunar, which, situated just beyond the walls of the fort, stands upon the side of a hill sloping into the river. Its monuments, chiefly composed of small obelisks and pillars of dark stone, suggested the idea of a group of living mourners seated on the grass, and wrapped in funereal drapery. Indeed, this fanciful notion took such complete possession of my imagination that I could not avoid entertaining the fallacious expectation of witnessing some movement, which should assure me that I was not gazing upon insensate stones ; a closer approach, as the Budgerow neared the shore, destroyed the illusion ; but, in recalling the scene to the mind's eye, it still presents the weeping crowd, nor shall I ever forget the pensive yet pleasing impression it produced.

During our visit at Allahabad we passed the church-yard constantly in our evening drives ; it lay in a valley surrounded by mango-trees, whence large flocks of parrots, upon the slightest disturbance, flew out ; their scarlet and green plumage gleaming brightly in the red sunset of an Indian sky, and their harsh notes making wild discord as they soared

along. A broken pillar, fitting emblem of one who died before his time, was pointed out to me as the monument of one of the Fitzclarences, a young man, it is said, of great promise.

To this brief description of a few of the cemeteries of our Indian possessions, I may add a tale connected with the churchyard at Mattra, a station much higher up the country than I have yet penetrated, which was related to me by an officer quartered upon the spot at the period at which the incident recorded in the following narrative occurred. The churchyard belonging to Mattra, is, I am told, of considerable extent; and more wild and picturesque in its scenery than any other cemetery in India, being shadowed by tall trees, and abounding with game of all kinds. It happened, that two young men, who had been fellow-students at the India Company's Military College in England, came out, also, to India in the same ship, and, from a similarity of taste and sentiment, contracted a friendship of no ordinary kind. Upon their arrival in Bengal, they travelled as far as Cawnpore, a distance of several hundred miles from Calcutta, together; but, being appointed to serve in different regiments, they separated at that place, and proceeded to their respective destinations. Two years elapsed, and the relief of his corps brought H—to Mattra, where his friend was stationed. The tents of the regiment were pitched at some distance from the cantonments, but, as soon as his canvass abode

was put in order, H—— dispatched a *chuprasse*, with a note to his old companion. The messenger was absent for a considerable period, and, as the day drew towards its close, the young officer, with all the restlessness of his age, took up his gun, and strolled towards the churchyard, where he was told he should find excellent sport. A melancholy feeling stole over his mind as he entered the sequestered spot; the sun was fast descending, and the umbrageous foliage of the trees involved a great portion of the path before him in darkness; numbers of immense vultures were perched upon the overhanging boughs and surrounding tombstones, their eyes gleaming with that peculiar expression which denotes the close vicinity of some assured repast. The yells of the jackalls, though at so early an hour, were already borne upon the breeze, and, advancing a few steps farther, he surprised three large wolves employed in tearing away the earth from a new made grave. A shot from a double-barrelled gun stretched one of the brutes upon the ground; at the second discharge another fell; and the third escaping over the wall, H—— rushed forward in pursuit, but was arrested by the sight which met his eyes. The grave had been completely excavated—the boards of the coffin rent asunder—and, dragged from its cold bed to upper earth, the uncovered corse, a ghastly spectacle, lay upon the path before him. Shuddering with horror, H—— stooped to replace the tattered remnants of the shroud, and, with a cry of surprise and grief, re-

cognized the pallid and fast-decaying features of his friend. At that instant the chuprasse, whom he had sent to the cantonments, came in search of him, with a letter from the adjutant of the regiment, informing him that the officer to whom his note had been addressed had died after a brief illness, and had been buried on that morning. H—— dispatched his servant a second time, to request that proper persons might be sent to re-inter the corpse, and a guard appointed to secure the grave from further molestation; he then took his melancholy station by the side of the body of his friend, scaring the wild animals with his gun as they approached the spot where it reposed. A party of Sepoys, summoned by his message, found him upon his dismal watch; and, assisting at the second consignment of the mouldering remains to its parent earth, as the sad office was performed by torchlight, amid the screams of disappointed vultures, and the howling of gathering wolves, he quitted the dreary scene, when assured that a sentinel would be posted at the grave, until it should be effectually closed against the attacks of beasts of prey.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FRENCH LIFE.

At Paris, in the year 179—, there were two brothers, named Victor and Pierre Pontois, living in the Rue St. Marguerite, near the Luxembourg Gardens. They were neither dignified by talent nor birth; and competence was only doled out to them in the wages of manual labour. They seemed destined by fate to obscurity and seclusion; yet circumstances, in their combination, linked a chain which led, step by step, to notoriety and record. Victor, the eldest, was distinguished from childhood by a gloomy moroseness of disposition, which, differing from the careless and joyous temperament of his brother and neighbours, created between them a wide barrier of demarcation, which neither party cared to lessen. He was a steady workman, and followed his occupation, that of a watchmaker, with a quiet perseverance which, if it won praise from his master, excited often the ridicule of his companions. The whirl of amusement in which all classes of Parisians move, drew him not into its vortex. It might be that a portion of the dulness and misanthropy which marked his conduct, originated in the contempt with which he inspired the fairer half of the creation; for it was Victor's misfortune to be even remarkably plain. He

was short, and ill made ; and not one feature of his face atoned for the deficiencies of the others : even expression, the soul and essence of beauty, he could lay no claim to ; he looked, indeed, as if fashioned by Nature's "prentice hand." Who could have deemed, while gazing on his sunken eye and lowering brow, that his heart was the seat of every gentler feeling—the home of every endearing virtue ? Nor voice nor manner demonstrated their existence ; for, except when speaking to children, he pertinaciously preserved that rough and surly exterior, which, deterring others from him, perpetuated and increased the evil in himself : even to his brother, to whom he was fondly and devotedly attached, he betrayed no outward symptom of affection ; and yet he would have toiled for him by day, and watched by him at night ; would have encountered peril for his sake, and death in his defence ; and, to save him one pang of grief, months of suffering would have seemed a light equivalent.

In person, as in disposition, the contrast between the brothers was equally decisive. Pierre was a perfect model of manly beauty : unerring in proportion and commanding in height, he looked the realization of the Appollo, breathing with human thoughts and passions, and illumined by life and reason. In his own circle, he was regarded as a wonder, and envied for the distinction he obtained in feminine conquest. Not a day passed without fresh food being afforded for the gratification of his

conceit and pride. But these were not the only errors of Pierre's heart: there lay in that heart a mine of cold, absorbing selfishness, of which every thought, feeling, and act, bore the impress. His manners were specious and prepossessing; and the light and sensitive texture of his feelings, which every slight circumstance elevated to joy, or depressed to sorrow, deceived many as to his real character. All saw him gay, blythesome, and exuberant; and if the enthusiasm of his disposition, and the excitement of universal admiration, led him into follies and extravagancies, it was little blamed, and less marvelled at. None believed him crafty, politic, and designing; the slave of passions, ungovernable and wild; the prey to a devouring self-love, which grudged the common gifts of nature in others, and would have appropriated all of might, and genius, and beauty, to itself. The humble sphere in which he moved limited the action of this overweening jealousy, and the merry laugh and ceaseless jest shrouded it from observation; but the hour was to come when it should reveal itself with tremendous force.

In the Rue St. Jacques, which is near the Rue Marguerite, a small milliner's shop had become a place of resort to the gay and the fashionable of Paris, from the loveliness of the girl who officiated in it. Louison had all that graceful coquetry of manner, which, in her countrywomen, is so magically fascinating; and deliciously did she use this weapon

of playfulness against the hearts of her numberless suitors. For a whole year she scarcely distinguished one from another, by any peculiar mark of condescension; but at length her choice was made, and Pierre was proclaimed as her accepted husband, and the month fixed for the celebration of their nuptials. A few weeks had yet to elapse before the arrival of the happy day. During this period, a fire broke out in the house in which Louison resided. Pierre and Victor flew to the spot. The flames were mounting to the chamber of Louison: Pierre, true to his nature, from which love could not extirpate selfishness, filled the air with frantic exclamations, but dared not the danger before him, though life was receding, every instant, from the woman whom he professed to worship. Victor, to whom the beautiful Louison had never spoken but with contempt, only remembering that a fellow-creature tottered on the abyss of the grave, and that she was the idol of the brother whom he idolized, rushed up the narrow stair-case, the steps of which were hot beneath his feet; and, amidst crackling timbers and blazing rafts, caught the fainting form of Louison in his arms, and delivered her unhurt to the happy Pierre.

The deep scar which the flames had stamped upon Victor's forehead, was not the only memento he retained of that eventful night: a wound was in his heart's core as ineffaceable, and how much more agonizing than the seam upon his brow. He had

held, for the first time in his life, an exquisitely lovely girl in his embrace, under circumstances of peculiar interest; he had felt her bosom beat against his own; and when, from an impulse of gratitude, and the dim unconsciousness as to whom she owed her existence to, she flung her fair soft arms around his neck, he felt the blood, which had been so congealed against woman's influence, dissolve at once, and flow hotter than the streams of lava through his veins. Nor, in the first extatic moments of deliverance, was Louison ungrateful to her preserver; her affections were engrossed by Pierre—her faith betrothed to him; but she could not forget that she had demonstrated the precise amount of her power over him; that it was circumscribed within the limits of personal safety, and that all her smiles, and all her love, were not sufficient to induce him to risk his life in rescue of hers: while Victor, ungoverned by the recollections of her contumely and scorn, dared heroically in her defence; and the very existence she enjoyed, was the boon he had given for all her slights and all her sarcasms. She no longer perceived the coarseness of his person; and that voice, which had been discord to her ear, only brought to mind the wild and fervent exclamation,—“Thank God! she is safe!” which burst from his lips when depositing her in Pierre's breast. Victor vainly combatted against the influence which the altered tone of her manners wrought upon him: he saw that Pierre writhed beneath each smile she

bestowed upon another : her reproaches for his selfishness, and the tender enthusiastic thanks she heaped upon himself, were proved, by the fierce scowl of his brother's eye, and the curve of his lip, to be torture to him. Yet, was she not engaged to him? Was she not, in a few brief weeks, to be his bride—the companion of his life? But this was not enough : the characteristic deformity of his nature, the master passion of his soul was called into action, and goaded his undisciplined spirit to madness.

On the evening of a public *fête*, Louison prevailed on Victor to accompany herself and Pierre to a ball in the neighbourhood. Prompted by that love of tormenting inherent in so many of her sex, or urged, it might be, by the worthier motive of rousing the spirits of Victor, who was, on this occasion, more than ordinarily depressed, Louison bestowed all her attentions on him. She danced but with him, called him her “dear Victor,” and gave, with the rose in her bosom, a little locket containing a tress of her own sunny hair, which she begged him to wear always, for her sake, during his wanderings in Italy, whither he purposed hastening after his brother's marriage. She gave it openly, for she had no covert design to hide; and when she saw the flush of unusual joy which gleamed across the pallid cheek of Victor, on receiving the gift, her eyes filled with tears of the purest sympathy. A moment after she saw the demoniacal expression which distorted the fine

features of Pierre, who was regarding them fixedly; and she hastened to his side. Forgetting all her coquetry, she took his hand in both her's, and, laying her young and cherub cheek on his shoulder, inquired, in a tone of deep and anxious tenderness, if he were ill? He caught at the excuse her fears suggested as a plea for urging their immediate return home, and ascribed his agitation to sudden indisposition occasioned by the heat of the room. Arrived at her residence, he declared himself recovered; and, bidding her farewell, told her he would rejoin his brother, to share in the concluding festivities of the evening.

He left her, and passing through the Rue St. Dominique, saw a figure standing in the Rue St. Catherine, a lonely and narrow street which crosses it. The night was clear and cloudless: the moon, proud in her own omnipotent beauty, sailed tranquilly through the blue heavens, without a star to light her on her path; but not one ray of peace did Pierre imbibe from her gentle influence. Again he looked upon the dark figure near him, who was alternately gazing at, and pressing to his lips, something which he held in his hand. Pierre now found that it was Victor who stood before him, and felt that the object kissed with such fervour, was the locket so lately given by the hand of Louison. He rushed up the street, which was entirely deserted, the *fête* having attracted the chief part of the inhabitants from their houses. He accosted Victor, and

poured out the long-suppressed tide of his wrath and jealousy, denouncing him as a traitor to him, as having endeavoured to estrange the affections of Louison from him, and having himself set fire to the house in which she lived, for the purpose of seeking, through gratitude, those smiles which, in the ordinary career of events, he neither deserved nor would have obtained. Victor bore his tauntings and virulence in apathetic silence, nor returned one word in recrimination or defence. His indifference but served as fresh incentive to Pierre's fury: his silence was attributed to conscious guilt, and utter inability to repel the accusation. Pierre demanded the locket:—this roused the hitherto imperturbable Victor. It was the remembrancer of the one single hour of blessedness that had shone in a painful and dreary existence, and he declared that it should be yielded only with his heart's best blood. Pierre, frenzied by opposition, retorted that his words should have instant realization; and, drawing forth a dagger from beneath his cloak, plunged it in his brother's breast! A cloud had obscured the moon: when she emerged from its shadow, she gleamed upon the bloody and prostrate form of Victor, lying alone and dying on the cold pavement!

Many years had elapsed. The disappearance of Victor had called forth, at the time, but little animadversion: he had been an object of regard to none; and the mystery which appeared to involve his fate, awakened none of that active curiosity

and eager interest, which would have unveiled that mystery. Pierre encouraged the belief that he had gone on his projected journey to Italy; his marriage with Louison now took place, and he abandoned himself to the excess of gaiety, and revelled in ceaseless amusement. He careered through dissipation joyously and wildly. He was flourishing in circumstances, blessed with a beautiful wife, who was only gay when he smiled, only sad when he was sorrowful; who would have clung to him in adversity, as the bird quits not the blighted tree, which, in the days of its freshness and bloom, had sheltered and protected it. And Pierre was now the father of a group of young and innocent beings who played at his feet, and lisped his name in their prayers,—who looked up to him for guidance and counsel, and by whom he was regarded with that unmixed, undoubting veneration and love, which nature implants in every child's breast to assist a parent's legislation and authority. He walked with them, played with them, lavished on them the tenderest caresses; and they understood not the smothered groan of anguish which burst from his heart when gazing on them. Every thing around him breathed an atmosphere of peace and joy; yet every thing within him was gloomy and ruffled. He gradually lost the gaiety which had distinguished him, and passed, by slow degrees, into such misanthropy and dejection, as appeared the sure precursors of settled insanity. Vainly did Louison strive to win him

back to cheerfulness, by every fond and feminine devise. She fancied she had watched his heart so long, and so interestedly, that she should know the origin of every shade that passed over it. She engaged him in a new pursuit: it excited his energies for a brief space, but left him more joyless and despairing than ever. She entreated him to seek the tranquillizing power of religion, and she succeeded. Pierre was a Catholic by education and profession: not that he had fulfilled its ritual with even decent observance; on the contrary, he had branded its creed as the contrivance of priestcraft and bigotry, and denounced its holiest ceremonies as superstitious mummary. But Pierre was now a changed being, and he eagerly rushed to the only gates which are never closed to the wretched and the guilty. Every mass was punctually attended; the earliest matins, and the latest vespers, saw him kneeling in the small church of St. Germain de Prés, one of the chapels of ease to St. Sulpice. He had repaired thither one evening with his wife: it was one of the summer's most glorious. The sun, yet monarch of the sky, lighted up with gorgeous light the darkest recesses of the church: his beams fell upon the altar, and gave to the pallid features of the priests who officiated, an illumination beautiful and touching. The treasures of every little chapel were developed—every sculptured group was gilded by his beams. It seemed as if he would fain give his last radiance to the holy temples of earth, where his maker was worshipped.

Clouds of incense shed their rich fragrance around. The devout of both sexes were kneeling in prayer and adoration. The priests, in their snowy robes, were gliding about in that mysterious silence which, to the uninitiated and imaginative, has something in it peculiarly impressive. Ever and anon a voice, feeble with age, chaunted a few trembling words, and was succeeded by a chorus of youthful voices, whose strength and sweetness reverberated in melodious cadences through the aisles.

The vespers concluded : Pierre and Louison passed down the northern aisle, and paused awhile to gaze on a picture of our Saviour's agony in the garden, to which the skill of the artist had given consummate effect. Pierre looked at it long, and retired from the observation with an aspect so humbly contrite, and so calmly penitent, that Louison felt another step was gained toward conversion and peace ; but she knew not that a murderer had received a touch of calm ! She seized the moment to implore him to seek the solace of confession. Hitherto he had burst into a paroxysm of frantic despair, whenever the subject was broached : such tortures had convulsed his frame, at the very mention of the word, that she almost trembled while renewing her entreaties. What was her joy, after a pause of some moments, in which the passions and crimes of his whole life seemed to pass before his memory, and strain every fibre of his soul as the rack stretches the nerves of the body, to hear him reply, in a deep

sepulchral voice, "Yes, Louison; I will confess ere the close of another day."

They returned home, and Pierre passed the night in a feverish and restless agony. All have felt reluctance to unfold, to a fellow-mortal, the indiscretions they have committed: there is a shrinking from judgment, a fear of reprehension, even when the error is venial and insignificant: how much greater the struggle in his breast, whose crimes have been sufficient to condemn him to eternal loathing and detestation! But Pierre armed himself for the trial: it was the last refuge of guilt and despair. He had sought, in amusement, for oblivion of his sins: he had tasked the world's gifts to furnish to him a moment's release from the gnawing pangs of remorse. These had all failed; and to what could he now fly but to confession?

The evening came, and Pierre repaired, with trembling steps, to the church of St. Germain des Prés. He entered the confessional, and, when the little door closed upon him, felt almost suffocated with his own sensations. The mild, encouraging voice of the priest awoke him from the stupor of fearful despair: he called on him to confess; and Pierre, in broken sentences, dragged forth from his soul the dark and buried secret of years, and confided it to human ear! The priest listened with earnest and absorbed attention: the shades of evening obscured his face; but Pierre heard the deep-drawn sigh, even the thick sob of sympathy and emo-

tion, as he proceeded in his narrative; and the voice of the priest was tremulous with agitation when he imposed a penance of severest rigour, commensurate with the acknowledged crime.

Pierre returned home partially lightened of the weight that had oppressed him; but his intellects were fast failing. The agitation of the preceding two days had reduced his physical strength in an extraordinary degree; and the mind, long enervated by despair, and by its tremendous efforts to relieve itself, could ill sustain even the reaction of peace and hope. The long-hoarded crime had gnawed, link by link, "reason's delicate chain;" the fragile bonds, tasked beyond their strength, gave way; and he awoke, the morning after confession, delirious! Louison distractedly sought professional aid; and, during her absence, Pierre rushed to the Palais de Justice, and made public confession of his crime. For a while his asseverations were treated as the ebullitions of madness; but when he stated every minute particular, when he told of the motives that had prompted, of the remorse that had devoured him, credence was given to him; and, after a lengthened investigation, he was conveyed to a cell: his trial took place shortly afterwards; and, various corroborating circumstances proving his guilt, he was condemned to death!

The day arrived for his execution, and the area of the Place de Grève was filled with an immense concourse of spectators. The fatal cavalcade ap-

perred in view, and the voices of the assembled hundreds were simultaneously hushed to silence. Pierre, stained with a brother's blood, awakened interest without commiseration; yet the wild hollow eye, the attenuated frame, and the ashy sunken cheek, bearing such palpable demonstration, as they did, of the sufferings of the wretched culprit, might have excused a sigh of sympathy for him. But the pity of the crowd was all directed to, and engrossed by his pale and beautiful wife, who, mute and tearless, gazed with intense and unimaginable woe on her still loved husband. The exhortation given, the confession made, and absolution granted, Pierre's foot was on the scaffold, when a movement appeared amongst the crowd, and a priest was seen forcing his way onwards with frantic eagerness. His garb and his agitation secured his progress, and he was soon at the foot of the scaffold, exclaiming in a voice hoarse with emotion, "Soldiers! unloose the cords!—He is innocent!—he is innocent! My brother! my own poor brother! it is Victor that speaks! that Victor you believed you had murdered!" But Pierre heard him not. To his enfeebled mind, the sudden appearance of Victor had seemed a vision from the dead. He gazed on him with bewildered unconsciousness. Victor took his hand, and laid it on the memorable scar across his brow. Pierre trembled violently, made several frightful attempts at speech, uttered one long and dreary groan, and fell a corpse at the feet of his brother!

It now remains to explain the circumstance which had befallen Victor since the night of the *fête*. The stab which he had received from the hand of Pierre, aimed at his heart, was made immediately below it. Pierre, fancying he heard the sound of approaching voices, waited not the result of his assassin blow; but, believing, from the effusion of blood, that the next minute would witness the dissolution of Victor, hurried from the spot. Victor lay long in extremest agony: none came into the street; and the horror of his soul, while thinking on the baseness of his brother, exceeded the anguish of his bodily sufferings. At length he crawled from the spot, having determined against returning to that home which would now be for ever embittered, on both sides, with such deadly recollections; and, retaining not one feeling of revenge, he applied to a surgeon unacquainted with his person, to whom he pretended that the accident originated in a drunken brawl. The wound was pronounced not dangerous; and, after a few weeks' confinement in a solitary lodging, he set off for Italy: he there followed the occupation he had been brought up in at Paris, and devoted his leisure hours to clerical studies, in pursuance of his resolution to adopt the profession of a priest. The ingratitude he had met with from the world, made him incapable of entering into the world's follies and amusements: the sanctuary of a cloister seemed to him the only path to contentment and peace. In due time he assumed the sacerdotal

garb, and by the blamelessness of his life, and the benevolence of his nature, won the esteem of all.

After remaining in Italy some years, he resolved on returning to Paris. His soul yearned to see that brother so beloved, despite the injuries inflicted by him, and to be again an inhabitant of the same city. He came,—he visited the haunts of his youth,—saw the home of his childhood, and frequently, unobserved, looked on the apparently happy Pierre, surrounded by his wife and children. He obtained an appointment at the church of St. Germain des Prés, where he regularly officiated. Here, engaged in his religious devotions, and assisted by the influence of time, the recollection of the fearful event that had divorced him from society was gradually fading from his mind, when his brother, his own dear Pierre, knelt before him in all the prostration of penitence, and the abandonment of despair! What a struggle for Victor! Gladly would he have folded him to his breast,—ever loved, and long since forgiven! But would his repentance be forwarded by the act? It might be that the pardon of Heaven could yet be won by the long continuous exercise of penance and prayer, and his premature revelation of himself might frustrate the holy work. He listened in silence to that confession which, uttered in a voice once so sweetly familiar to his ear, brought back to his recollection the endearments of infancy, and impelled him momentarily to disclosure. But religion triumphed over feeling: he

heard him in silence, and replied to him in language in which human passion mixed not with conscientious duty. He saw his brother depart, and retired to his cell to give a loose to uncontrollable emotion.

The duty of his parish called him into the country the morning after the confession of Pierre; and he returned not to the capital until the day appointed for his execution. Victor rushed to the fatal scaffold; and the torrent of exuberant joy which overflowed his heart, when he ascertained that the axe had not yet fallen on its victim, repaid, with its deliciousness, the days of misery he had numbered. He marked not the pale cheek, the vacant glare in Pierre's eye: he saw that he was alive, and he was satisfied. How transient was his pleasure! He held his brother once again in his arms; but in a few brief seconds he looked upon his corpse.

He gazed at the form which lay at his feet steadfastly and speechlessly. The last sensation of earthly sorrow quivered his lip, and heaved his breast; and he retired to a monastery, in that dreary apathy which renounces for ever all accessibility to this world's influence, and finds repose only in the contemplation of the quiet grave, and of that kingdom beyond, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest"

ADDRESS,

Written for Miss Smith, (now Mrs. Bartley,)

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART

The following lines were written by Sir Walter Scott, for recitation by Miss Smith, on the night of her benefit, at Edinburgh, in 1807. Owing to some mistake, they reached her too late for the purpose, and have never been either spoken or published. In the letter accompanying them, Sir Walter states, that they had been written on the morning of the day on which they were despatched, and that the idea was, in his mind, better than the execution. Whatever may be the opinion of the reader on this point, they add another to the thousand proofs of the kindness of his disposition, since the proposal was made by himself, with the observation that something from his pen might, perhaps, "add a little salt to the bill."

WHEN the lone pilgrim views afar
The shrine that is his guiding star,
With awe his footsteps print the road,
Which the loved saint of yore has trod;
As near he draws, and yet more near,
His dim eye sparkles with a tear.

The Gothic fane's unwonted show,
The choral hymn, the taper's glow,
Oppress his soul while they delight,
And chasten rapture with affright;
No longer dare he think his toil,
Can merit aught his patron's smile.

Too light appears the distant way,
The chilly eve, the sultry day ;—
All these endured, no favour claim,
But, murmuring forth the sainted name,
He lays his little offering down,
And only deprecates a frown.

We, too, who ply the Thespian art,
Oft feel such feelings of the heart,
And, when our utmost powers are strained,
Dare hardly hope your favour gained.
She, who from sister climes has sought
The ancient land where Wallace fought,
Land long renowned for arms and arts,
And conquering eyes, and dauntless hearts ;—
She, as the flutterings *here* avow,
Feels all the pilgrim's terrors *now* ;
Yet sure on Caledonian plain,
The stranger never sued in vain :
'Tis yours, the hospitable task,
To give the applause she dare not ask ;
And they who bid the pilgrim speed,
The pilgrim's blessing be their meed !

“YES AND NO.”

IF the quaintness of antiquity can throw a charm and spell even over characters of a common-place order, then I may hope that the personages I am about to introduce to my readers will awaken a very keen and lively interest; for the archives of the Herald's College furnish no claims on this point by which theirs can be rivalled. Not only were their whispers heard under the vine and fig-tree of patriarchal times, but their counsels were breathed even in the sweet shades of Paradise. If their antiquity may claim our reverence, their ubiquity must excite our wonder. From the frozen regions of the pole, to the burning climes of the equator, they are known and listened to. They are found in the woodland council of the Indian chief, when the calumet of peace, or the bloody hatchet of war, is about to be sent to a distant tribe; they talk with the wild Arabs of the desert beneath their curtained tent; they are present amidst the black eyes, rich turbans, and flowing robes, of the solemn divan: they whisper to the grave and sententious Mandarins, who are found in the ceremonial hall of Fum Hoam; they kindle the bright blaze of eloquence in the British forum, and inspire thoughts that breathe, and words that burn; they are found near the throne of the king, and in the

hovel of the beggar—round the domestic hearth, and in the banqueting-hall; though ranged under different banners, though competitors and rivals, they frequent the same spots, and haunt the same places. These denizens of the antique world—these rangers of the earth—these dwellers in the city and the camp, the palace and the cottage—this pair, united, and yet separate, are known in England by the names of *Yes* and *No*. Their aspect and manner present a singular contrast: a smile beams in the eye, and plays round the mouth, of *Yes*; her countenance is open and joyous; her manner bland, playful, and gentle; and the tone of her voice—music to the ear. In her happier moments she is enchanting as Calypso herself.

The aspect of *No* is grave and forbidding; seldom he smiles, and then in such a sort as one who mocks himself that he is moved to smile at any thing; his manner is sedate and unbending—his voice clear, but somewhat harsh. His partizans, indeed, trace the lines of thought and wisdom in his ample forehead, and discover an expression of benevolence beaming forth amidst the unattractive gravity of his demeanour; and they declare that weakness lurks in the ever ready smile of *Yes*, and may be traced in the cadence of her dulcet voice.

Though the torch of discord is sometimes kindled by the agency of this pair, yet the parties themselves rarely come to an open rupture. Now and then the equanimity of *Yes* is disturbed by the quiet expression

of triumph which appears in the features of *No*, when he has successfully played the part of privy counsellor; and she accuses him of taking a malignant pleasure in crushing the wishes of the human heart, and destroying the blossoms of hope and happiness.

"You have haunted me," said she on one of these occasions, "from the creation of this fair world to the present moment, and I begin to be weary of your irksome presence; if I could persuade you to retire from the scene, and leave me to range the world alone, the golden age would be restored. This is no idle boast: I appeal to deeds. Look at that happy child, bounding like a fawn across the sunny mead, his hair pranked with daisies, frolic in every feature and gesture; he asked a boon, and I have called up the bright sparkle of his eye, and made his heart dance with joy. Look at that lovely maiden—the tear of rapture trembles on her cheek! Does he love me? has been the fond question of her heart, and I have kindled the mantling blush of extacy—I have called up the bright beam that shines but once on 'life's dull stream'—I have lighted up her landscape and her skies with the rich hues of hope and joy. Look at that tender mother bending over the sick couch of her only child; scarcely dared she breathe the timid enquiry, Will he live?—but I have awakened the feeling of devout thankfulness, which lifts her heart from earth to heaven—I have banished the haggard form of grief, and turned her mourning into joy."

"Charming!" exclaimed her rival; "you talk finely, and paint a most engaging portrait of yourself; but, like some other artists of my acquaintance, you have omitted every defect. I am sorry to disturb your self-complacency; but to speak plainly, I have discovered you to be, on a thousand occasions, the very mother of mischief. I have seen honesty and principle sacrificed to your timid counsels; I have seen fortune and reputation melting and fading away under the influence of your fatal facility; I have seen truth blush, and conscience tremble for you; you have led countless multitudes back to the city of destruction, as you did poor *Pliable* in the olden time. Talk not of your virtue—it is the virtue, not of principle, but of accident; to-day it will lead you to bow at the altar of the true God—to-morrow, at the shrine of the world's idol. It becomes you rather to be humble, at the recollection of your mistakes and weaknesses, than boast of deeds which cost no effort and demand no sacrifice."

"I do not aspire," replied *Yes*, "to play the part of Mentor to the world: I point to paths of peace and pleasantness, and throw down the barriers that would obstruct an entrance; and then my task is ended. Your grave pretensions and austere demeanour may fit you for such an office. It is your vocation to frown and school. I only beg leave to hint, that I have often seen obstinacy link his arm most lovingly through yours, and good sense fly off into the back-ground at the sound of your voice. I have seen you throw down the apple of discord, for

no one reason but to indulge your own crabbed humour in seeing it picked up; and so little are you skilled in the art of calling things by their proper names, that this obstinacy you designate firmness, and this dogged mood, *independence*."

"I pretend not to have passed through the world without contamination," replied *No*; "but compare our principles—*Pliability* is yours—*Decision* is mine. I teach and practice self-denial—you teach and practise self-indulgence: which is best calculated, in a world like this, to lead to excellence, let facts decide."

"The virtues of decision!" exclaimed the fair lady, with a gay smile; "keep them all to yourself, 'most potent, grave, and reverend signor!' I desire not to participate in their fame—I desire no share in virtues that trample on human sympathies, and triumph over human feelings:—such virtue as Brutus exercised when he witnessed the execution of his sons—such virtue as Manlius displayed when he condemned his gallant boy—such virtue as Frederick practised towards the brave general who had fought and conquered by his side, when he permitted him to keep the fatal taper a-light a single minute, only that he might tell the beloved wife of his bosom that to-morrow he must die the death of a traitor! I claim no kindred with such minds: I would rather claim it with the noble Coriolanus, whose stern purpose melted at the sight of a mother's tears. Keep your darling virtue; and kind, courteous, loveable pliability, shall be mine!"

"It is the curse of weak minds to confound what is essentially different," observed *No*; "to argue from the abuse of a principle against the principle itself, and thus plunge into a maze of error. To every duty there is a limit, and an important part of the fulfilment of duty consists in keeping the boundary-line well defined; a weak or vulgar mind is incompetent to the task; it requires clear, sound, just judgment—a gift at once rare and invaluable. The obstinacy of uncontrolled self-will, and the decision of a sound, well-ordered mind, are perfectly distinct. The one is reflective, the other capricious; the one is firm, the other tyrannical; the one can be prompt and gracious as Pliability herself, at the call of benevolence, or the whisper of duty—the other is intent only upon satisfying the cravings of self-will. Without *decision*, a human being is a pitiable atom, the sport of contrary and casual impulses. It was *decision* that won liberty for England, on the plain of Runnymede—it was *decision* that rescued Switzerland from the grasp of a tyrant—it was *decision* that tore away the tinsel trappings of Popery, and showed the fair fabric of the Christian church in all its beauty and simplicity—it is *decision* that concentrates the powers of genius, and shows what man can do; it controls the 'freaks of ability,' and prevents waste of mind, of time, and of energy; it gives dignity to character and usefulness to talent. The most noble and affecting instances of self-devotedness—of the moral sublime, have been the result of calm decision. Let us contemplate

Curtius, deliberately leaping into the flaming gulph to save his country—Guyon, of Marseilles, encountering death in its most loathsome form, to stay the plague that desolated his native city—and, if I may avail myself of the poet's vivid dreams, let me instance

'The seraph, Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought,
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind.'

Reflect upon these instances, and deny, if you can, the moral beauty—the sublimity of *decision*. Pliability may be graceful and winning, but it requires the control of a watchful eye and vigilant conscience. It is fit only for a holiday state of things—it will not do in this work-a-day world ; it often makes us linger and loiter in the path of duty, or turn into by-ways that lead us far away. You will tell me, perhaps, that I preach ; but, in the atmosphere of this world, Pliability dwells amidst contagion, and wears no antidote to secure her from the fearful risk. We breathe not here the pure air, we hear not the holy sounds of Paradise. Contamination is easy ;—and it is the least difficult of all things 'to follow the multitude to do evil.' If you consult the oracles of truth, you will find that, as there is little moral beauty, so there is little spiritual beauty of character without

decision. When the harp and the dulcimer, the sackbut and psaltery, sounded in the plains of Dura, would not Pliability have bent her knee, in graceful homage to the splendid idol? Contemplate the characters of those who will 'shine as stars for ever and ever;' and you will find them distinguished by the holy boldness of decision. Patriarchs, prophets, apostles, reformers, martyrs—in all it shone conspicuous. Decision will not surrender a single moment to indifference or delay—he keeps the goal in view, and quickens his steps, because *time is short*. I will acknowledge, my fair rival, that you are engaging, and that I am repulsive; but it is certain that those who cannot ensure my voice and command my service in the moment of need, will achieve nothing great, nothing honourable, nothing valuable. They will never be enrolled among the benefactors of their fellow-men—they will never fill a nich in the temple of fame. The laurel crown, the deathless name, the martyr's glory, are not for them; they may tread the primrose path of dalliance, but they will never climb the steep ascent that brings them nearer to heaven, and whence its glories are more distinctly seen."

"Hear!—hear! 'Sir Oracle has spoken!'" exclaimed his lively auditress, with a look of mock gravity.

This playful sally was listened to in dignified silence, and the disputants separated, to meet again in a few hours, and do battle at St. Stephen's.

THE DAUGHTER.

OUR counsel was taken together—the plan was at my instigation—the measures for accomplishing it were chiefly directed by me. But on the horrible night, when my fellow-ruffian accomplished our joint purpose, I stood aloof through cowardice or caution; and when subsequently he was arrested for the murder which he had committed, avarice absorbed all other feelings, and my evidence in a court of justice doomed him to death.

We had been school-fellows, and he once had traits of character which rendered him a choice companion and gentle friend: even in his debasement, a vein of that original purity remained; and as I went down from the witness-box, his eye fell upon me, and I read on his suffering countenance, a tale of other days. There was no vindictive passion towards his betrayer; he was sorrowful, but calm; and in silence he gave me a token that he had pardoned his treacherous comrade.

I skulked about the city, scarce knowing whether I should be applauded or hated for my conduct. There was a hope that men's curiosity would soon turn into admiration, and I calculated on a golden harvest for my pains. I had a mother too, who had not seen me for many weeks—I dared not seek

her, yet I could not bear to depart without one word of love and benediction from her aged lips. So, when the morning came that my associate perished for our common crime, my restlessness carried me near to the throng that looked breathlessly on his execution; and I heard the air rent with shouts of indignant appeal for another victim, and *my* name was clamoured for. Some one on the outskirts of the mob looked as though he recognised me, and I fled without food, though I had worldly riches enough to purchase it, in the relics of our plunder from the old woman, which we had not yet squandered, as had been our wont, in riot and in revelry!

The day was in Midsummer.—How long, how parching hot it seemed! My feet dragged heavily along the dust of the bye-road, but my heart was still heavier. Some, whom I met, saluted me with a kind of welcome—they were strangers, or they would not have done so. Did it not seem strange that the field labourers should pursue with so little weariness their harrassing duties, singing merry songs all the while, and laughing with one another, while the sun stood just over them in heaven, so pitilessly bright and hot? Shall I take shelter, I thought, in this rude tavern, and forget myself in the hospitable garrulity of its master? Stop! I see the figures of other men within the doorway, and how can I stand amongst them?

On, on, on!—The sun surely will not stand still on

this day only of the latter ages; kind twilight, and the happy shades of night, must befriend me soon. On! far from my home—my hopes—my remembrances! A desert cannot so imprison me, as that home. Despair itself is more cheerful than my present hope,—oblivion, vacancy, madness, would be dearer to me than my recollections!

Far enough from the scene of my disgrace, I might now, it seemed, betake myself to a resting-place for the night. I looked timidly at the people, but they returned my look without suspicion, and I sate down in the midst of them.—I ate food for the first time since day-break. I listened to their discourse, and tried to join in it, but my heart sickened, for they began to prate about the late murder and its expiation. They gave me a newspaper, and bade me read for their entertainment, the full story of that morning's horrible scene; and the crowds collected, and by their expressions evinced at once their interest in the tale, and their hatred of the unpunished criminal. They thought, perhaps, I might share in these emotions!

And thus, for days I wandered, without one tranquil hour of thought or slumber; sometimes known by my chance companions, and hooted down, and taunted as a double malefactor, whose penalty could only be inflicted by themselves. Sometimes, self-discovered by excess of fear or excitement; but never free from the spectre of self-accusation, whose features grew more and more tangible; whose airy

dress had almost lost its transparency, to be replaced by stronger, and grosser, and more definite attributes. What refuge was there for a heart so houseless? Mankind pronounced themselves leagued to render it an eternal outcast.

One event that even now would curdle up the blood in a thousand veins, if for a moment thought upon, was, as it were, the seal set upon my misery. I entered into a vulgar alehouse, and seated myself in a side parlour, to be away whilst it was possible, from the ordinary haunt of village tipplers. The furniture or arrangement of the room did not provoke my observation. The boy brought me what I ordered, and as he left the room, loitered in the doorway to examine my appearance, as I afterwards discovered, though I was then unconscious of his motive. When I looked up, he retreated; but his stupid eye was glistening with unwonted significance. Presently, another came into the apartment, for some foolish pretence; sauntered here and there, and went away in much the same manner. Lastly, the master of the house himself advanced, and stood full fronting me for a minute or two, with his eyes raised above my head, and uttering a few words to me about ordinary matters, as if to allay my suspicions, and concluding with some such sentence as this, with which he broke forth, abruptly and incoherently—"Nonsense!—It cannot be! I said so before; it cannot be the same!"—he left me to myself, and I rose, to ascertain if possible the

meaning of this mystery. It was soon apparent. Suspended against the wall, immediately above my head, was a rude, harsh print, freshly fitted to an old frame, and my own name was under it in huge letters, with a sentence lower down, in smaller characters, announcing the particulars of my recent life. The lineaments were coarse and ill-favoured, as the artist would naturally ascribe to such a character; but the resemblance might be confidently traced. My soul sunk into its uttermost depths, for I knew that my concealment could no longer be hoped for; for I knew that my label was on my forehead—my curse was every where!

Yet I went on; and as the phrase goes, lived well: some of the gold still remained, and more of the jewellery, which had been generously allotted to me as my share in the plunder, though I gave no assistance in the act which procured it. The former was spent freely, and the latter could be available only with much caution. I passed through a large and commercial town, and discovered one, perhaps as wicked as myself, who gave me a compensation in money for the jewels, which he could not but believe to have been stolen. My purse was weighed down with the price of this barter; I ate, drank, and lived well. But the knave who provided me with the means of riot, thought to do himself a further service, and plotted to deliver me into the hands of justice for a presumed crime. But I foiled him; for I was by this time an experienced, and therefore a cautious

fugitive. Still, the further I went, the more securely I could employ my money, and consequently mix with others as a fellow creature. They wondered at my wealth—they wondered at my misery,—they thought that a man should be merry who could live so well. It was not for *them* to know that every morsel of food I so purchased, tasted to me like poison. The old woman's money fell from me like the drops of her own blood, which I was spilling at each fresh expenditure. It was not strange, therefore, that I still kept apart from these companions, and went alone over the face of the country, dreading all the common ways of men; but most of all, the thoughts of rest and of home.

Days went by unnoticed, undistinguished. The endings and the beginnings of time's various divisions were all confused. One evening, covered with the dust and mire of a long journey, with my bundle in my hand, and altogether wearing the aspect of a wayfarer, I entered a calm and happy village. The slender spire rose from a bosom of rich forest trees; its bell was ringing a soothing and solemn cadence; the country people were collecting in front of the open door, in their cleanly attire; and contentment rested on the face of all nature. The poor houses, scattered about with little uniformity of size or arrangement, were for the most part closed. A few only seemed yet to retain their tenants, and at the threshold of these I saw the elders of the family, half impatiently looking backward and forward, till they were joined by the

young people, whose tardiness kept them thus late within doors. Then, hastily proceeding, they also fell in with the general procession, and by amended speed made up for the time they had so lost. Presently the whole village was like a solitude. The stragglers had ceased to follow, one by one, in the rear of the more punctual portion of their little community ; the church bell had ended its summons ; not a door or shutter but seemed closed ; and on the margin of the central pond, which was the resort of many a holiday beast,—now that their masters were elsewhere occupied, the very animals, to my fancy, seemed touched by a gentler spirit, and moved themselves with some instinct of reverence for the ceremony which that day renewed.

I was alone there ! No footsteps but mine startled the chirping birds from their hereditary boughs ; the brute creatures gazed at me as something strange, for every one besides had left them to their peace. What sudden feeling stole upon me in that solemn hour ? *Who* turned my feet from their old path ? I followed the track which I had seen so many others pursue, and the wicker gate at which it terminated opened easily on its hinges, even to *my* touch ; and, through an avenue of yew trees and aged elms, I sauntered in a composed mood to the very church door ;—no one opposed *my* entrance,—I advanced, and was in the midst of the congregation. The sight of so strange a figure disturbed many a one, I think, from their pious thoughts ; and when I raised my eyes, I saw

the looks of contempt, or pity still less pleasing, on their countenances; and they moved backward, as if to avoid a contact with one so foul; so that I stood once more alone, in the centre of the sacred and full house of God—unreached by charity, even at a time when its exercise was most encouraged. My heart drooped as of old—my social spirit left me, and I was shrinking back again to the door, which I had so lately entered with the calmness of restored health, when some one—a single creature of them all—held forth to me the hand of human fellowship.

It was a lady, young and most beautiful. Her years were few, to have taught her resistance to the vanities of our nature; her beauty was heavenly enough to have cherished them in others. She leant forward, and whispering in the sexton's ear something unheard and unnoticed by the rest, her command was made known to me, and I was conducted to a separate seat. I gazed upon the fair lady—I marked her countenance, and its heavenward expression; to me it was an unknown pleasure to contemplate one so innocent! and the atmosphere in which she lived could not, it seemed, give birth to other than meek thoughts and aspirations. For I—even I myself, in my foulness and blackness, and depth of deserved misery, felt the dew of heaven falling upon my soul, to refresh it after its long toil, and purify the vapours which darkened its innermost chambers!

From that hour my mind fled its old employments;

and I lived in dreams of the future, whose sweetness was cheaply bought by all the woe I had hitherto undergone. With my remaining wealth I purchased land: I laboured in a thousand ways to advance myself, and fortune did not frown upon me. The lady was a near relation—they said a niece, of the clergyman who officiated on that momentous Sunday in the village church. Amongst his parishioners there happened to arise a feud respecting the payment of tithe; and the little commonwealth, so peaceable when I first came to it, was soon afterwards rent with all the violence of civil commotion. The malcontents increased in number and obstinacy; and perhaps the more so because a stranger, who had scarcely yet become one of the actual population, dare to espouse the cause to which they were opposed. That stranger was myself; and whatever malignity on their part was caused by this conduct, I was more than repaid by the familiarity which it was the means of promoting, between myself and the family at the vicarage. Then, the more I new of the sweet lady, whose countenance had acted as a charm to draw me into this quiet existence, and disperse the dreary recollections of my past career; the more also was my heart filled with a love which I did not then confess, but which afterwards, when my prosperous course permitted it, I did not, because I could not, utterly conceal!

It was a strange thing, that one so rude and so wicked as myself, could move the kindness of that

gentle maiden. Perhaps she knew, by the secret consciousness which stirs the pulses of woman's heart, that she had exercised no mean control over my fortunes; that my spirit had bowed to her influence; and that to make itself worthy of her, a reformation most wonderful must be effected, of whose present progress she was the human instrument.

Perhaps, too, she discerned under the rough exterior of bad habits and early debasement, something that was not wholly vile; something generous, that came from a line of honourable ancestry whom I had disgraced. She conversed—she loitered with me when we met by chance—she almost sought occasions of meeting, when they were not given otherwise; and once—once only—she permitted me to make with her an engagement to meet by stealth.

On that evening, most sweet, most rapturous were the words that passed between us. I spoke freely of my passion, and I was heard without sorrow or rebuke. I tried to learn what where my hopes of success, not only with herself, but with those in whose guardianship she had lived. She told me that there existed no chance of my suit being listened to by her relations with anything but discountenance, for that they had persisted long before in anticipating her own choice; and had destined her to be wedded to a neighbouring gentleman who had worldly qualifications, with which mine could not vie. She spoke as I thought sorrowfully. Her hand, which lay in my own, trembled while she indicated he

distaste for the man who was selected to claim it by a better title. An inarticulate sound—perhaps of some word which she could not utter, perchance a soft sigh—filled up the measure of her implied confessions. I asked her if she loved me, or if she could love me hereafter?—and silence was my only answer.

She despaired of the assent of her kindred to the proposal, if made to them, and with the heartlessness which was natural to me, I suggested another plan by way of substitute. Cold, selfish being! well wast thou rewarded! I entreated her to forget the wishes of those whose control over her was that of accident, not of nature. I urged her to obey the dictates of her own heart. I assured her that we could be happy together, under whatever circumstances, and that flight would give us the instant means of becoming so.

She listened mutely; but my words, so quick and earnest, and so like her own impulses, could not fail of their purpose. She breathed a low acquiescence, and we were locked in a close and affectionate embrace. The tumult of thought that succeeded this determination, gave way to the necessary schemes of action which immediately engaged our whole thoughts. In a little while our project was formed, or at least tangibly ketched out. I was to sell, or otherwise convert into money, all the land and goods that belonged to me—the fruits of my former crime and my latter industry. The simple girl possessed some

fortune, and expected more; and what wealth she could then boast was to be thrown into the common stock. It may be supposed she was not very minutely acquainted with the means of claiming what she had a right to, nor even the amount of this possessed or withheld property. Yet she spoke with energy, unlike a mere love-sick puppet, and looked to the future good as well as the present enjoyment.

"I am ignorant," she said, "how my uncle derives his supply for my expenditure. I know my father's small estate descended to me; and my mother—my poor mother—could not have intended any one but myself to succeed to all she had; but I know not in whose hands it is, or whether I can command it."

"Be persuaded, dearest," I replied, "that you are all I need on earth; and nothing could add to my riches, if I were so blest as to call you mine."

But still she proceeded in her former vein.

"Even the few trinkets which I have," she said, "are scarcely worth carrying away. The more valuable jewels—"

I shuddered at the bare word.

"Oh! forget," I said, interrupting her, "forget that you are speaking with a man whom you may have some reason to consider avaricious and worldly. Think for me, as you would for yourself. And these baubles—"

"Nay," she added, with the simplicity of a mere child, "if they were really valueless, I should not

remember them; but I know that they constituted a dowry for more than one of my mother's family; and she herself proved too well how highly they were estimated. But when the barbarians shed her blood to gain possession of them, it was not likely they would leave behind them any thing of real value."

"Her blood!—her blood! What do you mean, my dearest Rachel?—speak—speak—quickly."

"Did you not know then that she was murdered?"

"When?—by whom, and where? Oh, tell me all!"

She *did* tell me all, with a fearful and fatal accuracy, which is remembered to a syllable, even at this late hour of my life. A pause—a little pause only succeeded her narrative. It was I who terminated it.

"Forgive me," I cried, "forgive the wretch hereafter, who has drawn you to this precipice. Be free—be happy! I cannot see you again in this life, for I have once done you the most tremendous of injuries; and but just now I was on the eve of sinning in a like way, though not so willingly.—Your mother, your mother was murdered at my instigation!"

I rushed from her side, deaf to the piercing shriek that followed this announcement, and was seen no more by her. I *did* dispose of my property; but for a new purpose. In a few days I had fled from my native country, and was shortly afterwards landed on a shore to me more hospitable, where for years I struggled with remorse, that would not kill me, though most sincerely did I long for death. For

ever were rising up before me those phantoms, which had once been the realities I speak of here;—the deed of crime—the wanderings and woe that followed—the short lived dream of tranquillity—the happiness so nearly consummated—the sudden reverse, and renewal of all my old self-torture. Few and uncertain were the calm intervals of this long season. A hand more mighty was at last stretched to pacify the waters of my strife; it came in its strength, during my solitary sojourn amongst strangers; it calmed the restlessness of my spirit; it gave a holy, and therefore a happy aim!

Many, many years elapsed, before I returned to the country of my birth. My nature and aspect were changed; but I could not then—I cannot now, recal to mind one portion of my hideous manhood, without an agitation which may have communicated something of itself to the tenor of these Recollections. May mercy be mine, in the sadness of those times!—and oh! much rather may mercy be mine hereafter, when those times will be remembered in judgment against me!

It was on such a morning as that I have before described, when I entered the village where had dwelt my young love. The church bell was tolling now also, but with a different melody. It was the requiem of one, not yet over-borne by years or decay—but sunken under the hostility of a saddened existence. It was a lady who died, chiefly, they said, of a spirit bruised by early disappointment, and

subsequent ill-treatment. She had wedded some brute who broke her heart by neglect. Had she been *mine*, I believe—perhaps I dream—that this would have been otherwise. And yet, who can say that whatever has been might have been amended? Am I the wise man who would correct the ordained course of things? or do I grieve, Rachel—my beautiful, my beloved! that thou hast gone thus early to thy grave shrouded in thine innocence—thus early to behold and taste the joys from which I would have kept thee back?

In the darkness and loneliness of the days which are left to me on earth, when the spectres of the past stand most thickly, and with deepest horror around me—poor solitary wretch as I am and must be, till that funeral bell proclaims the termination of my own sad pilgrimage—when I am, most hopeless, may the thought of this departed Angel point out to me a track all bright and luminous, with just anticipation of a final rest. When I am most self debased, and wrung with anguish for my sins, may her love and pity for me soothe the delirium of the moment, and teach me that though I could not then deserve it, yet my ways may in time be those of pleasantness, and the ruffled river may emerge at last into an ocean of eternal calm!

I know, I know that my crime is one which man should not, cannot pardon: I know that the very mention of my name must ever be followed with contempt and execration; that, like another Cain, I bear

upon my brow the marks of meditated, of accomplished homicide ! But to this I am resigned, by the conviction that it must soon terminate, by the hope that it may be terminated for ever : for who—who shall say that the blood of the Redeemer, which cleanseth from all sin, may not cleanse even from *this* ? Who shall say that even *I* may not be heard when I offer the prayer of the Psalmist,—a murderer, too, like myself,—‘Pardon mine iniquity, O Lord. for it is great, O my God ! if I have remembered thee in my bed, and thought upon thee when I was waking ; if I have been made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights have been appointed to me ; if one hour of guilt has been followed by years and years of the deepest and bitterest repentance, grant me deliverance in the great and fearful day, for I have sought it carefully with tears !’

FALL OF EMPIRES.

’Tis not in mockery of man that earth
Is strewed with splendid fragments, temple, tower ;
That realms, where glory sprang full-armed to birth,
Are desolate, the snake and tiger’s bower ;—
They lie the monuments of misused power,
Not freaks of fate, but warnings against crime ;
And ancient Babylon might, at this hour,
Had she been guiltless, stand as in her prime,
Nay stand in growing pomp, till God had finished time.

CHINESE CEREMONIES.

Every public ceremony in China is carefully rendered as striking as possible. A viceroy never quits his palace but with a royal train, dressed in his robes of ceremony, and carried in a chair elegantly gilt, which is borne upon the shoulders of eight domestics, two drummers marching before the guards, and beating upon copper basins to give notice of his approach. Eight other attendants carry standards of wood varnished, upon which are inscribed in large characters all his titles of honour. After these come fourteen flags with the symbols of his office ; such as the dragon, tiger, phoenix, flying tortoise, &c. Six officers follow, each bearing a piece of board in shape like a large shovel, on which are written in large golden characters the qualities of the Mandarin himself. Two others carry, the one a large umbrella of yellow silk, and the other the cover in which it is kept. The first guards are preceded by two archers on horseback ; the latter are followed by others armed with a kind of weapon composed of hooked blades, fixed perpendicularly to long poles ornamented with four tufts of silk, placed at a small distance above one another. Behind these are two other files of soldiers, some of whom carry large maces with long handles ; others iron maces in the shape of a snake ; others are armed with huge hammers : while those behind them carry long battle-axes in the form of a crescent. others follow, who have

battle-axes of another kind; and behind these are some with the hooked weapons already described.

Behind these come soldiers armed with triple-pointed spears, arrows, or battle-axes; having in front two men who carry a kind of box containing the viceroy's seal. Then come two other drummers to give notice of his approach. Two officers follow, having on their heads felt hats adorned with plumes of feathers, and each armed with a cane to recommend regularity and good order to the surrounding multitude. Two others bear maces in the form of gilt dragons. These again are followed by a number of magistrates and officers of justice, some of whom carry whips or flat sticks, while others have chains, hangers, and silk scarfs. Two standard-bearers and a captain command this company, which immediately precedes the governor. His chair is surrounded by pages and footmen, and an officer attends him, who carries a large fan in form of a screen; he is followed by several guards differently armed, together with ensigns and other officers, who are also followed by a great number of domestics all on horse-back, carrying various necessaries for the use of the mandarin. If he marches in the night-time, instead of flambeau, as are customary in Europe, large lanterns, exceedingly pretty, are carried before him; on the transparent part of which are written, in very conspicuous characters, his quality, titles, and rank, as mandarin. Those are also intended to give notice to the passengers to stop; and to those who are sitting to rise up with respect: for whoever neglects either the one or the other is sure to receive a severe bastinading.

The emperor marches with still more magnificence, in proportion to his superior quality. The trumpets used in this procession are about three feet long, eight inches in diameter at the lower extremity, and pretty much resembling a bell in shape; their sound is peculiarly adapted to that of the drums. His cavalcade is closed by two thousand mandarins of letters, and as many of arms. Sometimes the great mandarins, as well as the emperor, travel in barks; their attendance is then somewhat different, but the magnificence almost the same. The honours payed to a viceroy who has governed a province with equity are exceedingly great on his departure from it. He has scarcely left the capital of the province when he finds on the highway, for the space of two or three leagues, tables ranged at certain distances, each of which is surrounded with a long piece of silk that hangs down to the earth. On these wax candles are placed even in the open day; perfumes are burnt upon them; and they are loaded with a profusion of victuals, and various kinds of fruits, while tea and wine are prepared for him on others. The people throw themselves on their knees as he passes, and bow their heads even to the earth; some shed tears, or pretend to do so; some present him with wine and sweetmeats; others frequently pull off his boots and give him new ones. These boots, which he has perhaps used only for a moment, are considered as a valuable monument; those first taken off are preserved in a cage over the gate of the city; the rest are carefully kept by his friends.

FLOWERS.

Of all the minor creations of God, flowers seem to be most completely the effusions of his love of beauty, grace, and joy. Of all the natural objects which surround us, they are the least connected with our absolute necessities. Vegetation might proceed, the earth might be clothed with a sober green, all the processes of fructification might be perfected without being attended by the glory with which the flower is crowned; but beauty and fragrance are poured abroad over the earth in blossoms of endless varieties, radiant evidences of the boundless benevolence of the Deity. They are made solely to gladden the heart of man, for a light to his eyes, for a living inspiration of grace to his spirit, for a perpetual admiration. And accordingly they seize on our affections the first moment that we behold them. With what eagerness do very infants grasp at flowers! As they become older, they would live for ever amongst them. And as they advance to maturity, they assume, in their eyes, new characters and beauties. Then they are strewn around them, the poetry of the earth. They become invested by a multitude of associations with innumerable spells of power over the human heart; they are to us memorials of the joys, sorrows, hopes, and triumphs of our forefathers: they are, to all nations, the emblems of good in its loveliness and purity.

THE DYING FATHER AND HIS DAUGHTER.

WHEELS o'er the pavement rolled, and a light form,
 Just in the bud of blushing womanhood,
 Stood at the parent's door. Stern midnight frowned
 Upon the muffled stars, and the rich curls
 Of that fair creature, damp and heavy, hung
 Around her brow. No mother's tender hand
 Dried the wet tresses, or with warm caress
 Restored the weary spirit, for that hand
 Lay with the cold, dull earth-worm.

Grey and sad,

The tottering nurse rose up ; and that old man,
 The soldier-servant, who had trained the steeds
 Of her slain brothers for the battle field,
 Bowed low to point her to that couch of pain
 Where the sick father pined. Oft had he yearned
 For her sweet presence ; oft, through night's long watch,
 Mused of his daughter's smile, till dreams restored
 The ardent pressure of her ruby lip,
 Dispelling every wo. Yet, far away,
 She, patient student, bending o'er her tasks,
 And all unconscious of a father's grief,
 Toiled for those fruits of knowledge which he willed
 Her to possess, still ever keeping bright
 The image of her home, and his dear smile,
 To cheer her labours.

But a summons came
Of sorrowful surprise, and on the wing
Of filial love she hasted. 'Twas too late!
The lamp of life still burned, yet 'twas too late!
The mind had passed away, and who should call
Its wing from out the sky? For the embrace
Of warm idolatry, was the fixed glare
Of the dull, glassy eye. Disease had dealt
A fell assassin's blow. Oh, God! the blight
That fell on those fresh hopes, when all in vain
The withered hand was grasped, and the wide hall
Echoed to "Father! Father!"

Through the shades
Of that long stilly night, she sleepless bent,
Bathing with tireless hand the parching brow
And the death-pillow smoothing. When fair morn
Came with its rose-tint up, she, shrieking, clasped
Her hands with joy, for its reviving flush
Of wakened intellect. 'Twas seeming all!
And Hope's fond visions faded as the day
Rode on in glory. Night her curtains drew,
And found that pale and beautiful watcher there,
Still unreposing. Restless on his couch
Tossed the sick man. Cold Lethargy had steeped
The last pale poppy in his heart's red stream,
And Agony was stirring Nature up
To cope with her destroyer.

"Oh, my God!
Would he could sleep!" sighed a low, silver voice,
And then she ran to hush the measured tick
Of the dull night-clock, and to scare the owl,

Which, clinging to the casement, hoarsely poured
His boding note. But, ah! from that wan breast
Thick-coming groans announced the foe who strikes
But once. They bear the fainting child away,
And, paler than that ashen corse, her face
Drooped o'er the old nurse's shoulder, while a flood
Of ebon tresses in their richness veiled
Her marble bosom. 'Twas a fearful sight
To see a young heart bursting, while the old
Went to its rest.

There came another change.

The muffled bell tolled out the funeral hour,
And many a foot the silent threshold pressed.
Friendship was there, with its full, heavy heart,—
Keen curiosity, intent to scan
The lordly mansion, and gaunt Worldliness
Even o'er the coffin and the warning shroud,
Revolving its own schemes. And one was there,
To whom this world could render nothing back
Like that pale piece of clay. Calmly she stood,
Even as a statue. The old house-dog came,
And pressed his rough head to her snowy palm,
All unreprieved of her.

He for his master mourned,
And could she spurn that faithful friend, who oft
His shaggy length through many a fire-side hour
Stretched at her father's feet, and round his bed
Of death had watched, with wondering, wishful eye
In fear and sympathy? No! on his neck
Her orphan tear had fallen, and by her side
His noble front he reared, as proud to guard

The last loved relic of his master's house.
There was a calmness on that mourner's brow,
Ill understood by many an eager glance
Which settled on her. Of her sire they spake,
Who suffered scarce the breath of heaven to lift
The tresses of his darling, and who deemed
In the deep passion of his heart's sole love,
She was too good for earth : and then they gazed
Indignant on her tearless eye, and said,
"How strange that he should be so lightly mourned."
Oh woman, oft misconstrued !—the pure pearls
Lie all too deep in thy heart's secret well,
For the unpausing, or impatient hand
To win them forth. Yet in that maiden's breast
Sorrow and loneliness sank darkly down,
While the meek lip breathed out no boisterous plaint
Of common, funeral grief.



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